

Chapter One

1.

My adversary, Gu Yiliang, a second-rate fresh meat, was blessed with a face that was on par with an idol, as well as superb acting talent. Regardless of whatever movie or drama he acted in or whatever roles he got, whether it was the main male lead, the second male lead, or a side character, he was always gilding the lily. Film critics will write a thousand-word review to flatter him sincerely while the company will give him earth-shattering praise through the press. The comments on his Weibo would always be filled with flower emoticons and likes whenever you loaded his posts.

I, Wei Yanzi, a third-rate fresh meat, was blessed with a face that was on par with an idol, as well as acting skill similar to an egg yolk. Regardless of whatever movie or drama I acted in or whatever roles I got, I was always a crested dogstail, always on the brink of withering and drying up. I didn't even deserve to be kept in a vase.

He was the one who could speak frankly with assurance regarding the psychological development of the character in the plot during interviews, and was able to receive acknowledgement without hiding the fact that he was working hard to strive for the golden award. Yet, when I accepted interviews, I was always asked about the scandals and gossip that revolved around me. I don't even dare to self-proclaim I'm an actor before the camera.

To explain in a non-exaggerated manner, in the vast environment of the entertainment industry, he was the moon in the clouds, and the flowers beside the pond, while I was just a little yellow cabbage on the ground.

2.

Never think that both Gu Yiliang and I were only separated by one celebrity tier. In the industry, it was the same as being separated by a thousand ravines and gullies. So, regardless of how far I crane my neck, I'll never reach the top of his back.

3.

Then how was I fortunate enough to become an adversary to Gu Yiliang?

It was actually very simple. We were of the same age and worked under the same company. We even debuted in the same period, but since we weren't that familiar with each other, the company never intended to package us as brothers who were deeply infatuated with one another. Therefore, this led to the issue of allocating resources——

.....

Fine, the more I delved into it, I couldn't think of any particular reason since his skills were obviously on a different caliber than mine. We didn't have the same image, so our resources didn't really conflict with one another. I, too, have no idea. How did he become my adversary?

4.

We have debuted and known each other for three years already, yet we didn't talk much, let alone add each other on Wechat. Whenever we met in person, we communicated fully with a 3-in-1 package—our eyes, smiles, and nods.

If it weren't for the fact that someone would appear every so often to stir up shit in the Weibo comments section, I wouldn't have known that I, a tepid little third-rate, would actually have an adversary with a glorious pathway to stardom as well as a bright future.

I'm terrified!

How am I even worthy?!

5.

Regardless, I feel very honored.

Being caught up with such an adversary did help me enrich myself as well. My short-lived popularity was also gradually looking up.

I won't be getting the short end of the stick either way.

6.

So what does the term 'adversary' mean?

It precisely meant this in the eyes of his fans :

When I smiled at Gu Yiliang, I'd have a hidden a dagger behind them.

When I brushed shoulders with Gu Yiliang, I turned a blind eye to his existence.

When I lowered my head in the same frame as Gu Yiliang, I felt deeply upset in my heart.

When I turned to talk with others happily in the same frame as Gu Yiliang, I was showing attitude.

I was wrong regardless of whether I was standing or sitting.

So, how do I put it? Unless I were Wei Yanzi himself, I would almost believe them to be true.

Which is to say in the eyes my of fans:

When Gu Yiliang smiled at me, it was a silent provocation.

When Gu Yiliang brushed shoulders with me, he felt I was beneath him deep down.

When Gu Yiliang lowered his head in the same frame as me, he was feigning loftiness.

When Gu Yiliang turned to chat with others happily in the same frame as me, he was being contrived and deliberate.

In any case, he's always at fault whether he's active or quiet.

So, how do I put it? Unless I were Gu Yiliang himself, I would almost believe them to be true.

7.

If we happened to wear the same brand of accessories, that meant we were competing to be a brand ambassador.

If we happened to wear similar clothing, that meant we were copying each other's taste in fashion.

If we happened to be wearing the same outfit, that meant we were screwed. In time, the fans would nastily argue until they split a hole open about who wore it best and who was the most stylish and most sophisticated to the extent that a rainbow would spout out thousands of miles across the sky.

8.

If you were to ask why I knew so much about it...

9.

Pinching my nose, I returned the phone back to my new personal life assistant, Little Chen. "Don't show me the forum posts anymore. It's killing my mood."

10.

"There's still an hour left until they start shooting the next scene. I was afraid you'd be bored sitting here on your own." Little Chen stuck out his tongue, his hand working on fanning me with a fan. "Don't actors search their own names on the web?"

After going through a post about myself, I corrected him out of fear after the trauma I received. "Don't don't don't! Don't say you so politely! And don't call me an actor."

"Oh, then um, Brother Wei." Little Chen accepted it and changed his form of address without hesitation. Taking out a bottle of water, he inserted a straw into it before handing it to me. "Don't you search for your name on the web occasionally?"

Chewing on the tip of the straw, I replied, "Why would I do that? They hyped up their dirt on me like crazy. It's so frustrating to look at them."

Head tilted to the side, Little Chen looked towards me. "Then why don't you try and search for your adversary's name? Won't you feel better that way?"

I was rendered speechless by his suggestion.

11.

This kid was a motherfucking genius!

12.

Although I don't personally harbor any enmity towards Gu Yiliang, I still feel a slight distaste by the trashy posts his fans made about me. So to be fair, there would be nothing wrong with me taking a peek at his blackmail material to calm me down.

I'll consider it as doing a kind deed for him!

Full of joy and expectations, I fished out my phone and opened Weibo to search by typing in his name, 'Gu Yiliang'.

13.

Like Ge You, I sat paralyzed on the chair, my hand raised against my chest as I attempted to calm my fluctuating mood from seeing the multitudinous praises and good reviews they showered Gu Yiliang with.

I'm very fragile, and I could no longer withstand any more traumatic events.

14.

I had only just tapped on the red ellipsis symbol at the top of the comments section and it notified me that a dozen more new messages had been posted. I tapped on it to skim through it again with my dead fish eyes. Most of the comments were pointless praises and declarations of love, but one of the weird-looking comments instantly caught my attention.

@Pink_NiangziArmy: [heart][heart][heart][heart] GROSSSOBBING our boys are spreading the love again! sobbssss what's the big day today pls pls get married already!!! hurry up and register now!!! [kneel][kneel][heart][heart]

And the attached picture was an image with a white 'PLS GET MARRIED NOW' text on a red background.

15.

Was this an advertisement from the matrimonial agency?

Confused, my desire to know more made me tap into this NiangziArmy's Weibo account.

16.

Do you think a new world opened itself to me?

No, I probed and saw a whole new universe.

Chapter Two

17.

I witnessed a beautiful and thriving new world radiating with positivity.

In here,

When I smiled at Gu Yiliang, I was making eyes at him.

When I brushed shoulders with Gu Yiliang, it was because I didn't have the heart to look back.

When I lowered my head in the same frame as Gu Yiliang, I was being shy.

When I turned to talk to others happily in the same frame as Gu Yiliang, our hearts were still connected internally.

In here,

When Gu Yiliang smiled at me, he was overcome with the need to talk to me.

When Gu Yiliang brushed shoulders with me, he'd hate to leave my side deep down.

When Gu Yiliang lowered his head in the same frame as me, he was trying to restrain his love for me.

When Gu Yiliang turned to chat with others happily in the same frame as me, he was faking it to avoid suspicion.

It was love regardless of whether we were standing or sitting, moving, or staying still.

If we happened to wear the same brand of accessories, that meant we were openly being lovey-dovey.

If we happened to wear similar clothing, that meant we were secretly being lovey-dovey.

If we happened to be wearing the same outfit, that meant we were screwed. The fans would speculate and discuss when we'd get married, how many tables did we get, as well as how many babies we'd adopt, to the extent that they could be used to build a Babel Tower capable of puncturing a hole in the sky.

All in all, the things we did dripped with all kinds of honey and sugar in this wonderful world. After a few brainwashing posts, I was almost diagnosed with diabetes.

So, how do I put it? If I weren't Wei Yanzi who also happened to know Gu Yiliang, I would almost believe that we were already married.

18.

The only thing was that Niangzi [1] sounded absolutely terrible as a ship name.

19.

A member of the Niangzi Army even poured in their utmost effort into compiling a long Weibo post containing information like some sort of a huge timeline, the possibility of us staying in the same city, fan MVs, fanfictions, and the likes. All the hyperlinks were listed together, so all I needed to do was tap on one after another. I had already memorized all my lines, so I was very free. I felt more relaxed and content reading all these than the trash posts I saw earlier, so I tapped on a few of them to read them in passing.

20.

Here were the activities inside my brain for the next half hour:

Whoa, this MV is just too beautiful and sad!

Whoa, this photoshopped picture looks too real!

Whoa, this fanart is just too cute!

Whoa, this fanfiction is just...

...too smutty and abusive that I can't finish it.

For a few milliseconds, I almost screamed "Niangzi is rio (real)!" internally.

I quickly put a stop to this sudden impulse.

21.

Pray tell, when the entire internet indulges in bickering about the non-existent enmity and hatred between you and your adversary, what does it mean when a minority of them persevere in believing the romance and love that was completely non-existent between you and your adversary? Just what exactly does that mean?

This was a declaration of righteousness and love! This meant that only goodness and beauty existed in their hearts!

So long as everyone devoted a little love, the world would turn into a wonderful place!

Finally, someone believed that I wasn't a vicious person, always plotting how to steal resources from Gu Yiliang, as well as a venomous fiend who only knew how to cause problems for him in secret!

Although that was an overstatement, I was still practically on the brink of crying in joy.

22.

I had this feeling that my state of mind had probably been shattered by the trashy posts Little Chen kept sending me to read over the last three days.

23.

But I'm totally sailing on this ship.

24.

I still hadn't figured out what they meant by "our boys are spreading the love" in my comments section. After I returned to my own Weibo page, I suddenly discovered that I slipped a finger while searching for Gu Yiliang and liked this one post.

It was mainly about the Song of Waves production team. They finally announced the mysterious casting of the second male lead, which was Gu Yiliang of course.

The rest of the words were just usual braggings and praises about how capable Gu Yiliang was, which I didn't have much patience for.

25.

My train of thought suddenly stopped.

Wait a second.

Isn't Song of Waves the production team I'm in right now?

26.

Can you guys believe it? The first thought I had in my mind after realizing it was:

Are our boys going to spread the love again!?

27.

With a darkened expression, Little Chen pushed and entered through the door with heavy steps before massaging my shoulders.

I was surprised by his sudden action. "What's wrong with you?"

"Brother Wei..." His expression was laced with bitter anguish. "Your adversary is going to be in the production team soon..."

Before I could tell him that I already knew about it, he quickly leaned down and asked in a low whisper, "Should I go and prepare some croton scissors and wire cutters..."

"Stopstopstop! Stop right there! This instant!" I glared at him. "Make sure you give your brain a good scrub when you take a shower tonight. What kind of nonsensical things do you keep in there?!"

Heaving a long sigh of relief, he replied sincerely, "Okay then. Murder is illegal in this world anyway."

28.

Say, even my personal assistant thinks I'm a vicious wretch. Without this ship to balance my villain-like image, what would my life look like?

29.

I lazily waved my hand to dismiss Little Chen to get a cup of bubble tea. Shrinking back into my chair, I couldn't help but load another fan MV to watch.

30.

This scene was where Gu Yiliang appeared in his debut movie. His acting skills then still looked young and inexperienced, but it was still a shit ton better than mine where I was also edited into the same frame.

I acted in that one in the first half of the year.

Thanks to the editor's godly hands, they harmoniously ironed out my awkward acting.

As I stared at Gu Yiliang donning a period costume on the screen, I had to admit this was a job that was especially made for him. From his face to his capabilities, there was simply nothing to nitpick about. This didn't fall into the same category as being graced by God to be adept in this line of work. God would've had to pelt his body with a sumptuous banquet to achieve this effect.

31.

I watched in all seriousness, suddenly realizing that this was the first time that I was seriously admiring his work.

—in a fan-edited MV.

—where I held the title of the other main character.

32.

Somebody was knocking on the break room door. Assuming it was Little Chen, I answered, “Please enter,” without raising my head to look.

33.

The door was pushed open. Noticing that there wasn’t any sound momentarily, I glanced over and saw the man I had been watching on the little screen. He was standing at the entrance looking very much alive, eyeing me with a strange look on his face.

Translator Notes:

[1] Niangzi (娘子) is a play on their names: Gu Yiliang (Niang) and Wei Yanzi (zi). Niangzi can also mean wife, lady or girl.

Chapter Three

34.

I feel that.

The awkwardness you faced when your parents caught you masturbating while watching porn totally cannot be compared to what I’m feeling right now.

No.

The awkwardness you faced when your parents caught you masturbating while watching hardcore beastiality and tentacle orgy porn is precisely the kind that truly cannot be compared to what I’m feeling right now.

35.

I locked my screen with lightning speed before viciously flipping my phone over to shield it from view. My eyes arched as I smiled at Gu Yiliang. “Ah, hello.”

“...” Gu Yiliang snuck a glance at my phone. After pausing for a brief moment, he greeted me as well.

I calmly looked for words to fill up my endless embarrassment. “We’ve quite a lot of scenes to shoot together. Why don’t we practice when you’re available?”

“Yeah.” He nodded. “I just joined the production team, so I came here to greet everyone.”

There was nothing wrong with the conversation, but why did the sentence order feel so jumbled up?

I nodded in response too. “Oh, haha. Did you eat before you came here?”

He paused before answering, “Not yet.”

Unable to continue the conversation anymore, the vile person inside of me felt so awkward that he was cringing all over.

36.

In the end, Little Chen was the one to save my ass. Brimming with energy, he ran into the room with two cups of bubble tea in hand and said with gusto, “You didn’t tell me what toppings you wanted so I bought two. Have a look and see which one you prefer?”

As soon as he turned around, he noticed Gu Yiliang was there too. He instantly straightened his back as he called out ‘Brother Gu’. Gu Yiliang greeted him also.

Having finally found a topic to talk about, I said, “The filming’s going to start later. It’ll be detrimental to your health if you haven’t eaten anything yet, so why don’t you have a cup of bubble tea to fill your stomach?”

After I was done asking, I recalled that Gu Yiliang was not fond of drinking sweet drinks in a fanfiction I skimmed through earlier. So I hurriedly added, “They’re low in sugar. Not too sweet.”

Gu Yiliang was stunned momentarily before he nodded in response.

Ah, Little Chen, the fireman rescuing me from awkwardness.

I took over the bubble tea from him with utmost gratitude and examined them —

One of them was plain milk tea, no toppings, while the other was filled to the top with coconut jelly, pudding, boba, aloe vera, and grass jelly all piled together that it felt like I was holding a cup of stew.

37.

This kid was a motherfucking genius!

38.

Ah, Little Chen, the arsonist setting my heart on fire with all the awkwardness.

I struggled to not shudder from the awkwardness and spoke to Gu Yiliang with gritted teeth, “Well, you see... If you don’t mind, let’s open them both and balance the toppings a little bit...?”

After I finished the sentence, I was overwhelmed with awkwardness to the point where I could practically feel my soul leaving my body. I hoped from the bottom of my heart that Gu Yiliang would wave his hand in denial, say “There’s no need”, and quickly leave my lounge.

Right here. Right now.

39.

“Sure,” he said. He even came over and sat down right next to me. “You got a knife?”

I gazed at him in shock. In the end, it was Little Chen who answered him with a series of “yeses” and found him a clean fruit knife.

He swiftly circled the plastic covers on the two cups of tea with the tip of the knife and tore open the lids. Then he fished out a spoon from the plastic bag and asked me, “What do you want to add?”

I answered, half-dazed as if I had just woken from a dream, "Grass jelly is enough."

So, he spooned out all the grass jelly and put them into my cup. Then he asked, "Anything else?"

I shook my hand. "Nonono, you haven't eaten anything yet. You should have more to replenish your blood sugar."

He looked at the cup of ingredient-rich bubble tea in front of him and seemed to find it a little too difficult to deal with. "There's still a lot. What about adding some more?"

40.

I said, "Then I'll add your Wechat."

41.

I must have gone mad after reading so much fanfiction.

Besides me, even Gu Yiling and Little Chen were caught off-guard by my words. The three of us joined together hand in hand, forming a vicious circle of silence.

42.

Probably because Little Chen was unable to keep his cool anymore, he used the restroom as a reason to make his leave.

Thus, only Gu Yiliang and I sat silently in the lounge having no words to exchange as we stared at each other in awkwardness, to the extent that things felt intimate between us.

As the one with the higher EQ, Gu Yiliang broke the silence by taking out his phone to pull up the QR code page in two to three taps. "I forgot to add you last time. Sorry about that."

I hurriedly answered him, "Nono. It's fine. No big deal."

I picked up my cell phone.

And then I put the phone back.

I tried my best to keep my composure and smiled faintly, “Um, maybe it’s better if... I searched for my own Wechat account using your phone?”

He had probably also recalled the scene he saw earlier the moment he stepped through the door, so his movements froze unnoticeably for a moment before he handed the cell phone to me.

43.

Okay, Wechat added.

I could just think of it as adding a brick to the great undertaking of the Niangzi Army, right?!

Out of nervousness, I sipped my tea from the tip of the straw as I watched Gu Yiliang um, eat that ingredient-rich bubble tea at an unhurried pace.

The atmosphere had turned quiet beyond measure. Only awkwardness lingered in the air and spelled more than thousands of words.

Still, as the one with the higher EQ, Gu Yiliang turned his head to look at me, then praised courteously, “You look good in this costume. Steel gray suits you.”

Here it comes, time to glorify each other! Seeing him donning a brick-red outfit, I immediately blurted out, “You look good in this costume too. It matches mine.”

44.

God, how much I wanted to become a lightning rod rising straight from the ground, so all the thunder and lightning would strike right at me and send me soaring up into the heavens.

HIT ME! HIT ME!

45.

Caught by surprise momentarily, Gu Yiliang couldn’t bear it anymore and laughed out loud.

It was not the kind of dry laughter that was purposely done to dispel the awkwardness in the air nor was it the sort that was laced with ridicule. It was just a simple form of laughter brimming with joy.

It was a rare sight for us to sit together at such a close distance. It enabled me to receive a direct baptism of his extremely beautiful face.

Truth be told, not only did God shower him with a sumptuous feast, I felt like Nüwa, the mother goddess, also came to stick her nose in it as well. When she was sculpting him, she probably hired Michelangelo Buonarroti to help out too, granting me the power to write a full-blown aesthetic and art appreciation essay just by staring at his face.

46.

That was a joke. I actually can't. I have zero talent in writing.

But wasn't he a little too good-looking? He could seriously use the smile on his face to bewitch someone.

47.

But isn't he laughing for a little too long? Was it really that funny?

I watched as he laughed and laughed, like golden wheat sheaves bending in the wind, like branches bending from countless rich fruits, like simple and honest farmers bending their backs in laughter.

See? I already finished reciting an entire nursery rhyme in my head, and he was still laughing!

I couldn't stop myself from giving him a shove. "What's your deal?"

He finally stopped laughing, but there was still a lingering smile in his words, "How come I didn't know you were so funny before?"

I knew the answer to this one! So I immediately answered, "Because you don't have the pair of eyes that can discover the beauty of things?"

He was at a loss for words upon hearing my reply.

48.

Right before he was about to burst into laughter again, I covered his mouth with my hand in a hurry.

His hot breath fell on my fingers, his brows relaxing lightly as he blinked at me innocently.

Filming was going to start soon. Before I could manage to let go and stand back up on my feet, Little Chen had barged into the room, shouting aloud, "Get into position! It's time—"

49.

Little Chen looked at me, then at Gu Yiliang, then at my hand which was still covering Gu Yiliang's mouth. Color drained from his face—he turned around, slammed the door shut, and strode over in a few steps before persuading with all earnesty, "Brother Wei, murder is illegal in this world!"

50.

I think there's no way that the production of the Song of Waves can continue on any longer.

51.

I retracted my trembling hands as I hugged my trembling head. I took a glimpse of the hesitant expression on Gu Yiliang's face before waving my hands shakily, indicating to him to remain silent. The current me felt pitiful, weak, and helpless. I wasn't able to stand any more beatings by the wind or rain or even the slightest shock.

Gu Yiliang had obviously misunderstood what I meant when I waved my hand and smiled understandingly: "I wasn't mad."

"No..." I tried to explain.

"The only thing is," he cast Little Chen a puzzled glance, then shifted his eyes back on me. "Why do you let him call you 'Viagra' [1]?"

52.

Fucking hell.

53.

OK.

If anyone would be so kind enough to bring me my eight-foot viper halberd and my Zhuge crossbow and my golden tiger spear please, I need all of them.

If those are too heavy to carry over, then a bottle of poison would be nice too.

Translator Notes:

[1] Viagra: Little Chen calls him Brother Wei or Wei Ge, which sounds similar to Viagra in Chinese.

Chapter Four

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 1 >>

Work ended around 2 a.m. in the morning again. So exhausted.

The day after tomorrow. Oh. It's already tomorrow and I still need to join Director Lu's production team. I feel even more exhausted whenever I think of it.

I seriously don't feel like going.

For starters, I guess I'm suffering from post-vacation blues. Exhausted from work, I only feel like KO'ing at home.

Secondly, it's all because a leader of my fanclub sent me private messages for five days in a row, warning me to be wary of my adversary since he's in the production team too.

According to her, my adversary should be an overlord who is eight feet tall with the physique and strength of Hercules, the malevolent face of Asura, and the evil voice of a devil. He was someone that could easily take my life with a mighty and vigorous sweep of his eight-foot viper halberd. Or he could be a vicious male demon with the body of a snake and the head of a man with green laser beams shooting out of his eyes and venom dripping down his tongue, in addition to his sharp claws and long tail that could sweep me up in an instant, snapping me to pieces.

But it's not like I've never seen my adversary before. We're from the same company after all.

Wasn't he just a clean, pure, and delicate-looking young boy? He looked so soft and obedient. With a natural look, he seemed to be a little younger than me. Every time we met each other, he would greet me politely, his eyes sparkling with innocence.

After I described what I thought to her, she shrugged it off and said I was too kind, completely unaware of the dangers that walked this earth.

When I received this message, I was completely confused.

For starters, I'm already twenty-three years old and a member of the industry. What sort of dangers have I not seen before?

Secondly, I've seen the movie my adversary was in before. With that kind of acting skill, if he actually pulled that in front of me, then he must be hiding his talent on the screen, a damn big one.

Therefore, I sometimes seriously cannot comprehend the kind of love my fans shower me with.

Nevertheless, she did it out of kindness anyway.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 2 >>

I'm a little annoyed. There is one day that I can get off work and come home early, yet even before the bath water is ready, I got another text message from that old man asking me for money.

I said I would send it to him tomorrow during the day.

300 thousand and 300 thousand and another 300 thousand... I flipped through my transaction statements, finding myself more tragic than Tony Leung from *Infernal Affairs*.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 3 >>

I joined the team today. Surprisingly, I felt pretty good. It's been a long time since I've laughed so freely.

Initially, I still felt a little upset after making the transfer. But then I received a warning message from my little-miss-head-of-fanclub that my adversary had liked a post on Weibo which announced that I was joining the production team, with the intention of riding on my popularity. She warned me repetitively to look after my own safety.

I was going there to act, not enter a battlefield, so I felt all the more down.

In the end, my adversary, who was poor and extremely fiendish in the eyes of my fan, was the one who lifted my spirits up.

He's hilarious.

And he seems to be my fan? Which I'm really surprised about. After all, he never attempted to talk to me first, let alone doing things like asking for my autograph. We don't even have each other on Wechat.

Although we do now.

The way he asks for a person's Wechat is so roundabout. No wonder he never found a chance to bring it up before.

He was watching one of my movies when I entered, one that I acted in a long, long time ago, or my debut movie. Not many people mention it now, so I have no idea where he dug that up from. He was even watching them so intently.

So how should I put it? It was a complicated feeling to see someone appreciate your work with such serious concentration.

No wonder he liked that Weibo post by mistake. I checked that he had never followed that Weibo account before, so I surmised he must have accidentally tapped on it when he was searching for my name.

Not knowing to use his left hand to hold the phone while searching for his adversary's name, forgetting to undo the mistakes he made... He seriously...doesn't have it in him to be evil-minded.

Looking all awkward, he even offered me a cup of bubble tea to drink. He also looked rather nervous, probably because I caught him red-handed and he was a little embarrassed by that.

Yeah. He's pretty cute.

I know I shouldn't describe a guy who's about the same age as me as cute, but he is pretty cute.

Man, why did I write "cute" three times in a row?

And now it's four.

If my little-miss-head-of-fanclub sends any more of those warning messages over, I can now make reasonable and confident retorts.

Nevermind. It's better not to retort. Otherwise, it might trigger more dirt posts for my adversary since everyone's got that reverse mentality. I, too, must have deliberately knocked on the door of his break room as soon as I was done with my wardrobe and makeup because I'd had too much nagging from her.

Thinking about it that way, I should thank little-miss-head-of-fanclub. Otherwise, I wouldn't have noticed that my adversary is someone who's easy to get along with, and also very cute.

That was the fifth one.

After we began shooting, I studied him as he acted opposite the male lead on-site. Well, I'll keep my impressions of him short and simple: if he has been pretending it in front of me all this time, then I'll retire right now.

But if there's a chance, I can teach him a little. He's got spirit in those eyes.

The more I write, the more I feel like I've had my nose too high in the air. One should always be modest and know when to keep their cool. Gotta bear that in mind.

Oh right, he also knows that I don't like sweet things.

Chapter Five

54.

Premise: A not-so-famous film star who sucks at acting is caught red-handed by his adversary watching a fan-made BL video about them.

Question: Is there anything more awkward than that?

Answer: He then has to finish acting a scene under his adversary's serious, piercing, and benevolent gaze, who is eyeing his every move like an old and experienced artist.

55.

I was on the verge of forgetting how the word 'awkward' was actually written. My entire back went limp as I cast a mournful gaze at the male lead in a daze, forcing myself to act out the sentiments which should belong to a female lead.

After the male lead was done, he didn't even dare to look at me. He would run away the moment I called out to him with a red blush on his face.

56.

I truly regret the fact that I haven't honed my acting skill.

But that adversary of mine who was fully equipped with both talent and virtue said he would teach me how to act when there was a chance.

My adversary is so nice. Like my home, he's the gentlest harbor, the most solid supporter behind my back...

57.

...my ass!

58.

I was on tenterhooks the whole day, fearing that my adversary would take me as a sick pervert lusting for his flesh and soul. After I returned to my hotel room, locked the door, turned off the light, and drew the curtains to a close, I watched that video again and then found that the scene I was watching when he came in was, in fact, his solo act. Turns out, I didn't expose jack shit!

Then why the hell was he acting all awkward around me in the break room earlier?!

Acting frozen stiff, cringing and twitching, hesitating and sputtering all over... Was that all an impromptu performance just to play along with me?!

59.

I was trapped in an awkward state for so long! For nothing!

I'm so pissed!

Fuming with rage, I removed my makeup and took a shower before plopping on my bed with a face mask on to scroll through Weibo.

Due to my 'accidental like' slip-up on the Weibo post earlier this morning, I successfully reaped a ton of curses and personal attacks bestowed benevolently by the fans of my adversary with passion. The more I took in, the more wisdom I gained, eventually learning to conceal my tracks—by commandeering Little Chen's Weibo account with brute force.

60.

I had only managed to sail my ship for barely an hour earlier in the day. Before I could even bathe in the wholesomeness as well as the beloved atmosphere, the other character in the ship had unexpectedly barged in, shattering it into pieces.

I must recover my lost fluff!

I haven't caught up with the class yet! I've yet to savor all the fluff! I've yet to clearly figure out the key premise, as well as the plotline for the ship! I've yet to understand the ship in great detail!

61.

My adversary's fans taught me how to become mature.

The Niangzi Army taught me how to love.

62.

After checking through Little Chen's list of followings as well as his followers, I went through Little Chen's Weibo posts. Good. Not even a trace on there had anything to do with me.

Little Chen is a true genius. His whereabouts are unknown, identity a mystery. Even I myself couldn't tell that he was my life assistant at all.

63.

If I'm going to do it, I have to take the full course.

I looked up a guide for joining a fandom. According to the guide, I first downloaded the Super Fans Club app and added Gu Yiliang and myself to my list of followings. Then I followed Niangzi's discussion board with Little Chen's Weibo account, scrolled down, and followed a few popular and big-name fans. In the end, I added an anonymous forum to my Favorites after downloading the app for Douban Group.

Clapclapclap! The wild single-person fluff party has now officially begun!

I'm so excited! HoHoHo!

64.

After skimming through it briefly, I found a well-organized, hardcore brainwashing package about the storyline that really deserved appreciation. Its content was very complete, accurate, and well-illustrated with pictures and links, including video clips of all of our interviews, variety shows that we each attended, and audio clips of our radio station talks etc. — making it a 139-page long PDF in total.

It is simply too long to talk about in detail, so let me summarize the main plotline for you.

65.

The Beginning: A pair of young boys who had just entered the entertainment industry, one of them cold, skilled, and responsible, while the other was soft, innocent, and inexperienced. Their first meeting determined their everlasting fate. One gaze alone set millions of foreshadowings in stone. A myriad of threads spread out from a line of jest. Was it destiny? Was it love? It was the thread of fate that connected us, binding us tightly together.

The Course of Events: We stumbled as we walked together. On the pathway to growth, blood, sweat, and tears were the common colors we shared. We relied and depended on each other for survival. When our gazes met, colorful and radiant hope, as well as reflections of the other, appeared in our eyes.

The Twist: The strong emotions reflected in our eyes couldn't be masked as the days went by. We weren't capable enough to bear any of the consequences that were thrown in our direction. If we continued down on this path, we would only hurt ourselves terribly. Thus, one look alone was enough to affirm that our love was already meaningful. We raised our glasses, wishing each other a bright future ahead before turning around, deciding resolutely to let go of each other. As we stood at opposite ends, we hovered in our respective heights from then on, only displaying a calm front when we meet again. Hidden underneath the layer of facade was a burning ember, or the turbulent undercurrents.

The Ending: A rich and colorful story set to be continued.

66.

I fucking gaped at it.

67.

Like seriously, staring at it with my mouth agape. Isn't this a little too real?

Hello? Is the station's DJ available? I would like to request Truth is Real for this couple.

Especially when I saw that part in a video clip where I was asked to describe the type I liked. I laughed, saying that I wanted a cold beauty that was tall, thin, and enterprising, but only treated me gently. Immediately following it was an interview clip of Gu Yiliang. The host asked him about the changes he would make if he were to fall in love, and he said, his eyes brimming with tenderness, that he would only change in front of his beloved and remain the same to others. In addition, he would not let the relationship get in the way of his career. It almost scared the facial mask off me. Luckily, I held it up in time, thus avoiding wasting this sheet of SKII for nothing.

68.

Ever since our debut, there were simply too many "crosstalks" like this.

I thought they were just shipping two random guys together at first, but it turned out to be a well-founded argument actually?

69.

I was born in a coastal city, so I made a joke when I was on the show, saying I was the ocean's son. And over there, Gu Yiling posted a Weibo right afterwards recommending his favorite fairy tale: The Little Mermaid.

Gu Yiliang said in a radio talk show that he always wanted to go Amsterdam, but he was too busy with work and just didn't have the time. Coincidentally, I happened to post an old picture of me taking a vacation in the Netherlands on Instagram around the same time, together with a line from a song: I took the train from Brussels to Amsterdam...

Also, I once sprained my ankle while shooting a scene and posted on Weibo about it to harvest the fans' pity. One of Gu Yiliang's friends in the industry happened to post a short video of him. In the video, Gu Yiliang caught a little kitten who accidentally fell off the bed and said softly, "Why are you so careless, hm?"

...

70.

Some people die before their death.

Meanwhile, some live on even after their days.

71.

Some people are never together, but they've been in a relationship for three years already???

72.

So how did it happen?

We had only debuted for three years, barely coming into contact with one another in reality, let alone in front of the mass public. Yet, there was a large, impressive number of fans on our ship, and the works they gave birth to were extremely abundant, stretching up to 1,800 yields per plot of land. But for what reason exactly?

To the best of my capability, I made an analysis and came up with two reasons.

Our beauty is just such a magnificent sight to behold.

The power that this band of people had in tearing into materials and fluff, as well as their brainwashing capability, was just too OP.

Even I almost swayed to the other side.

73.

Overdosed with all the fluff, I sank into fatigue and emptiness that came after a feverish excitement and started to nod off while holding the phone in my hand.

Suddenly, my phone started vibrating off and on, forcibly waking me up from my drowsiness.

I tapped the screen and glanced at it.

74.

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam followed @WeiYanzi_William

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam made a Weibo post

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam tagged @WeiYanzi_William on his Weibo

75.

With a poker face, I unlocked my phone, checked my Weibo, typed something, tapped repost, locked the phone, calmly stood up and walked into the bathroom, peeled off the facial mask, threw it away, washed my face with water, brushed my teeth for five good minutes, and finished it off by applying some moisturizing cream at the end.

76.

Then I dived head-first into my bed.

OUR BOYS ARE SPREADING THE GAY AGAIN. YAY! E-I-E-I-O!!!!

Chapter Six

77.

Gossiping vigorously doubles one's happiness, while camping as a netizen makes one's face glow with delight. But shipping a couple is the ultimate combination of the greatest essence of those two above catered with the extra-sweet delusion of being in love.

I don't know what others feel when their ships are sailing, but right now I feel like an old immortal with white hair and a rosy complexion surrounded by so much bliss that I'm bursting with energy even when I go out.

78.

There was still some time before filming. I changed into my costume and aimlessly roamed amongst the production crew with my clothes fluttering around like a happy little steel-gray butterfly, greeting everyone I saw with smiles. The pleasantries ranged from the weather's so nice today to how I should move in this particular scene and chatting about whether there should be a team dinner tonight for the entire crew and cast, stunning everyone with the sheer cheerfulness of it. I then flung my sleeves and went on to the next target.

Ah, there's no end to happiness.

79.

Little Chen was hugging a thermos lunch box. He grabbed a hold of me with one grip and said, “Yan Yan, hurry up and eat your breakfast. Don’t flap your wings and flutter around aimlessly like a moth.”

“...”

80.

I’m in a good mood, so I won’t squabble with a motherfucking genius.

81.

I bit into a slightly hot steamed dumpling before fishing out my phone to check Weibo, refreshing my own feed repetitively as I stared at the Weibo post I reposted last night again and again.

Everyone must remember to eat your meals on time! Don’t kill your tummy! [hmphing to the right][hmphing to the left]! I can’t wait too [heart for you]//@GuYiliang_Liam: @WeiYanzi_William Thanks for saving me from low blood sugar. I’m looking forward to working with you!

And the attached picture was the cup of bubble tea which was so rich in ingredients that it looked like a mini Mount Fuji stacked in the cup. He even used a filter that made the drink look very appealing. I have no idea about when he took the picture though.

He probably took it when I was annoyed with Little Chen to the point that I couldn’t even think straight.

82.

I briefly glanced at the comments on my own Weibo post and didn’t have the gall to look at Gu Yiliang’s.

Fortunately, my acting skill was just a fan-filtering machine. A majority of those in the fandom only fancied my looks, treating me as their boyfriend, brother, son, and nephew. Regardless of

what I shared, they would always shower me with 'Why is my baby so striking and so adorable to the max?! You're suffocating Mommy here! Stop playing with your phone and go fool around with the neglected waifu in your bedroom and please pay attention to your obedient and adorable son!!'

What a loving and caring family.

83.

Naturally, discord would exist too among the comments. They were all accusing me of sucking up to his ass so I could bask in his limelight, and etc. In any case, regardless of whatever they said, they would eventually reroute the discussion back to square one: my horrible acting skills. I was already used to it. They wouldn't be able to stir up any more shit.

84.

However, the scene on the discussion board was different. In that world, true love existed alongside humanity. The beating of drums filled the air as firecrackers sounded out in unison, while the red banners swayed in the wind amidst the sea of people whose faces were brimming with supreme happiness. Their eyes flickered brightly in excitement. The sound of their voices fluctuated as they greeted and offered their blessings. What happened today was sealed as the lawful wedding anniversary of Niangzi. Every post on the discussion board ended with a string of 'lock' emoticons.

I didn't understand what it meant, so I went out of my way to look it up. Only then did I realize the lock meant that their ship was canon.

Here, I couldn't help but feel deeply moved by the prosperous fandom culture.

I scrolled down casually, and to my surprise, I realized that they had dug out more fluffy material from the two innocent Weibo posts we made.

85.

Let's skip over the obvious mentions of the concerns we held for each other and the display of our affection.

First of all, Gu Yiliang logged in and out of Weibo four times last night. No activities were done the first three times, but during the last login, he followed me and then immediately made that Weibo post. It clearly proved that he was completely nervous, hesitant on whether he should do this at first, but then he finally made up his mind. Thinking that since we were going to act in the same play anyway, it would not be weird for people from the same cast to follow each other on Weibo. Not to mention, he could also take the opportunity to openly interact with me.

Next, the filter he used for the photo came from an app called 'Pudding'. The name of the filter was 'You'll always be there for me'.

Moreover, the two hmping emoticons in my Weibo weren't pouting angrily back to back. Instead, they were facing each other, and it became a kiss.

Finally, he posted that Weibo at 1:25 a.m.. If you read the timestamp backwards, the numbers became 521, which sounded like 'I love you' when pronounced out loud. This signified that there was a possibility that he had been logging in and out for the sake of waiting for this particular timestamp. On the other hand, I reposted it at 1:26 a.m., which showed that I practically followed his account too in return and reposted it almost immediately.

There was a great possibility that we were still together even in the middle of the night.

The conclusion is, if this is not love, then what is?

86.

They win. I give up.

Even if I die and am nailed inside a coffin, I will still cry out with my rotten throat from the other side of the grave: Niangzi is rio!

87.

There was no way to whitewash the instant reposting and the instant following. But those two emoticons. They were really just two emoticons that I tapped randomly off the list! They appeared next to each other in that order on the keyboard!

Just as I was hesitating on whether I should edit the post and replace those two emoticons, someone knocked on the break room door.

Three knocks, one second apart. Gu Yiliang's way of knocking!

Immediately alarmed, I switched to other Weibo account, locked my phone, and destroyed all the evidence in one breath before calmly asking him to please come in.

88.

Wei Yanzi will never fall twice in the same place!

89.

Gu Yiliang poked his head in, asking, "The crew has set aside a thirty-minute window for the visiting fans. Do you want to go together?"

I got up. "Ah, sure."

On my way out, I took some snacks that Little Chen had brought over to fulfill my cravings in passing. Using my sleeves to carry them, I then followed Gu Yiliang out the door.

Chapter Seven

90.

Although Gu Yiliang and I are separated by only one celebrity tier, the number of fans who came to visit us at work were equally matched.

The moment the two groups of fans caught sight of the support items in each other's hands, they instantly widened their distance at a rapid rate, conscientiously dividing themselves into two masses on either side of the pathway. Their unified gazes stared intently at the entrance and no one from the same group of fans pushed or shoved each other. When their gazes interlocked with the adversary's eyes, they didn't behave like they had daggers drawn like on the internet.

Both sides had people carrying various kinds of equipment to record the whole segment. Since their biases would be the ones paying for it if they stepped out of line, everyone was fully aware of embodying the high standards of their own fan circles, attempting to oppress their rivals with it.

This was a battle without smoke.

91.

In the end, Gu Yiliang came out with me looking all cheerful and lively.

92.

Thus somehow plunging the entire scene into a state of awkwardness.

93.

“We only have thirty minutes? Let me know when time’s up?” I asked.

Gu Yiliang nodded. “Okay. Give me some of your snacks. I didn’t prepare any.”

He can still botch his fans in their presence?

So I gave him half my snacks in front of everyone.

94.

I greeted the Pretty Yans [1] and handed the snacks in my embrace to a familiar big fan of mine. “It’s probably not enough for everyone, so maybe you can just open them up and share them on the way back?”

“Sure! No biggie!” The little girl easily found a bag and packed everything up quickly before lifting two bags up to me. “We’ve already given the food and drinks prepared for the production team to the staff members. What’s in here are all the presents the Pretty Yans have prepared for you. The green bag contains fresh fruits and desserts so please remember to eat them on time. Don’t leave it for later or else it will go bad. The blue bag has a bit of everything like presents and letters. Just take a look at yourself...”

I laughed uncontrollably. Every time I meet them, it feels as though I’m seeing my own mom when I was in boarding school. The only exception was that they didn’t tell me to get along with everyone and warn me not to get bullied.

“...Please get along with the staff members.” The little girl shot a glance at Gu Yiliang before anxiously lowering her voice into a soft whisper. “Your adversary... Did he bully you?”

I choked. “...”

95.

I called out to him, “Gu Yiliang!”

Gu Yiliang turned around to look at me in confusion.

I said, “Gimme a smile!”

And Gu Yiliang threw me a dazzling and bewitching smile.

96.

Turning around, I was greeted by the look of astonishment from my big fan as well as a fragmented view of the group’s expressions. I smiled and said, “Got it now? We’re getting along just fine.”

Seeing how they would still be trapped in a state of shock for a while longer, I fished out my phone, swiped up Alipay, and said, “How much did you guys spend this time?”

As soon as the majority of them recovered their senses, voices surrounded me at once to stop me in my tracks. “The funds are sponsored by the Pretty Yans who are working! None of the students paid for anything.”

Alright then. I pulled my sleeve up. “There’s a lot of autographs to sign, right? Please be quick since we only have a thirty-minute window.”

Like performing a magic trick, one by one, they materialized their handheld banners, fans, and posters out of thin air...

I let my muscle memory take over, signing the items as I chatted with them for a while.

97.

While we were talking, my big fan suddenly tugged at my sleeves, looking all confused and mysterious. She was gesturing for me to lower my head.

I slightly hung my head low in puzzlement, only to hear her softly whisper as a testament to my ear, "...Niangzi?"

98.

How is it that a brat with thick eyebrows and round eyes like you is betraying the revolution?!

99.

The situation was not looking good right now. Shipping and having the actual people sealing the deal were two completely different things. If things went badly, it could destroy careers! I wouldn't dare to make light of Gu Yiliang's career.

With a vacant expression and looking all muddled, I used three fingers to cover my lips and sang in a low voice, "A ha?"

"...."

100.

Thank you, Phoenix Legend! Thank you, Lover Temptation [2]! Thank you for helping me deceive them! I sighed in relief.

I was writing 'To' on the item when Gu Yiliang called me. "Can you come over here for a while?"

I took a glimpse at the Pretty Yans and they were using their eyes and lip movements, one after another, to quickly drive me to his side. They looked so frantic that the only thing they hadn't done yet was to physically shove me toward him.

Why do I have this nagging feeling that I've been sold out by my own mom?

I returned the pen and autographs to them before skipping towards him. "What's up?"

Gu Yiliang smiled. "They want a picture of us together."

101.

He put his hand over my shoulder and I unconsciously threw mine around his waist.

We smiled together at the camera.

This was actually the first picture we'd taken together in the three years that we'd known each other.

There was still an underground big fan of the Niangzi Army watching me over there. I was going to release him as soon as the picture was taken, but the camera was flashing at us nonstop, the shutter clicking like rain beating on window panes. I couldn't find the right timing to do so.

He glanced at me apologetically with his tender eyes. I returned a nonchalant smile as I stared into his deep-set eyes.

102.

The moment our gazes interlocked with each other, a piece of my shipping soul broke apart. As I watched this scene unfold before my eyes from another perspective, I was very aware that should this picture get sent out, the Niangzi discussion board was going to explode.

103.

As such, Gu Yiliang hooked his arm around my neck and led me towards the big fan who was currently taking our picture. I watched on blankly as he picked out two pictures and requested the fan to directly transfer it to him.

104.

Namely:

In the picture where we flashed a smile at the camera, my lips broke into a wide grin as my eyes arched while he was smiling with his mouth closed.

In the picture where we were looking into each other's eyes, there seemed to be thousands of words congealed in our gazes.

I was decked out in a steel gray outfit while he was donning a brick-red outfit. I was right yesterday. Our colors match well with each other.

105.

At this very moment, I knew deep down that he would be posting these pictures soon.

106.

And it was precisely at this very moment when I realized, deep down, that Gu Yiliang was the true Rio Niangzi master.

Translator Notes:

[1] Pretty Yans: name for Wei Yanzi's fan club.

[2] –Niangzi! –A ha! are actually two lines from the lyrics of Lover Temptation (郎的诱惑) by Phoenix Legend. So MC is using the song to pretend that he doesn't know about the Niangzi ship~

Chapter Eight

107.

One's gotta treat everyone equally. I dragged him over so that my Pretty Yans could take some pictures of us too, and it was about time for the session to end.

I watched the staff as they urged the fans to leave and reminded them to be safe on their way back. Then I caught a glimpse of a girl that didn't look too familiar. She stood not far from me and was staring at me hesitantly.

I waved at her with a smile and asked her to be careful, but as if she had suddenly made up her mind, she started running toward me in little thumping steps. She took out a handheld banner from her bag and handed it to me together with a sharpie, saying that she wanted an autograph with a 'To' message.

“Why didn’t you give it to me just now?” I took off the pen cap. “To whom?”

She said in a whisper, “To... @WilLiam...”

108.

The name sounded a little familiar. I looked down, and I immediately knew why she didn’t hand this banner to me together with everyone else.

On the pink-and-blue handheld banner was a picture of a chibi Gu Yiliang throwing his arm around a chibi me — All inside a baby pink heart-shaped bubble.

This fucking banner fucking was a fucking Niangzi version!

And WilLiam, wasn’t that one of the big name shippers that I just followed last night?!

And she was an extremely productive one! The Yuan Longping of the fandom! One that reigned half of the fanfiction kingdom!

So it was you?! My author-sama!

109.

I contained the turmoil in my head and quickly readjusted my demeanor, resuming my ever-so-calm idol face.

I feel that it was time to re-examine the composition of my fans.

So while you guys were pretending to be my fans, you were secretly fancying the fact that my adversary was screwing me over?!

Each and every one of you looked so dignified, righteous, upright and plainspoken, yet all of you have written tens of thousands of words of smut behind my back?!

Kiddos, you’re giving your dad a hard time.

110.

The shippers were in a rather awkward position in the fan base, and disturbing people in real life was considered a very rude act. Perhaps I had been petrified for too long, but William became a little uneasy as she waved her hands, "It's fine. Totally fine if you don't want to sign. Don't force yourself!"

To sign, or not to sign, that was the question. I was trapped in a dilemma. Gu Yiliang then came over and asked me, "Why are you still not going back yet?"

Subconsciously, I shot him a pleading look asking for help.

Then I sharply caught wind of William letting out a low 'Eek' while standing beside me.

111.

Alright, I know. Tonight, I'm going to be the star in another tens of thousands of words of smut.

112.

Abandoning myself to despair, I spread out the banner in front of Gu Yiliang and asked for his opinion, "Can I sign this?"

William was now making a stream of low 'eeks' like a rooster crowing at dawn. But I no longer cared. After all, not all fans had the fortune to personally witness their bias spreading love right in front of them. It's understandable.

113.

"Sure!" Gu Yiliang patted me on the head as if my question amused him, "Do you want me to sign it too?"

114.

Look! This is the Real Master.

115.

I heard a guttural squeak squirming its way out of WilLiam despite her extreme effort to hold it all in. Afraid that she was going to faint soon, I immediately shoved the sharpie into Gu Yiliang's hand and said, "Here."

This was the real Passing-the-pen-to-the-author-sama.

Without even thinking about it, Gu Yiliang signed his name on the side where my picture was.

Real Master-creating-fluff-on-the-spot / Real bias-spreading-love-before-my-eyes.

116.

A sweet pie of fluff stuffed firmly into my mouth and WilLiam's mouth.

My HP bar was clearly longer than hers for I could still manage to sign my name next to the chibi Gu Yiliang's chubby face, while her hands were already shaking to no end.

Just as I was trying to decide on who should sign the "To" message, WilLiam took the banner away from me with her trembling hands. "...Nonono, I don't need the 'To' anymore. Don't let my name ruin this consummate work of beauty, I'm too unworthy..."

I was speechless.

117.

She gingerly put the banner away and put on her backpack.

"Hurry and head back. Be careful and stay safe," Gu Yiliang said to her.

"Don't forget to tell the others after you arrive," I added.

She waved fiercely at us, her eyes all red, "I'll visit you two again some other time!"

118.

I kept feeling that there was something strange about the scene.

But before I had a clue about what it was, Gu Yiliang turned his head and smiled at me, “Feels like we’re a couple sending our child to college.”

“ ... ”

Master-sama! Give me a break! I’m suffocating from this fluffiness that only I get to enjoy!

119.

I picked up the two huge bags. One was blue, and the other one was green. Little Chen suddenly popped up out of nowhere and seized one of the bags from me like lightning, “Yan Yan, Yan Yan, leave it to me! If you get caught on camera later, you fans will be complaining, saying stuff like, ‘How can the assistant let my baby carry the bag by himself,’ again.”

I laughed, “It’s only a few steps.”

Then the bag in my other hand was taken away from me as well, and it was by Gu Yiliang.

Looking at my now lifeless face, he weighed the green bag in his hand and said, “Green. It suits me.” [1]

120.

“...” I had no words. “Don’t you feel like there’s something wrong with what you just said?”

“ ... ”

He finally said, “Forget it. Let’s get back soon, otherwise the director will come and rush us.”

121.

The male and the female leads were shooting a scene of them playing opposite each other, while I waited on a little campstool off the stage, peering about.

Gu Yiliang was leaning against the table next to me, softly reciting the lines to himself.

“...Those that I thought I would forget were actually kept in my heart. Those that I thought I would keep in my heart were actually carved into my bones...Every time...”

The tragic second male lead's lines were probably too whiny that he paused for a few seconds.

I continued without even thinking about it, “Every time I think of those scenes, those words, those interactions between us, I feel the pain, a pain that's engraved in my heart and carved in my bones. Because I know very well that I will never have things like those again.”

122.

He looked at me with some surprise, “...How do you know that line?”

It was the dialogue between the second male lead and the female lead that had nothing to do with me. No wonder he was surprised. I answered honestly, “I remember everyone's lines.”

That was a bit too much of an exaggeration, so I quickly added, “But only for these scenes. I haven't read the ones after it.”

He was all the more amazed, “You can memorize everything just by reading through it?”

I nodded, “If I read it a few times, then I can remember the lines. But I forget everything after we finish shooting, otherwise they take up too much space in my brain.”

123.

He flipped through the script in his hand and chose a random section, “Huh, you sound so respectful and dignified, but once——”

“——you tear off that hypocritical mask of yours, you're just a ruffian! Rogue! Shameless bastard!”

He continued, “Ruo'er, look. The sky——”

“——is already dark, but we're still several miles away from the closest town. We might as well stay here for a night.”

“Ah-Wan! Your leg!”

“Don't worry, it's just a small scratch. Were you hurt anywhere?”

“Your eyes are your smile——”

“——shines like the stars and is gentle like the evening breeze. It’s the brightest scene I’ve ever seen in my life.”

124.

No matter whose line he was reading, he could adjust his expression and tone accordingly to make a vivid presentation, while I read everything all the way through in a monotone and looked like a dead fish.

125.

Gu Yiliang took a soft breath and stared at me in silence. After a while, his eyes shifted back onto the script as he asked, “...Do you have time tonight?”

I stopped for a second, then poked my head to his side, trying to read the script in his hand. “Whose line is it? I don’t think it’s on there.”

Slightly choked, he threw me a helpless glance. “...No, what I mean is, if you have time, can you go over the lines with me?”

Here it comes! The experienced artist is going to favor me with his instructions! I replied blithely, “Sure sure! You can just wait for me in your room. I’ll come over once I’m done showering.”

126.

Little Chen happened to walk by with a mini fan in his hand. His expression changed abruptly. He looked around in alarm, then at me hesitantly, then at Gu Yiliang next to me. In the end, he shoved the mini fan into my hand, swung his body around, and ran away from the parasol.

My phone vibrated, notifying me of a new message on Wechat.

127.

OrangeWarmSun: Yan Yan, you should pay attention to your surroundings when you talk. So many people could be eavesdropping on you!

While I was still confused by it, several more messages popped up on the screen immediately afterwards.

128.

OrangeWarmSun: Allow me to gossip for a bit! You've called a paparazzi waiting on the spot already, haven't you? So that you can seduce him and completely ruin his image and reputation?

OrangeWarmSun: That doesn't sound very cool.

OrangeWarmSun: Or are you trying to seduce your adversary so that you can defraud him of money and love?

OrangeWarmSun: Or are you trying to seduce your adversary so that you can break his body and his heart?

OrangeWarmSun: That doesn't sound very cool.

OrangeWarmSun: Do you need me to prepare anything for you? Feel free to ask If there's anything I can help with!

129.

I blacklisted him.

Chapter Nine

130.

The male and female leads seemed a little out of it today. There were quite a few outtakes before they finished their scene. When I finished shooting my scenes in another set and returned, it was just Gu Yiliang's turn to get in front of the camera.

So I didn't go to remove my makeup. I just stood outside and watched him.

131.

I was probably the most nervous person on the whole set when Gu Yiliang was in action.

132.

The executive manager was watching him with gratification.

The director and the assistant director were watching him with praise.

The young actors were watching him with either admiration or envy.

The art director and the martial arts coach were watching him with appreciation.

I was watching him with nervousness, worry, anxiety, concern, uneasiness, stress, panic, and quite some fear.

133.

When he was doing stunt rigging, I wished I could fly up to catch him.

When he was wielding the blades and the spears, I wished I could throw myself over to be his shield.

When he was walking along the river, I was afraid he would fall in. When he was up on the roof, I was afraid he would fall down. When he stood on the tree, I was afraid the branch would break. When he was running, I was afraid he would sprain his ankle. Even when the female lead was cutting paper flowers with a pair of scissors in front of him, I was afraid that the scissors would be sharp and stab him.

134.

If you have to ask why...

135.

This is called being prepared for the worst! My friends!

Who's his only adversary out of the whole production team? It's me!

Who does the outside world think is on bad terms with him? It's me!

If something ever happens to him (crossing fingers), who will his fans suspect first of harming him? It's also me!

136.

Don't think I'm exaggerating.

About half a year after our debut, Gu Yiliang once attended a live show half a motherland away from me. The program messed up the order in which guests came out and made a new actor like him the center, an incident which attracted a wave of criticism.

Meanwhile, I happened to be spotted by others praying at Nanpu Temple with my friends.

Okay, so it turned out that I had been casting a spell to curse him remotely.

Even my Pretty Yans believed so. They even praised me in private, saying that I did a good job for having the 'sense of competition'.

137.

Say, what kind of temple handles this type of business?

Will the Bodhisattvas even approve?

I went there to pray for a good marriage, alright?!

138.

How do I know about these things?

Thanks to Little Chen, the amount of trash posts I've looked through is nothing less than the amount of fluff I've read.

139.

Of course, this event was also recorded in Niangzi's brainwashing package.

In their version, I knew it was his first time doing a live show, so I especially went there to pray for him.

Look how pious my expression was! Look how kind I looked when the fans saw me! Look how standard my posture was when I bowed down! Look how open and upright I was when I offered the joss sticks!

However, the people working on the program had let me down. Their accident during the live broadcast totally ruined my painstaking efforts.

"All faults to the bad luck, and all blames to the program team."

——stated the fans categorically. This fact was set and sealed. No questions allowed. No arguments accepted.

140.

Where there's no contrast, there's no harm. Only in the eyes of Niangzi, I appeared as a precious darling, a little cutie who was walking a tightrope for the sake of love.

I could never repay them for their great kindness. I'll definitely find opportunities to create more spiritual food and fluff for them in the future.

141.

Under my earnest gaze, Gu Yiliang finally finished shooting all of his scenes intact. With a long sigh of relief, I watched as the crowd rushed up and surrounded him. There was no place for me to step in, so I turned around and left.

I stood for too long. My feet were a little numb, so I was staggering slightly as I walked. Little Chen came out just in time to bring me back to change in a half-supporting and half-dragging manner.

142.

I had just returned to the break room and sat down, ready to ask Little Chen to pack up as we were about to return to the hotel, when a casually-dressed Gu Yiliang suddenly appeared at the door.

Does he not have his own break room? Why is he coming over to my place all the time?

143.

I asked, "What's the matter? Didn't I say I'll come over at night?"

Little Chen dropped a foundation case with a clack.

He said, "It's still early. Do you want to get dinner together?"

Little Chen dropped an eye shadow with a bang.

I asked, "Are you not afraid of getting photographed?"

Little Chen dropped a bronzing powder with a clank.

He said, "I know a pretty good restaurant that's hard to find. It's not far from where the production team is."

Little Chen——

I finally said, "Little Chen, are you done yet? You can drop however many you want! Why don't you just cut my cosmetic bag and let the wind carry all the contents out to the ocean?"

Little Chen said, "Go! Hurry and go! I've got you two covered!" It looked like he was calmly waiting for his death.

Gu Yiliang asked, "Are you guys practicing for a skit?"

"..."

Under Little Chen's solemn and stirring gaze, I grabbed my cell phone and card holder. Then I stood up and left, dragging Gu Yiliang with me.

Gu Yiliang stumbled as I dragged him, and he pulled me back. He stood at the door and said, "Just us two? What about your assistant?"

"Let him starve!"

144.

I got a little thirsty from all the anger, so I went back to my room and pulled out a bottle of honey tea from the side pocket of the green bag that the Pretty Yans had given me. Without even looking at it, I was going to open and drink it directly.

Gu Yiliang saw what I was doing. He frowned and stopped my hand, "Don't drink it. Give it to me."

Baffled, I handed the bottle to him.

He looked down and checked it carefully, his brows knitted even tighter and his voice sounded a little harsh as well, "Why don't you check before drinking stuff provided by the fans? Is this the first day of your debut?"

I examined the bottle in his hand. Indeed, it had been opened already. I explained in an almost inaudible whisper, "It probably belonged to some fan. They left it in the side pocket and forgot about it after they finished drinking. I'll pay more attention next time."

He stressed again seriously, "You must be careful about things like this. Some people could..."

It's not like I don't know that I should be more cautious, but all the things the Pretty Yans sent me were checked multiple times by my big fans, and we never found any problems with these items before, which led to my carelessness this time.

I listened to him lecture me about the facts and reasonings, giving me examples of the nasty conduct done by the anti-fans and the sasaeng fans, repeatedly warning me over and over again to be careful.

I suddenly felt...that such a Gu Yiliang would make a good boyfriend material.

Chapter Ten

145.

After we sat down at the restaurant, Gu Yiliang said he was fine with anything and let me decide on what to order.

146.

Lie! That was a thumping lie!

The brainwashing package already told me that he didn't like Chinese chives, bitter gourd, celery, carrot, soup or foods that were either sweet or sour or sour-sweet. He liked chicken, but not duck or goose. He liked pork, beef, and lamb, but not fish. He liked crab and shellfish, but not shrimp.

With painstaking and assiduous effort, the Niangzi Army collected all this valuable information by using every means possible!!

As for the accuracy?

Well, since they were pretty accurate about my info, it should be about right.

147.

I glanced at the menu and told the waiter, "A spiced shredded chicken with chili sauce, a crab stew pot — don't put shrimp in it — a sautéed cabbage with garlic, and two bowls of rice."

Then I turned around and asked Gu Yiliang, who looked slightly surprised, "Is that enough? What do you want to drink?"

"...Yeah."

Gu Yiliang put away that hint of surprise, got himself a can of JDB, and then ordered a bottle of honey tea for me.

148.

Master Gu! Such boyfriend material!

I sipped my iced honey tea happily.

149.

The dishes came quickly.

We picked up the chopsticks in uniformity, held up the rice bowls at the same time, picked some shredded chicken, put it into our bowls, placed the tip of the chopsticks onto the chicken, and pressed it a few times against the rice underneath.

Our actions were simply too synchronized. We looked each other in the eyes simultaneously, then laughed out loud together.

150.

We were chatting about all kinds of random things as we slowly enjoyed our meal until we started talking about interesting stories that happened during shootings.

Gu Yiliang laughed as he told me about a small incident when he was shooting a low-budget wuxia drama. Because the background actors the production team hired were too unprofessional, and the props were of poor quality as well, someone accidentally thrashed him on the waist with a sword when they were doing an action scene. It hit him so hard that even the sword was bent, and it left a swollen strip of black and blue on his waist that took quite a few days to subside. Then he went on with the wires the team used for stunt rigging...

My heart was trembling with so much fear as I listened that I couldn't even pick up the crab with my chopsticks.

He glanced at me and suddenly stopped talking. Then he picked up a crab claw and delivered it steadily into my bowl. "But no similar accidents have happened since then. The crew we have now is very safe. It's a ten-million-dollar investment after all, so don't worry."

I nodded hesitantly with the crab claw in between my teeth.

As if he found it amusing, he asked, "You've never gotten injured while shooting?"

I answered as a matter of factly, “Of course I have. But how is that the same? If the injury is on you...”

151.

I swallowed the latter half of “your fans will make me fully responsible for it” and made a stiff turn, whispering, “...my-my heart aches?”

152.

Here it was again. That haunting awkwardness.

I burst into a series of hollow laughs as I continued to put food into his bowl incessantly — in fact, I’d rather feed them directly into his mouth so that I could block anything he might say.

He paused for a moment and threw me a puzzled glance. After hesitating, he started placing food on my plate as well.

I laughed again and put some more into his.

He was not willing to be bested as he put some more onto mine.

I picked out all the crab claws and put them all on his plate.

He picked out the Chinese prickly ash on the shredded chicken and put the chicken in my bowl.

I scooped up a spoonful of soup and poured it onto his rice.

He filled my empty glass with honey tea.

...

153.

I pulled out a napkin and handed it to him.

He called the waiter over and paid the bill.

Me: "..."

Him: "..."

154.

True master! I lost!

I looked at the mountain of veggies and meat in my bowl and took a few bites with my trembling hand. My eyes fell back onto Gu Yiliang's face as I said with much difficulty, "...I can't finish this..."

Gu Yiliang failed to hold back his laugh. He took the bowl away from me, "Then why are you still forcing it down? Don't overeat."

What a nice person!

While I was still emotionally moved by his compassion, I saw him blink a few times. Then, mimicking my stiff and faint voice, he whispered, "After all, if the injury is on you, my-my heart hurts."

155.

Adieu!

156.

Staring straight ahead with dead eyes, I got up and left the restaurant, drifting on the road very much like a wandering ghost.

Gu Yiliang fought hard to hold the smile in as he caught up with me and put his hand on my shoulder. "—Are you mad? I was joking."

I shot him a glance, my face ashen, and brushed off his hand. "Pay attention to the influences."

He threw the hand back on, unable to contain the laughter in his words. "It's not a big deal even if we get caught. Just let the company do a press release saying that Gu and Wei are on friendly terms now."

157.

Wait, I just don't understand.

It's fine if the Niangzi Army spontaneously determined that Gu Yiliang was the one to pin me down since the little girls wouldn't know better anyway, but why was he conscientiously putting his own last name in front of mine?!

Does he think he can have everything his way just because his last name Gu was the most popular last name in the BL world?

158.

"Then it has to be 'Wei x Gu on friendly terms' instead."

He turned to me with a sincere and confused glance, "Is there a difference?"

Me: "..."

Master, I know I'm a straight guy too, but aren't you a bit too straight?!

159.

In order to seize back what was left of my dignity from a weird place in the conversation, I started to say some words along the lines of "WeiGu sounds striking when you read it aloud," or "It sounds pleasant to the ears and it's easily remembered," to cover his question. I conveniently brainwashed him in secret that it was better to place my last name in front of his.

Upon seeing that we were almost at the main road after leisurely chatting with each other for a while longer, I was about to brush away his hand once more, but he was one step ahead in removing it. He took out his phone and cast a glance at it.

I pursed my lips to myself in disdain.

Tsk, here's our hypocritical quality idol!

160.

Then this hypocritical quality idol put away his cell phone, walked straight to a slightly dimmer corner, and fished out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

Me: ????

161.

Staring at the Gu Yiliang who was lighting a cigarette in front of me, I felt as if the world was somewhat unreal.

Hello? Do you still remember your public image as a quality idol?

Do you still remember that I'm your adversary?

Do you still remember that we just added each other on Wechat yesterday despite knowing each other for three years?

I know there's no rule saying that idols and celebrities aren't allowed to smoke, but...

Seeing the strange expression on my face, he replied with a smile, "Sorry about this. I just suddenly want to have one."

I lost my words for a moment.

Not because he could act so openly and candidly in front of me, but because despite his extraordinary acting skills and his flawless expression, I could still feel how gloomy and depressed he was.

162.

I said, "Aren't you afraid that I'll take a picture with my phone and use a side account to slander you online?"

A chuckle escaped Gu Yiliang as he nonchalantly shrugged his shoulders.

But the way he held the cigarette in his mouth as he shrugged his shoulders was too cool, exuding an unrestrained and unruly air.

I was probably entranced by the way he looked that there was a split second where I actually thought that Gu x Wei sounded striking. It'd sound pleasant to the ears and it could be easily remembered when it's read aloud too.

163.

He hung his head low to smoke, without uttering another word. I looked up at him, keeping my silence as well. There was no awkwardness in the air between us, yet I felt somehow unsettled.

This was Gu Yiliang we're talking about here. Gu Yiliang, the man who looked ever-handsome when he smiled. Just his smile alone was enough to bewitch someone's heart. How could anyone allow him to use such a disheartening mood to grip people's hearts?

That's being irresponsible to my heart!

My brain must have short-circuited for a second as I pointed to his hand which was holding the cigarette pack and said, "Why don't you...teach me how to smoke?"

164.

Gu Yiliang was a little surprised, "Why?"

"...So you don't have to worry about me taking a picture with my phone and trashing you online? Let's live or die together?"

He looked at me for a long time before he let out a stifled laugh through his lips. He then placed the cigarette he was smoking in his mouth next to mine.

165.

Huh? Is he really straight?

I truly, madly, deeply, and sincerely doubt it!

166.

I reached out to accept the cigarette with a perplexed expression on my face. Then, I wrapped my lips around the end and attempted to take a drag out of it——

——I almost choked to death.

167.

As if he had expected it, Gu Yiliang hurriedly took back the cigarette. He laughed as he patted my back. “Do you know what’s good and what’s bad for you now?”

This damn blackbelly! I glared at him with teary eyes, “Stay there and don’t move! Keep this posture! I’m going to take the evidence with my phone right now!”

He couldn’t stop laughing and took out his own cell phone to pull up the camera app before he pulled me next to him. Holding a cigarette with his mouth, he hooked an arm around my neck and took several pictures of us together.

168.

He was using the iPhone’s front camera.

Okay, now I’m convinced that he’s straight.

169.

I was fairly confident about my face, and I’d seen his taste in choosing pictures, so I didn’t request to see how the photo came out. My eyes took a glimpse of his phone’s wallpaper and saw that it was a sleeping cat.

Its pattern was a bit familiar. It looked like the little kitten that he caught in that video clip his friend posted online.

I pointed to his phone and asked, “Is this the same cat you caught in that video? It’s all grown up.”

With his hand still around my neck, he looked slightly stunned.

170.

I'm doomed!

How do I explain that I've seen that ancient video clip which only has a few hundred reposts when I don't even follow him or his other friends in the industry?!

Will he take me as a sick pervert lusting for his flesh and soul?!

171.

I once again assumed my ever-so-calm idol face. Deep down, however, I was tweaking my ears and scratching my cheeks anxiously as my internal organs were going up in flames and my gears were revolving and turning at a rapid rate, trying to find a reasonable explanation to bridge my words.

While he stroked at his nose and smiled rather embarrassingly, "So you saw it. Um...so...are you...being slightly more careful now when you film?"

172.

?

173.

I was dumbstruck.

Chapter Eleven

174.

If I were a character in a manga, then the frame of this particular moment would be me staring lifelessly at him with my face covered in shadow lines and my mouth agape with a fat, white soul coming out of it.

175.

Playing dumb, I tilted my head, flashing a puzzled, awkward smile while asking, "Hah? What could you possibly mean?"

Although my acting was horrible, I was honestly shocked beyond measure, caught in a state of supreme awkwardness and confusion. A small part of my fragmented soul that belonged to a shipper really did feel like laughing, causing the expression to form naturally on my face.

Upon seeing my reaction, Gu Yiliang was dumbfounded for a minute. Then, he raised his hand to cover his eyes. Mixed with a trace of helplessness, frustration, as well as amusement, he said, "I thought you knew all this while..."

What? Wait, what do I know?! Can you please indulge me with the details?? I'm going to get a heart attack soon!

176.

Without batting an eyelid, I studied his expression and cautiously asked, "...what is it?"

He calmly extinguished the cigarette butt and waved his hand. "Didn't you sprain your ankle previously? I've seen my fans causing a ruckus in the fan group for a long time. Some of them even went to your Weibo to... Anyway, I saw it by chance when I was looking at the feeds. Frankly, I find them to be very senseless at times since we have nothing against each other anyway."

"The picture you took was too disheartening. Any perspicacious person could tell how serious your injury was and yet they kept going on and on about how fake it looked." He frowned slightly at this point, before he rubbed his nose with a smile. "Since my manager is breathing down my neck, I can't say anything to clear things up and I'm not that familiar with you either. Thus, I went on to record a short video and asked a friend to post it. They probably thought that I was upset since I didn't post anything for the rest of the day, so they quieted down too. Honestly, I never thought that you'd see that video. Actually, even if you did watch it, I guess you probably wouldn't know what it meant either since I wasn't too clear myself."

177.

As waves of shock hit me one after another while I listened, I felt as though my soul had been split in half.

The half that belonged to the shipper was pelted by a ginormous fluffy meteorite until it was rendered speechless, its brain completely overwhelmed by:

Why are you so pro at spreading fluff! How are you so good at it?!

What's the point in searching for fluff with a high-power microscope? What's the point in digging for fluff three thousand feet underneath the ground? None of that matters anymore! When a True Master arrives, you can tell with just a sniff! He's force-feeding me all sorts of giant, sweet fluffs now!

Meanwhile, the half that belonged to Wei Yanzi was caught off-guard by his plain yet bullet-like words, its brain filled with questions like:

He's the kind that has to post something on Weibo just to mention the fairytale he likes. Why is he doing so much to defend an adversary of his whom he rarely talks to?

Wait, why does he even have to defend an adversary of his to whom he rarely talks to, at all?

He's so kind-hearted. How can there be a person with such a positive image?

And why do I have a strange feeling in my heart as if it's full of something? Don't tell me that I'm having a heart attack from all the fluff!

Gu Yiliang, I seem to find him...a little erotic?

178.

"I thought you already knew what it meant when you asked me just now..."

He laughed as he spoke. There was a momentary pause, then he turned around and looked at me, "By the way, how did you find the video?"

A sudden chill crept up the back of my neck.

179.

Damn it! I was way too indulged in the fluff and all those conflicting thoughts that I'd forgotten to come up with a reason!

180.

Normally, I would have thought of some nonsense to fob him off a long time go. However, my brain had been clogged by all kinds of exclamation marks, question marks, and the strange feeling deep inside me that I could only stare at him in a daze, my face reddening from the strenuous effort to squeeze something out.

181.

Seeing how I instantly blue screened, an understanding spark flashed across his eyes and he suddenly broke into laughter, "Alright, alright, I won't ask anymore. Let's hurry up and go back. Don't we still have lines to go over tonight?"

What happened? Did I pass the level just like that?

"Oh." Completely at a loss, I forcibly locked all the expressions on my face back into the bottom of my heart and followed after him, my feet stepping on air, as we walked back to the hotel.

182.

We didn't exchange a single word our way back, but it seemed like he was feeling a lot better. The pressure around him became a lot lighter.

All of these things truly baffled me.

Are all artists as incomprehensible as him, and their moods as equally hard to predict?

183.

We quickly walked up to the hotel's entrance. A curvy-figured woman with wavy hair and red lips was standing outside the main lobby, watching us from a distance as we approached.

Gu Yiliang paused for a second. Then he turned around and was going to leave right away while dragging me with him when that woman suddenly called out his name and forced him to stop.

My soul was still flying at a place eight hundred kilometers away from my body, refusing to return even at my call, so I had absolutely no idea what was going on. All I knew was his mood, which was somehow lifted a moment ago, somehow fell back again.

I glanced at that woman.

Surprisingly, I've met this sister before.

184.

I've seen him talk to this woman a few times near the company. They seemed to have a pretty intimate relationship. In fact, someone even managed to get a picture of them once. But since they were only talking in that photo and there wasn't any out-of-bound movement afterwards, it didn't cause a big stir.

Now I was finally close enough to see her face. So, Gu Yiliang likes the sexy, alluring type.

She looked a little tacky.

185.

If you ask me why I can be so free of burdens or worries when shipping Niangzi, it's precisely because I'm aware of the fact that there's nothing between Gu Yiliang and me. I'm straight, and so is he. Fluff is just a way for me to relieve stress and adjust my mood. That's all.

Um, it's just that I still felt a little upset somewhere on the inside.

It's probably my shipper soul getting stabbed in the heart after seeing my bias's real girlfriend.

186.

The woman shifted her hair to the front and asked, "Not even a greeting?"

Gu Yiliang's face looked calm, and his voice sounded indifferent as well. "What're you doing here?"

The woman gave a short snort. She threw a glance at me, then said to Gu Yiliang, her voice sounding all calm and composed, "Are you not introducing me to your friend?"

Gu Yiliang was silent for a moment. Then he turned his poker face at me and said, "This is my stepmom."

Tch, so it's not his girlfriend.

My soul returned to me in an instant. I quickly pulled out the knife that jabbed my heart and nodded politely at the woman as I greeted her,

"Mom."

187.

Gu Yiliang: "..."

The woman: "..."

Me: "..."

Chapter Twelve

188.

The wind chilled people's hearts.

With pins and needles all over my spine, I let out a stiff laugh, "Haha, I was just trying to enliven the atmosphere a bit. It's nice to meet you, Auntie."

The woman who looked like she was younger than thirty clenched her teeth as she greeted me back, "...It's nice to meet you too."

Gu Yiliang slightly trembled as if he was trying to stifle his laugh. He patted me on the back and motioned me to go first.

I happened to be planning on fleeing the scene as quickly as possible due to my awkwardness-phobia. What he suggested was exactly what I wished for, so I immediately walked away.

189.

Before I was able to step through the hotel entrance located only a few meters away, the breeze delivered their conversation into my ears.

I heard Gu Yiliang ask, "What did you come for?"

His stepmother asked in reply, "Am I not allowed to come and see you?"

After a pause, she continued, "What else would I come for?"

"I just sent three hundred to you yesterday. Will you give me a break?"

"I need two more zeros than that."

"I don't have that much."

"Isn't that what you get for shooting just one drama?"

"I don't have that much."

"Then I guess we'll see you in headlines tomorrow?"

Gu Yiliang didn't say anything else.

190.

I turned around and walked back.

191.

Seeing that I had returned, his stepmother proudly raised the folder she was holding and flashed Gu Yiliang a confident smile, "I've got the materials prepared already. How about letting your friend take a look at them first?"

Gu Yiliang's hand moved a little.

I said, "Fine. Let me see."

Slightly surprised, she paused for a second and then handed me the folder.

192.

Gu Yiliang stared at me almost gloomily.

I casually opened the folder, neither too fast nor too slow.

193.

"Oh. Fake educational background. Wasn't this one cleared a long time ago? He already spoke about it on a radio show two years ago in September. He had not been professionally-trained before. After his debut, the company arranged for him to study at the Beijing Film Academy while working. All of these are archived in the company's records. There are no problems with it."

I read on, "Drinking with directors in exchange for resources... Isn't this Misty Love by Director Guo? They don't read the original author's interview, do they? The author said that she wrote this character especially for him as soon as the book came out. Wow, this photo is so blurry. March 18th of last year... He was recording for a show in Hunan Province that day. How could he be drinking in a clubhouse in Beijing at the same time?"

Flipping to another page, I continued, "Drugs? This is a little serious... Where's the test report? Where's the related evidence? All you have is a picture of him losing weight? Wasn't this photo taken while he was shooting Dark Night? He lost twenty pounds in a few days as requested by the director. The company was going to announce in the press how serious and devoted he was to his job, but they were afraid that the fans' complaints would affect the production team so they didn't release those articles in the end. You might be able to find the records in the advertisement section still——"

194.

As if she found it hard to believe, his stepmother interrupted me, "Are you his agent?"

I pulled down my mask and smiled to her, "I'm his adversary."

195.

If there is one truth out of every ten lies, people will believe the truth to be a lie.

If there is one lie out of every ten truths, people will believe the lie to be the truth.

But blackmail is different. Even if it is but a bunch of fake information, as long as there is one firm, iron-casted truth mixed with it, people will somewhat believe in the rest as well.

I flipped through the folder in my hand and refuted them one by one until I saw that one "truth" that served as the key stand.

196.

The only document attached to it was an injury report from four years ago in black and white, with a bright red stamp in the corner.

I turned to Gu Yiliang and asked, "Were you drunk?"

"No," he said.

"Did you run away afterward?"

"No, I was the one who called the ambulance."

"What about the cost for the follow-up treatments?"

"I've been paying them all along."

"How's the person recovering?"

"He was just discharged from the hospital right before New Year's."

I paused for a moment, then slowly asked him one word at a time, "Were you the driver when the accident happened?"

For a while, he was silent. Then he replied with a powerful word, "No."

His stepmother screamed, "...What do you mean by 'No'?!"

197.

OK.

Looking at her in the eyes, I closed the folder and returned it to his stepmother, "You can go and publicize these however you like. It'll be my loss if you manage to do it."

198.

She looked at me in surprise and then directed a death glare at Gu Yiliang. The way she was eyeing Gu Yiliang upset me dearly so I dragged him to the spot behind me. I didn't plan on cutting her some slack initially, but I decided to drop it the more I thought about it. This was their business after all. Thus, I flashed a smile and said, "Goodbye, Auntie."

I pulled Gu Yiliang's arm to drag him away. She then grabbed hold of Gu Yiliang's wrist, crying out in panic. "Thirty million. Thirty million, that's all! You asked me if we would give you a rest, right? This will be the last thirty million. I'll call the media otherwise..."

Gu Yiliang allowed me to pull him and shook off her grip.

199.

What do they think Gu Yiliang is? An ATM machine? Where are these vampires from?

Even listening to it pissed me off so badly that I rushed to speak before Gu Yiliang, "Thirty million? You actually have the face to say that?! You still have no clue about the situation, do you? What you have can't pose any threats to Gu Yiliang. The media? Why don't you go ahead and see which media outlet will pay attention to you after tonight?"

Gu Yiliang turned to the side and threw me a glance. Staring at those Albinus muscles on her cheeks which she obviously just got surgery on recently, I smiled, "Alright, let's say you're capable enough to publicize all this. I'll offer thirty million as his friend to hire people to do public relations for him. I promise that I'll wash him so clean and make him whiter than the powder on your face, and hotter than the gloss on your lips. He will still have movies to film and money to earn. He'll strive for the golden prize and eventually become the emperor of the screen.

However, if you fall out with him, it's going to be hard to say whether you'll have enough money to continue maintaining that fake face of yours. Don't you agree?"

I pointed to the folder in her hand and pulled the corner of my mouth up. "And that car accident. Do you really think it's been that long for us to know what actually happened? Concealing, harboring, there's plenty of ways to get you involved. Judging from your expression, you want to say that Gu Yiliang will be pulled into it as well, don't you? Sorry. As his friend, I can bail him out. As for you and the real offender——"

200.

Her throat bobbed a few times as she fixed her eyes on me with an extremely unpleasant look. Gu Yiliang stepped up to block her sight and said coldly, "If you go back now, I'll send three hundred thousands each month to Gu Shang's account. But if you continue stirring up trouble here, you won't get a cent."

She tried to grab Gu Yiliang as she cried in surprise, "Three hundred per month?! Before——"

Her sonorous voice stopped abruptly as the security guards that Little Chen brought clamped her mouth and hauled her away.

201.

As we watched her struggling figure being hauled away out of sight, Gu Yiliang and I cast a perplexed glance at Little Chen.

Little Chen heaved out a sigh of relief, "The sasaeng fans are seriously too scary nowadays. They really never know when to stop."

Chapter Thirteen

202.

The three of them stared at each other in silence for quite some time.

Little Chen lowered his eyes and stole a glance at our hands. There was a slight change in his expression as he leaned over and whispered in my ear, “I saw nothing. I know nothing. Yan Yan, fighting!”

He cupped his hands toward me in utter respect and, before I was able to make a sound at all, fled away in an instant.

203.

Why does this person always come and go like a gust of wind, appearing and disappearing out of nowhere?

I stared after him as he left, not knowing what had happened. It was only when I lowered my head that I realized I was still holding Gu Yiliang's wrist.

My face somehow started burning. I immediately let go and quickly walked into the hotel.

Gu Yiliang seemed to be unaware of my little tricks. He followed after me and chuckled, “...Your little assistant is quite an interesting person.”

“He’s more than interesting...” I replied, feeling both helpless and amused.

Seeing how Gu Yiliang slightly lowered his eyes, I realized it was not time to taunt Little Chen. I pressed for the elevator and patted him on the back in a conciliatory manner, “Don’t worry——”

I wanted to tell him that if he was still concerned, he could always contact the company and inform them to prepare the public relation materials in advance. However, since there was no guarantee that the company wouldn’t come up with some lousy ideas just to rack up his traffic online, I stopped myself and only said, “——It’s going to be fine.”

He took out his cell phone, his voice so slow and gentle that it almost sounded like he was the one consoling me, “It’s going to be fine indeed. They want nothing but money. You’ve already made the point very clear to them — that they won’t get anything if they fall out with me completely. They won’t do that.”

204.

Staring at the flashing red digits on the screen in the elevator, I didn’t ask about any more details.

They. Them. As if there was anyone else.

A popular second-rate fresh meat of the day, a young stepmother demanding an exorbitant payment, and a whirling mysterious car accident —

It may sound very much like a suspense drama, when in fact you can simply guess what the real story is — just go ask Gu Yiliang's father about it, the man who still hasn't appeared on stage yet.

Each family has its own problems, but his family's got one that's particularly difficult to deal with.

I looked at Gu Yiliang as he was sending messages with his head lowered, and my heart twitched in pain. Feeling sad, moved, apologetic, and annoyed all at the same time, I was this close to telling him, "Forget about your dad, you've got me."

I promise I'll be a good dad. I'll buy you candy every day.

205.

Seeing that he had finished sending the message, and that there were no other people in the hallway, I reached out with my hands and pinched and pulled his valuable face a few times, asking, "Give me a smile?"

He smiled at my words and gave my face a pull in return. "Why do you look even sadder than me? Give me a smile too?"

To be honest, I wasn't in the mood for smiling. I barely managed to pull the corners of my lips upwards a little.

After he saw my expression, he tapped on the screen of his cell phone and showed it to me, "It's all settled now. We've agreed on three hundred thousand per month. They're not going to get another penny if they make another fuss. I've saved you thirty million altogether. Shouldn't you be happy about it?"

I thought of what I blurted out just now and found it even harder to smile.

206.

Gu Yiliang seems to have grown an addiction to pulling my face. He even brought up his other hand and forcibly stretched my lips upwards, pulling my face into an expression that was uglier than crying, while he himself for some reason laughed so heartily.

Wait! What is he so happy about?

I saved my face from his hands and shot him a glare as I massaged my sore muscles.

He finally laughed enough and said to me, "Why are you so protective of me, my adversary?"

207.

I want to ask you the same question too, my adversary!

208.

As for the answer to that question...

Because he and I are connected flesh-and-soul in a certain spiritual world?

Because I ship him x me and am apart of the fandom, I can also be considered a fan of his?

Because I don't want to see him get bullied?

Because I feel like he's a kindhearted person?

Because he's Gu Yiliang?

...Like I'd know.

209.

Seeing how I stared at him in silence, he let out a few muffled laughs, "By the way, you did a pretty vivid imitation of the 'tyrannical president' type. Why not consider picking a character like this for your next role?"

No matter how magnanimous I was, it still hurt to hear him criticizing my acting skill to my face. I complained in a whisper, "I was helping you and yet you make fun of my acting skill..."

“No way! That was clearly a compliment.” He flatly denied it. After giving my face another few pulls, he chuckled, “I thought you would believe in those materials...how can you remember that I was—”

Danger detected! I interrupted him in an attempt to divert the topic, “Ha! I have good memory.”

“I see——” He looked at my eyes, smiling, then blinked a few times, “So, don’t you think memorizing things about me is taking up too much space in your brain?”

210.

My brain was completely short-circuited by the strike from his massively destructive wink. I blurted, “Even worse! You’ve taken up all the space!”

211.

Me: “...”

Me: “NOO! I mean, I’d already forgotten about them at first. But the situation was so serious just now that I suuuuddenly remembered everything.”

Me: “NOO! I mean, I remembered a little portion of it.”

Me: “NOO! I mean, I was only able to recall a little portion of it anyway.”

Me: “NOO! I mean, I accidentally stumbled upon some of your interviews before and inadvertently flipped through a few of them randomly, and that’s why I retained some of the relevant memories.”

Me: “...”

212.

Nevermind. I choose to wave a white flag and surrender. I choose to give up without putting a fight. I choose to fold my arms and submit to the arrest.

Just let me be struck by thunder and turn into a piece of hard coke. Even that would be a more peaceful death than having to bathe in Gu Yiliang's smiling gaze and dying from extreme awkwardness.

213.

Just as I thought I had exposed myself and was about to self-ignite out of awkwardness, I heard Gu Yiliang's laughing voice, "Is it so shameful to be my fan?"

214.

HOLY GOD! How suave! How pleasing to the ears! How beautiful is this SOUND OF NATURE?!

I've never thanked him as much as I do now for being naturally straight.

215.

Like a farmer meeting the leader making an inspection visit to the countryside, in both excitement and tears, I grabbed both of his hands and shook them repeatedly, "...Then can...can I have your autograph?"

Chapter Fourteen

216.

Thanks to his annoying stepmother, we were no longer in the mood to go over the lines, so we agreed to do it some other... I mean, go over the lines some other day. We exchanged a brief "good night" to each other before we returned to our own rooms.

Lying on my bed after showering, I replied to a few messages and started playing with my cell phone absentmindedly. It didn't take long before I flipped it over and stared at the autograph on the back of my cell phone case.

It was a simple dinner appointment, yet I somehow got to know Gu Yiliang better, and I somehow managed to pry into his true colors. Then, I somehow also found out that he was seriously "cross-talking" with me. Not to mention, I even got myself tangled up in his family

affairs. And somehow I... ended up becoming his fan. In order to make my act appear more realistic, I even asked for his autograph.

What a magnificent and dramatic day!

217.

I was using a transparent phone case. With Gu Yiliang's shiny golden signature, it looked as if the whole cell phone was a merchandise of his and it made me have this illusion that the phone felt rather hot in my grip.

218.

I had no idea if it was just me or if the entire world had gone mad, but Gu Yiliang returned the gesture by handing the pen back to me. He asked me to sign my own name on his cell phone case as well.

As luck would have it, he was using a transparent cell phone case too.

219.

Therefore, we now own couple phone cases which are even more lovey-dovey than all the couple phone cases combined.

220.

I think Gu Yiliang must have gone nuts.

221.

We owned the same iPhoneX model. The only difference was that he was using the silver edition while I was using the space grey edition. When suffused with the fragmented markings of

a gold pen, the whole phone case looked as though it were glowing. I had his name in my grip while he had mine in his.

Wasn't this way too fluffy for anyone to take?!

I was overcome with the need to put the two phone cases together so I could take a picture of them and use Little Chen's Weibo account to post it on the discussion board!

But I mustn't!!

Not being able to share this magnificent piece of fluff to the Niangzi Army felt like complete torture! My heart was itching so bad!

222.

I twisted my blanket and rolled back and forth on my bed in agony when all of a sudden, I was reminded of the time I met William earlier in the day. Guessing that she might be busy churning out fanfics like crazy after the event, I pulled up her Weibo to take a peek.

223.

Huh? Unexpectedly, her Weibo was pretty quiet. Nothing out of the ordinary. Not the tiniest bit of excitement could be found on it.

She didn't post on her account or the discussion board. Neither did she update her fanfiction with a new chapter.

Someone was already asking her to update and check on how she was doing in the comments section, but she didn't reply to the person at all.

So, I browsed through her Weibo account details and found her lofter account. Similarly, she didn't update anything there either.

After going through all that, she didn't even upload that Niangzi banner autographed by the cast of the ship themselves.

224.

Did something happen to the little girl on her way home?

Panicking, I scrolled back a few pages to her old Weibo posts and found a QQ group account. Barely sparing it any thought whatsoever, I used an abandoned QQ account to join the group with the intention to ask if anyone knew what happened to her.

It didn't take much effort to pass the verification tests so I was soon added to this Gazillion Niangzi Forces Harvesting Fluff group.

The screen was flooded with messages to greet newbies. Just as I was about to type and ask about WilLiam, her name quickly popped up.

225.

WilLiam: Welcome!

Yantastic: ...Hihi WilLiam-sama~

I muted the constant ringing notifications and sent her a private message.

Yantastic: WilLiam-sama, why haven't you updated yet today?

WilLiam: Ah, I'm contemplating whether I should stop writing.

Yantastic: ????

WilLiam: I was slaughtered by the fluffiness I saw in real life today. No matter how I wrote it, the fic wasn't as sweet as the real deal and writing angst wouldn't be right either. I've run out of options.

Yantastic: .

WilLiam: Well, I'mma leave it at that. The group's picking a fight with me so I'm going to go reply to them.

226.

Perplexed, I exited her chat. I wasn't sure why she was provoked so I casually scrolled up the chat group for a quick glimpse.

The chat group was filled with tons of people. Messages flooded the screen successively and kept moving upwards incessantly. After skimming through the contents roughly, I somehow got the gist of what was going on.

Apparently, WilLiam couldn't control herself after she returned from the fan meet and started excitedly talking about how Niangzi was the real deal in the group chat. The group was already restless to begin with after the tagging incident on Weibo last night between the two actors, so everyone kept chasing her for proof. She then said that she had real proof but she didn't feel like sharing to avoid complicating things for Gu Yiliang and me. People started accusing her of making shit up, to which she responded with, "Just treat it as such then." Regardless, she would not share it with them. As a result, the anti-fans who were lurking in the group leaked the chat record, whipping up a storm.

227.

This chaotic fight agitated me to no end. My excited mood earlier took a plunge for the worst, hitting an all-time low.

No wonder the discussion board was giving off a weird vibe.

Must be tough on the little girl.

It wasn't practical for me to personally go and clear things up. Locking my screen again, I started staring absentmindedly at the autograph on the phone case.

The whole thing was unfounded to begin with. Thus, even if I wanted to go and clear things up, there'll be no place for me to butt in anyway.

228.

Our interactions were genuine and so were my act of defensiveness and mutual understanding towards him, as well as the way we would smile when we gazed at each other. The iced honey tea I drank was real and there was no questioning the cigarette I held in my mouth. Me pulling his wrist wasn't fake either and the touch I felt on my face was as real as it was going to get. Even the name on the phone case was genuine.

The fluff was true, and the sweetness was real.

Except for the fact that both Gu Yiliang and I aren't a real item.

As my eyes trailed after the strokes of Gu Yiliang's name, I was incapable of describing my feelings right now.

All of a sudden, my phone vibrated. I flipped it over, and my screen lit up.

229.

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam is online [Weibo]

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam made a Weibo post

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam made a Weibo post

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam made a Weibo post

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam tagged @WeiYanzi_William on his Weibo

Your baby @GuYiliang_Liam made a Weibo post

230.

Feeling interested for some reason, I slowly unlocked my phone and logged into my own Weibo account.

@GuYiliang_Liam: [Cheers][Cheers][Cheers] Had a great time today. The filming went very well. Thanks to all who came to visit, you must be tired. [Glutton][Glutton]

[The attached picture was a gift from a fan with his fingers in the frame doing a V-gesture.]

My thoughts: Well, it's a pretty official post.

@GuYiliang_Liam: Recently, I've been reading Muxin's The Lark Cried All Day. The writing is beautiful and it's so touching. Reccing it to all of you out there! P.S. WeChat Reader is very useful btw!

[The attached picture was a screenshot of a short poem called Temptation.]

Me: ... Why is he acting like an old man who writes everything in a diary and posts it regardless of how trivial it is?

@GuYiliang_Liam: “Your eyes, your smile — as resplendent as the stars, as warm as the night breeze, formed the most gorgeous view I’ve ever seen.” @WeiYanzi_William

[The attached picture was the group photo of us that a fan took during the fan meet earlier without any filters. It was sent as it is.]

Me:

@GuYiliang_Liam: Treat for the fans

[The attached picture was a selfie he took with a mirror. Pinching his own cheeks, he looked incredibly silly.]

Me:

231.

It’s REAL! I believe it’s REAL now! Okay?!

Chapter Fifteen

<< Gu Yiliang’s Diary – Excerpt 4 >>

Wei Yanzi. This name has too many character strokes. I might as well replace it with my adversary.

Only I know that he’s not my adversary at all. The implication I had in calling him my adversary and other people’s perception of it was completely different. Quite amusing indeed.

<< Gu Yiliang’s Diary – Excerpt 5 >>

How wonderful! In the days before yesterday, we rarely communicated. He was also rather shy and awkward when we met yesterday too, but today he was finally able to pinch my face to force a smile out of me.

It felt wonderful so I posted a picture to commemorate the special occasion.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 6 >>

In order to conduct an early publicity stunt, the production team opened up a thirty-minute window for a fan meet. My adversary's fans would come too and it was a good chance to break the ice in person. (Things weren't that cold between us in reality.) So, I called him to go with me, even going as far as to purposely ask him to share his snacks with me in front of everyone, hoping that the fans could understand my intentions.

How is he still this thin with so many snacks hidden in his resting room?

A little-miss-head-of-fanclub of mine....I mean, a big-name fan of mine. When we were eating, my adversary told me that little-miss-head-of-fanclub sounded strange and unpleasant and said it would be better to call her my big-name fan instead. So be it. I'll go according to what he says.

A big-name fan of mine said she wanted to take a group photo of me and my adversary together. He was very cooperative about it.

My big-name fan's photography skills were great, looking as though she had specialized in it before. The composition of the image and the lighting were incomparably penetrating and harmonious so I was very satisfied. I ended up choosing two of them for my Weibo posts later.

I paid attention to the look on my adversary's face. Like me, he seemed to be very happy with the two pictures as well. That made me more pleased than ever.

One of my adversary's fans wanted him to sign a banner with a drawing of me on it. He seemed to look a little troubled and especially went out of his way to ask for my permission. He was probably afraid that I minded the whole 'adversary' business. He's too adorable for words!

The banner's art was nice. The art version of 'us' on the banner looked as though we were good friends and she made us look super cute too. The colors matched well and were comfortable to the eyes. I liked it very much. Too bad I couldn't ask her for a copy of the original artwork.

There were a lot of fans around who drew chibi art of me, but this was my first time seeing a chibi artwork version of me and my adversary together. I wonder whether this was drawn by a fan who's a fan of us both or a fan of his who belongs in the dove faction? Were they trying to express that they hoped to see us both getting along well with one another?

Great. Here's to hoping that I'll be able to see more fanart like this in the future.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 8 >>

When we were filming, my adversary kept shooting me nervous looks. His burning gaze was so fervent that it was impossible for anyone to ignore, especially when I was in the middle of acting out a dangerous stunt.

He stood for as long as I filmed and never once did he complain that he was tired. This wasn't my first time filming. Did he really need to be this worried? Haha ^^.

Being watched by him seemed to strangely put a lot of pressure on me. I did my best to clear every scene perfectly in one take. I was so efficient that I even shocked myself. I really hope he'll come and watch me again many, many times in the future. I also hope he finds a chair while he's at it too.

Although his concern towards me warmed my heart, I didn't want him to over-exert himself either. When we were eating, I even went out of my way to emphasize the safeness of our production team, yet he still didn't seem to be completely persuaded by it.

And here I am wondering who was the one who twisted their ankle during filming last time.

Speaking of this, to my surprise, he'd actually seen the video. Now that was a little embarrassing. In the end, he didn't even understand what was up with the video. What a load of misunderstandings.

However, I'm sure he must be able to guess what that treat means for the fans now. Haha.

I asked him how he came across that video. He blushed, and fell silent. Was it really that hard for him to admit he's a fan of mine? Seriously... But he still admitted it in the end, and he even asked me for my autograph.

I have absolutely zero clue as to why I'm feeling so exceptionally happy right now.

The effects of signing my autograph on his cell phone case came out rather nice, so I asked him for one too. Placing the two phones together made them look like a perfect match.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 9 >>

No matter what Wang Huanxu says, it's always the same old stuff. I'm fed up.

Honestly, I'd gotten used to it so I didn't feel anything at all, so much so that I felt like laughing a little. But right at that moment when she said she wanted to show that thing to my adversary, I was unexpectedly somehow panic-stricken, afraid that he would believe all the cock-and-bull stories they'd concocted in there.

Especially in regards to that incident.

In the end, without sparing it any thought whatsoever, my adversary chose to believe me and he even angrily stood up for me.

My adversary protected me.

How strange was it that no matter how bad of a mood I was in, even when that Wang Huanxu was standing right in front of me, so long as my adversary was there, he was able to bring my good mood back.

Watching him talking back to Wang Xuanxu by clearing up everything one by one in a rational, well-founded and orderly manner until she was utterly rendered speechless...Mhmm. An inexplicable, wonderful feeling bloomed in my chest. It was a positive sort of feeling that was akin to bubbles being blown in my heart before popping again and again, like 'Pop!' 'Pop!' It was hard for me to describe that feeling. You have to feel it to know it.

He had always been a softie before me. I never expected that a strong and harsh side of him would emerge for my sake. He even added fuel to fire and got rid of the problems in one go.

He wasn't that good at acting, but he seemed to be doing a remarkably fine job of impersonating an overbearing president. This special trait of his really rocketed his adorableness to another level.

After Wang Huanxu left, I kept my silence. Yet he appeared even more worried about me than myself. The smile he put on looked so forced.

This guy...is basically like the embodiment of the term "adorable" itself.

For the first time ever, I wasn't troubled by Wang Huanxu at all. Instead, what made me slightly annoyed was the fact that I made my adversary be on the receiving end of Wang Huanxu's glares.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 10 >>

Right. As for my adversary's assistant, Little Chen, was it? I think I heard him call him that before...

My adversary had been watching me film for a long time. I was going to go find him right away once I was done, but a crowd surrounded me so I wasn't able to escape. He had probably stood for a long time as his footsteps were swaying before Little Chen led him away.

I should be the one to lend him a hand. After all, he stood so long because he was worried about me.

When I invited my adversary out to dinner, the conversation they had with each other sounded off. The atmosphere that lingered between them was very light and cheery, yet there was no room for me to butt in which made me a little upset. Soon, my adversary willingly cast him away and didn't bring him along, dispelling my foul mood.

...Why do I feel like the one that's weird is me now that I've written it out?

Whatever. Let's continue writing!

Wang Huanxu was still causing a ruckus but was hauled away by the security guards that Little Chen had called. I had to thank him there, otherwise I seriously have no idea how big of a scene she could cause.

Although...my adversary came to hold my wrist, he soon let go after Little Chen said something to him before he left. My adversary even walked faster to get ahead of me.

Maybe Little Chen had said something along the lines of pay attention to the public or something... But I myself didn't even voice out anything yet, nor did it affect anyone for that matter.

My adversary commended him for being more than interesting.

And he seemed to call my adversary "Yan Yan" often.

If I knew, I wouldn't have pronounced his name sound like Viagra that time. Wouldn't everything be great if I had pronounced Brother Wei's name properly instead?

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Small Excerpts about My Adversary >>

The way he speaks is so amusing. I wouldn't be able to learn how to speak like that as I would only fail terribly at it. What an embarrassing mess.

My adversary is so naive! He has no awareness of danger at all such as drinking the stuff his fans sent without bothering to check. Sigh, I might as well look out for him more in the future.

I can't believe that my adversary wanted to learn to smoke like me. I seriously have no idea what goes on in that brain of his! Trying to pick up bad habits instead of the good ones. I

purposely handed the cigarette over to him without giving him a warning. His eyes turned red from coughing too hard... Right, his eyes looked so gorgeous too.

Also, my adversary's memory is too astonishing to the point that he could practically participate in that The Brain reality show [1]! He remembered all my lines, my preferences, and my schedule, giving me the illusion that I had a special place in his heart. Yet, I don't know much about him. Hmm. That won't do. I should get to know him better.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Extracted Excerpt >>

I came across a poem. For some reason, it oddly touched and resonated with me. The extract is as follows:

I can resist everything
but temptation." (Wilde)
I can resist every temptation
Until they were seduced by me

Translator's Notes:

The Brain [1]: A Chinese scientific reality and talent show originating in Germany. The show's aim is to find people with exceptional brainpower.

About Excerpt 7, there's no 7. End of story. 😊

Chapter Sixteen

232.

In my previous life, I probably constructed bridges, paved roads, brought benefits to the entire nation, fought for the citizens' welfare, devoted my life to the party and the country, and dedicated all my energy to the evolution of mankind — that's why I could run into a ship with endless surprises like Niangzi in this life.

The first day I shipped them, and by the second day, the couple was already locked. As for the fluff, not only do they have a high concentration of carbohydrates, but there's even solid evidence. One bias produces and happily doses on his own fluff, while the other manufactures fluff like crazy and shovels them into people's mouths against their will.

Digging for fluff? Searching for fluff? None of that is necessary! Whether you take it or not, the fluff is right there and it's not going anywhere.

Just look at them: their feelings run so deep, and their love, ever-strong.

233.

If not for the fact that I'm the person who gobbles up whatever material I churn out, I would charge up to the court of law and protest with my life to force Niangzi to get married now. Right now, at this very instant!

234.

But as luck would have it, I'm not talented and I'm currently one of the protagonists of the ship who clearly knew the real story behind everything...

235.

The Wei Yanzi who was high on fluff was already sent to the ICU for emergency treatment while the sober one was overwhelmed with despair instead.

Obviously, this Gu Yiliang who was a naturally-born straight man definitely didn't think that much when he uploaded that Weibo post!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Oh, how I yearn to shoot myself straight into his room and grasp the collar of his shirt to snap him out of it!

Please, open your eyes and take a good look at your surroundings, won't you?! Don't you know that speciously saying stuff like "showing your love" and "true feelings" will blow up in your face one day?!

Let's forget about the surroundings for now. What if the fans believe it to be real? If they accept it? Give their blessings? What're we going to do when we have to announce our romantic relationship to the public?!

Wait, no. What I'm trying to say is when we each have to announce our own romantic relationships to the public?!

236.

I unconsciously grabbed my chest while refreshing Gu Yiliang's Weibo feed incessantly. Then I tapped to see the mirror selfie he took. As I stared blankly at the massive, distinct and vivid autograph peeping through the cracks of his fingers, I knew for sure I was done for deep down in my heart.

237.

The comments in his previous two Weibo posts were still filled with series of gleeful cheers from his team of Gu's Imperial Consorts. How lively was that? In contrast, there was a blanket of dead silence in the comments section of the two next Weibo posts that followed. Ten minutes passed by, and there were only messages left by two to three-hundred passersby and a couple of porn advertisements.

I could already imagine the mental breakdown and despair they felt as they chanced upon this spiteful face of mine in the unexpected emergence of a group photo, after happily exiting the Weibo post where Gu Yiliang thanked his fans. On top of that, in the very next second, they witnessed their idol post a "treat for the fans", 100% assuming that it was to console their shattered spirits as they happily pulled up a larger version of the image so they could save it and admire their idol's pretty face. But they soon saw a name that they had an implacable hatred for in their idol's hand——

To the fans, Gu Yiliang's Weibo posts resembled a box of poisonous chocolate. You never knew whether the next one was either crap or fluff.

238.

Ten minutes.

The Gu's Imperial Consorts who were shitting on Wei Yanzi yesterday were dead silent. The entire situation was too bizarre and too hard to believe.

And the Pretty Yans who were drowning Gu Yiliang in dirt posts yesterday were completely quiet too as they silently bided their time, waiting to see how the incident would unfold.

Even those who came to the fan event were dumbstruck, afraid to cause a scene. Even the Niangzi Army had collectively lost their voice, with no movements to be seen.

239.

When the clock struck 11 minutes, the Niangzi discussion board exploded into a frenzy.

I looked on as my entire screen was filled with finely-edited wedding photos, wedding certificates, and photoshopped on-site wedding photos with remarkable congratulatory blessings for the wedding couple——

——I sucked in and devoured a mouthful of fluff before I switched back to my main personality and continued to wallow in despair.

240.

I closed my eyes and took three deep breaths to calm down my desperateness. Then I reposted that:

#Song of Waves# Which line do you like the best? [Laugh][Laugh]
@SongofWaves_ProductionTeam @Author_LiangLiang // @GuYiliang_Liam

And then I saw that the account with the blue V sign reposted my Weibo post and tagged other main actors along with it.

241.

As expected, this attracted a discussion among fans of the original work, consisting of those who answered in all seriousness, including those who praised the production team for the casting as well as those who were skeptical about my acting. This successfully shifted the attention away from what I did earlier.

The fans resurrected one after another as they reposted it, consoling themselves as they sighed, “Ohh, it’s just a publicity stunt by the production team.”

“It’s so obvious that my precious darling had no other choice.” They reassuringly helped the production team build up their popularity while furiously lapping up their own idol’s gorgeous face.

I smiled happily.

242.

As for the mirror selfie, this question was too difficult so I gave up on answering it since I couldn't find a good excuse to use. I'll let fate decide how my little fragile life will go.

I smiled misty-eyed.

243.

I had a restless sleep, dreaming about my phone constantly vibrating non-stop. And when I tapped on it to look, I discovered that every message I received was a reminder that Gu Yiliang had made a new Weibo post.

This woke me up with a jolt for a total of five times.

244.

I lifelessly sat down in the beauty room and allowed the makeup artist to do her magic on my face. Every time my phone vibrated, it gave me quite a start.

"Sister Man is asking why you didn't reply to her message on Wechat." Little Chen sat behind me, fanning me with one hand and holding the cell phone in the other as he read on, "She said that the company agreed to cooperate with one of the streaming platforms. They've announced that you and Brother Gu will be streaming for an hour starting at nine tonight to interact with the fans, advertise the new drama, build up your character image, and sell..."

Puzzled, he showed his phone to me, "How do you sell 'bromance'? Per pound?"

245.

God has answered! He's saved me from this misery!

I snatched his phone at once, scaring my makeup assistant so badly that she almost drew my brows into my hairline.

246.

My interactions with Gu Yiliang on Weibo became popular for a short while. The #Song of Waves# tag even appeared on the trending list. After the company took a whiff of the traffic rate, they made quick arrangements for it.

This is awesome!

With the boost of support from the company's marketing strategy in selling the ship so blatantly, everyone knew very well that this was just a gimmick and it was a win-win situation for both the company and fans as they leeches off their needs from each other. With this, nothing could go wrong.

I could even pin the blame on the cell phone cases yesterday on the company.

And I can lap up all the fluff I made myself without any burdens.

It's perfect!

247.

After passionately filming in high spirits for an entire day, even the director eyed me with a bewildered look on his face. He praised me for my enthusiasm and told me to keep it up.

Look! This is what you call a win-win situation.

248.

It was almost nine. When I was done with my hair and makeup and went to meet Gu Yiliang, he had already opened the streaming app and was adjusting the filters.

Dressed in leisure wear, his hair went through a little styling and the entire look made him look super casual and an eye candy to look at. Upon seeing that I had arrived, he turned to flash me a smile.

It was a sort of intimate smile with a lot of gentleness, and ninety-percent of it was filled with tender feelings.

Ah! Even though I knew he was just putting on an act, it still made stir and feel a bit embarrassed.

I was definitely not shy.

249.

I composed myself and sat down next to him, leaning over to take a glimpse of his phone screen. "You went overboard with your filters."

He looked at me before he took another look at my projection on his phone. After comparing both of my faces for a while, he suddenly turned the big, round eyes filter down a notch. "How about now?"

"Looks good," I nodded, "but won't this filter look overexposed?"

"I'll change it then." He switched between a few different filters and decided on one when he saw me nod again.

I was a little confused by his attitude in heeding my every beck and call.

Is he...going for the pampering type?

250.

There was still some time till nine o'clock. He fixed the cell phone onto the coffee table and chatted with me casually while trying to find an angle so that both of us would fit into the camera frame, "What did you have for dinner?"

"Isn't it the same for the whole production team?" I lazily leaned back against the sofa, toying at my hair while facing the camera. "The last act ended a bit late. I haven't had time to eat yet."

He glanced at me and slightly frowned, "You can adjust the angle. I'll go grab something for you to eat."

"Wait..." I failed to stop him in time and watched as he ran out. A minute later, he returned with two sandwiches and threw them to me.

"Thank you! Thank you!" I caught the two sandwiches and placed them on the coffee table.

He sat back down next to me, then shoveled the sandwiches into my hand. “Eat.”

I stared at him, completely stupefied, “But the live broadcast is starting in five minutes...”

His voice sounded so decisive and non-negotiable, “Then eat it as we broadcast.”

Is he...going for the tyrannical president type this time?

251.

Whatever type he likes, he’s got good spirit. Keep it up.

252.

The broadcast was scheduled to start at nine o’clock sharp. The audience immediately crowded into the broadcast channel. Gu’s Imperial Consorts [1], the Pretty Yans, and the Niangzi Army gathered under one roof in harmony, flooding the comments section with their greetings and confessions.

I was nibbling on my sandwich and left the opening speech to Gu Yiliang.

He welcomed the fans with a smile, then wrapped his arm around my shoulder.

Ay? Are we going to be this straightforward right from the beginning?

Thinking about how I had to control the scene and tread a fine line later, I smiled at the screen while biting the sandwich and continued to listen to him, “— Here’s my buddy, my bro, Wei Yanzi.”

253.

I choked on a chunk of my sandwich.

254.

Is this how you interpret the “bromance” that the company requested?! Huh?!

Translator's Notes:

Gu's Imperial Consorts [1]: Similar to Pretty Yans, this, however, is the name of GYL's fans.

Chapter Seventeen

255.

Gu Yiliang patted my shoulder and smiled, "Xiaowei hasn't had his dinner yet. We'll let him have a sandwich, and I'll interact with you all first. Do you have any questions for me?"

H-he patted my shoulder? Xi-Xiaowei?

I descended into a whole new state of confusion.

256.

Before entering this room for the livestream, I was still worried that with Gu Yiliang's integrity as a professional actor, he would disapprove of using fanservice as a form of publicity.

257.

It seemed like I had worried too much.

He clearly had a completely different understanding of the bromance our company had requested. It was at odds with mine.

258.

Goodbye, the deep exchanges of looks I had imagined the Niangzi Army would capture.

Goodbye, the ambiguous flirtations I had imagined the Niangzi Army would record.

Goodbye, the intimate gifs I had imagined the Niangzi Army would edit.

...

259.

Why is it that when I didn't need you to spread the love, you scattered it about like a fairy scattering petals? And now when I need you to spread the love, why did you slam on the emergency brakes instead?

Gu Yiliang, give me back my sweet sweet nourishment for my mind!

260.

"Slow down a little, I can't see the questions." Under my weepy and pathetic gaze, he reached out and tapped on the comments.

"Do you have a beauty filter on?"

"—We do, would you like us to switch it off?"

He did not even wait for a response and switched the filter off straight away. Studying himself in the screen, he said, "There's not a very big difference."

Ah, I could only watch as the situation slipped further and further out of my control.

In the comments section, there were compliments and laughter. He scanned through it, reading aloud, "... Your lip colour is really very nice. What colour lip balm are you using?"

My heart froze. We're doomed.

"Lip balms have colour? I thought only lipstick had colour? I didn't ask the stylist..." He rubbed his own lips before looking at the back of his hand. "It's clear, so it should be called transparent colour?"

Hey, wake up! How is there a transparent colour?!

...

261.

By the time I finished the entire sandwich with much difficulty, the entire situation was out of control.

Gu Yiliang brought the role of a silly straight man to life with a vivacious performance. With him serving as a foil, a few anti-remarks like “Wei Yanzi looks very sissy sitting next to Gu Yiliang,” appeared in the comments section.

262.

Fuck my life.

263.

Wasn’t it just a competition to see who was more heterosexual? As a real-life, genuine straight man, could I even lose?!

264.

I scrunched the sandwich packaging into a ball. In front of the camera, I tossed it accurately into the trash can in the corner of the room as though I was shooting a basketball. With two fists raised up and my elbows tucked in, I gave a victory sign, implying that I had scored! Comments saying “GG” flooded the screen, and Gu Yiliang clapped cooperatively. I threw a fist at his shoulder and said, “I’m full now, thanks bro.”

He snickered, then leant forward with his arms resting on his thighs. It was the model pose of a straight man watching a game. “Come, let’s respond to the comments.”

I spread my knees apart, casually brushing my hair backwards and boldly leaned back against the couch. “Sure.”

265.

Other people performed fanservice on their livestreams, while here we were acting as straight as possible. This must be a first in the entertainment industry, and we were pioneers of this unprecedented grand occasion.

266.

Comment: "I'm enduring my bad flu to watch this livestream!!! Wuwuwu so handsome I'm dead please look at me, look at me!!!"

Gu Yiliang: "Drink more warm water, it soothes the throat."

Me: "Open the windows, allow fresh air to come in."

Comment: "Interact interact please interact. What songs have you two been listening to recently please recommend please please please!!!"

Gu Yiliang: "Mr. Yan Weiwen's songs. They're pure and wholesome."

Me: "Mr. Jiang Dawei's songs. They're beautiful and graceful."

Comment: "Chest butt legs choose one choose one heeheeheeheehee (this question isn't too much right"

Gu Yiliang: "Legs. They must be long."

Me: "Legs. They must be straight."

Comment: "Do the two of you like to play video games what do you normally play?!! Otaku-meimei is askingggggg Kings of Glory DOTA LOL PUBG do you know how to playyyy I want to watch you guys stream!!!"

Gu Yiliang: "I do. The King of Fighters. I'm at 5000 MMR in DOTA, but streaming depends on him."

Me: "I do. Street Fighter. I'm a Grandmaster in LOL, and I welcome all challenges."

Comment: "Wuwuwuwu my son's skin still looks so good without a beauty filter how do you maintain it what skincare do you use come teach mama!!"

Gu Yiliang: "Dabao Honey SOD."

Me: "Johnson's Baby Lotion."

Comment: "Flip my card! Flip me flip me!! What do the two of you do in your free time what interests do you have outside of work?! Would you go shop travel or watch movies?!!
Wuwuwuwu how I wish I could bump into you!!"

Gu Yiliang: "Jogging."

Me: "Weightlifting."

267.

Comment: "Fark I'm late oh my dear what's going on is our CP answering 100 couple questions????"

Gu Yiliang: "?"

I swiftly scrolled away from this comment.

268.

Gu Yiliang laughed as he poked my biceps. "You lift weights?"

I shot him a disdainful look. "Why don't I try lifting you up?"

He nodded, "Sure. Don't drop me, all right?"

Me: "?"

I watched blankly as Gu Yiliang pulled me up. He then leaned into the crook of my arms. "Give it a try, we'll bet on supper."

269.

No, listen to me, I was only answering the question casually!

Gu Yiliang, what exactly is going on with you?! Are you trying to kill me?!

270.

The fans watching the livestream did not think it was a big deal. They all cheered and commented, and Gu Yiliang's eyes curved up with his smile. Howls and yells appeared in the comments.

This affected my dignity as a man. A whole crowd of people was watching the livestream.

Lift, I'll lift! Gnashing my teeth secretly, I smiled composedly. I bent down and placed an arm under his knees. Then I exerted the strength from my arms—

271.

—And tumbled back onto the couch with him.

272.

He had a hand on the backrest of the couch right next to my face, supporting himself in time. With his head tucked in, he could not stop laughing.

This position was too intimate. The lower half of his body was pressed right against mine, and the faint scent of his cologne weaved around me. I looked at his eyelashes that were fluttering along with his laughter, and my heart pounded erratically, which was completely out of my control.

He looked up and gazed into my eyes, barely managing to stop laughing. "You owe me supper, remember to write that in the books."

His eyes that were filled with laughter were too beautiful and too bright that I forgot to breathe for a moment.

273.

I seemed to have forgotten something else as well.

274.

The livestream was still ongoing oh my fucking god!!!!

Chapter Eighteen

276.

A second ago, we were just participating in a manly hetero fight, our blades swift, and our war in full swing. If there was a table in front of us, we could have become sworn brothers.

The next second, we were rolling about together, looking at each other with smiles on our faces, our eyes full of emotion. If a banner was drawn above our heads, we could straight away get married and pledge our love for each other for the next three lifetimes.

277.

Exactly where did things go wrong?

How did the world tilt to such an angle?

More importantly, I even fell when lifting a person, how would the fans look at me in the future? How many ladies did I disappoint? Where am I going to stick this face of mine? What am I going to do to recover my manliness?

Although I seem to be conflicted over the wrong thing, focusing on them was much easier than focusing on how things progressed till “Gu Yiliang kabe-doned me with hundreds of thousands of people watching”.

278.

I reached out to push Gu Yiliang, whispering, "P-p-please quickly get up from my body...!"

Gu Yiliang smiled and sat up, and I glanced over at the comments section with much trepidation.

Ignoring the ridicule and mockery from some venomous commenters, one side was saying the other side harboured malicious intentions and deliberately tripped their son, while the other side said that the other side was bragging and their son only exposed him. In conclusion, it was still rather... Hmm...

The few whose names clearly showed that they were Gu's Imperial Consorts commented, "Hahahahahahaha I knew it would end up like this, our Empress1 didn't injure himself, right? Hahahaha"

The few whose names clearly showed that they were members of the Pretty Yans commented, "Hahahahahahaha I knew Yanyan would definitely not be able to lift him, so sorry to have troubled the adversary hahahahaha"

The few whose names clearly showed that they were members of the Niangzi Army commented, "Ahh."

279.

There was no trace of surprise nor a trace of consolation.

Me?

Hello? Do you all just have no faith in me at all?

Forget about the Gu's Imperial Consorts mocking me, but why did the Pretty Yans start too? Aren't you guys adversaries?

Exactly what sort of character am I in your eyes?

No, wait, shouldn't the Niangzi Army at least give me some encouragement?!

280.

It was clear that Gu Yiliang also saw those comments. He smiled dazzlingly, then patted my shoulder. "This little fellow needs to work harder. Next time, you can try and lift me up again."

Me: "Sure I'll work harder."

Me: "No. Hold up, you think I'm so free? Why would I lift you up again?"

Him: "Huh? You're not going to do it again? You can redeem yourself by doing so."

Me: "Why would I lift you up? What's the point of lifting you up? I'm not going to do it!"

Me: "..."

Him: "..."

281.

I no longer wanted to look at the comments anymore.

282.

Ever since I met Gu Yiliang, there had been an existing awkwardness that only the two of us could see. With our awkwardness displayed for everyone to see now, I had experienced too much suffering.

Ah, my trouble-making mouth.

Gu Yiliang covered his eyes, laughing till he shuddered. My soul escaping my body, I leant against the couch, looking up to the heavens in silence, giving the perfect performance of a stone carving.

283.

In the end, it was Xiao Chen who saved me.

He cracked open the door, calling out to me softly, "Yanyan, Yanyan!"

It was as though I had been granted amnesty. Bubbling with youthful spirit, I made my excuses to the audience watching the livestream and darted over to Xiao Chen like an arrow leaving the bow. Smiling incandescently, I asked him, "Why are you looking for me?"

Overwhelmed with my affection, he glanced at me. Shaking the pill box and mineral water in his hands, he whispered, "It's time for your pills."

284.

Actually, they were just things like vitamins, enzymes, and skin-whitening pills.

I slowly accepted the pill box, slowly counted the pills out, and slowly twisted the bottle of water open. With my ears perked up, I listened to what was going on behind me, hoping that Gu Yiliang would quickly find another topic and gloss over what had just happened so that I could return back to the camera.

"I'll do it, I'll do it." Xiao Chen could not continue watching anymore. There was a clatter and he counted out the pills. Then he placed them in my palm, twisted the bottle cap open, and handed it to me.

Why hasn't Gu Yiliang started talking about other things with the fans?! We have completely no tacit understanding with each other!

Feeling terribly worried, I tossed the pills into my mouth. Swallowing them down with water, I heard Gu Yiliang's slightly low voice behind me. "... No, that's not his manager. He's Yanyan's personal assistant."

285.

My throat was probably due for a suffering today. Because of his casual, off-handed "Yanyan", I choked on my water, and Xiao Chen hurriedly patted me on my back.

286.

I turned around, looking at Gu Yiliang in disbelief.

Did his reflex arc spin three times around the world and finally land? Did something good happen to him and he suddenly became more intelligent and understood what was going on? Was he suddenly enlightened by a buddha who happened to be passing by?

I did not know why he would suddenly address me differently, but it could be considered to have completed what the company had requested from us. I quickly swallowed the pills, about to fly back to the couch. However, Xiao Chen caught my arm and shoved two peaches in my hand.

I waved him off. "I've already eaten, I'm not hungry."

Xiao Chen leaned near my ear mysteriously, speaking breathily, "I've been watching your livestream next door."

Puzzled, I lowered my voice just like him, "Oh, so?"

With a sincere expression, he quietly praised, "You guys have been too professional selling your bromance, so I specially went to get two peaches from the craft services."

Me: "?"

Him: "I'm afraid that when your feelings deepen, you won't be able to hold yourself back from becoming sworn brothers, so I prepared some props for you."

287.

There was a thousandth of a second that I really wanted to exit this play of life.

It's difficult, it's very difficult, it's really too difficult. With Gu Yiliang in front, and Chen Youyuan behind, I've clearly been attacked from all sides!

288.

All but dead, I waved Xiao Chen off. Carrying the two juicy peaches, I took a seat back on the couch.

Seeing that I was back, Gu Yiliang looked at me with a slight frown. "You're sick?"

It was not as though I couldn't tell the fans that I was eating such things, so I shook my head. "No, just some supplements that have to be eaten regularly."

“Oh.” Gu Yiliang’s brows smoothed over. He also stretched his arm out, and it carelessly, relaxedly, and naturally fell across my shoulders. Pulling me a little closer, he pointed at the peaches in my hands, smiling, “Are you treating me with that for supper?”

I shook my head again, “This cannot be eaten.”

His pause was very well concealed, and he seemed to glance at the peaches a little unhappily. Then, he turned to face the camera, feigning a crying face, “Yanyan refuses to let me eat the peaches.”

Who is your Yanyan? Calling me so familiarly, what ever happened to your best bro, your buddy, the Xiao Wei with whom you patted on the shoulder? Hmm?

This conniving person! He even deliberately added a whine to his voice, causing a commotion in the audience. They all cried and shouted about gifting him peaches even if they had to travel a thousand miles.

I was not affected, and solemnly shook my head again. “No, these really can’t be eaten. They’re meant to be offered to Guan Erge².”

Gu Yiliang: “...”

289.

Peacefully, we answered a few more questions, chatting casually for a few moments. Gu Yiliang’s arm was still around me, and he did not let go. His eyes periodically fell upon those peaches, and I saw that his spirit was about to fly into them already. Giving up, I shoved the peaches into his arms. “Here, here, for you. If Guan Erge³ comes knocking on the door in the middle of the night because he didn’t get any peaches—”

It didn’t look like he had any intentions of eating them. Placing the peaches on the table, he smiled, “I’ll open the door. You definitely will not be disturbed in your sleep.”

Me: “Hm? No, why would my sleep be disturbed? We’re also not staying—”

Him: “Hey, this fan is asking what time do we normally rest and how exhausting it is to act in a drama.”

Me: “Oh, it’s definitely a little tiring. However, if the shoot ends early and we don’t have any evening scenes, we can usually sleep at about 1 or 2 am.”

Me: “Hold on, hold on, there seems to be a problem with what I just said—”

Him: "Hey, there's a fan of the original work here. They're asking if we have any comments about the characters we're playing in the show."

Me: "Oh, I'm playing a scholar after all. The stylist is very professional as well and has tried to follow closely to the description in the book. The green colour they specifically chose also suits me very well."

Him: "Mn, right. It matches very well with my red outfit."

290.

Me: "..."

Gu Yiliang, what are you doing?! The expert who has been asleep for nearly an hour has now awakened??? Can you control yourself a little!!! If you're selling fanservice so obviously, you will be punished!!

The word "control" did not seem to exist in his dictionary. There was only "sensational" and "setting the world on fire".

291.

Now that things were at this stage, there was no turning back.

Goodbye, my 100 gifs that the Niangzi Army was supposed to edit.

Hello, the love documentary .avi that the Niangzi Army was about to prepare.

292.

Seeing that the situation was sinking deeper and deeper out of my control, I glanced at the flowchart that was on the side.

Interaction, check. Both fan clubs were overflowing with joy, seeming to have even made friends with some of their adversaries.

Promotion, check. Both of us sitting in front of the camera was already a very good promotion for the drama.

Q&A, check. The Niangzi Army had already given us the couple Q&A questions.

Character, check. He was flawless and perfect, and my masculinity no longer existed.

Bromance, check. We were only missing the part where we would swear to be brothers or get married.

Talent display? ...

293.

I saw a light and thought, We should just sing a song each and quickly end this torture! Tugging at Gu Yiliang's sleeves, I smiled, "Hey, there's only a little bit of time left. Why don't we let the fans select a song..."

The company had clearly written this part down during the promotion. Before I could even finish, the song title appeared countless times in the comments section. There were even people who remembered our answers to the questions just now, spamming the comments with Xiao Baiyang⁴ and May I Ask Where's The Road⁵.

Although the revenue collected from the livestream might not end up in our hands, there were still many fans who donated like crazy. I wanted to thank them, but I did not dare to do so, afraid that it would stimulate them and make them spend even more money.

Gu Yiliang seemed to not be thinking so much about all this. He carefully selected a song he knew how to sing from the comments and casually thanked the audience for the gifts on our behalf.

294.

After that, the screen exploded in fireworks, one after another after another after another. Cars lined up one after another after another after another. Rockets and yachts appeared on the screen as though they did not cost any money. ⁶

They were all gifted by the same person. It seemed like it would not stop for a period of time.

Only then did Gu Yiliang realise what was happening. He helplessly and urgently waved his hands, "That's not what I mean, don't give us any more, no more. We don't encourage presents—"

To encourage the fans into buying more gifts, the livestream site gave the viewers who spent a lot some privileges. That fan's comment was extremely big, bold, and flashed in multi-colours on the screen.

“I! AM! LATE!

NIANGZINIANGZINIANGZINIANGZINIANGZINIANGZINIANGZINIANGZINIA
NGZINIANGZINIANGZINIANGZI AHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

295.

These words were really too dazzling, and they even drifted around our faces on the screen. It was difficult to not look at it.

Gu Yiliang: “Niangzi?”

My heart skipped a beat. I tried my best to look confused, as though I was not a part of it. Blinking my big, innocent eyes, I propped up my head and looked baffled at the camera.

He smiled at the camera. "That song by Jay Chou? Then Niangzi it is."

Me: “?”

He turned to look at me. "Shall we sing it together?"

Chapter Nineteen

296.

Sing my ass!

The company wanted us to do fanservice, not to really become gay!

According to what happened just now, somehow we were already living together, sleeping together, playing video games together, and even insisted on wearing couple-wear. If we were to sing Niangzi together, we might as well just quit the entertainment industry and go overseas to register our marriage, okay?

297.

I feigned ignorance. “Jay Chou sang this song?”

Gu Yiliang looked astonished. “You were born after the millennium?”

“... Oh, Niangzi? That’s an old song.” With much difficulty, I put on an enlightened expression. “I don’t remember much of the lyrics anymore.”

He took the phone I left on the table, waving it imposingly in front of the camera. “It’s not a problem, we can look it up.”

298.

The! Phone! Cover!

299.

My heart burst, and I tried my best to control my body language. Like trying to persuade a robber holding hostages at gunpoint, my hands motioned downwards. I tried gesturing at him to quickly put my phone down as I said, “The beat of this song is very strange, and there’s also a rap. It’s not easy to sing.”

He completely ignored my signals and look at the comments section instead. “So many of them want to listen to it. Look, they’re all spamming the screen. How about we just sing it? Even if we don’t sing well, it’ll still entertain the crowd.”

No, the Niangzi they’re spamming is not referring to the song title!

Distressed, I watched Gu Yiliang — casually unlock my phone.

...

300.

I froze. He froze as well. Ten seconds of silence appeared in the comments section.

He looked at the screen of the phone that clearly did not belong to him. Finally realising what had happened, he handed the phone over to me. "Sorry, I thought it was my phone... Your password is also 8888?"

I laughed dryly. "Yes, it's lucky."

He nodded along. "Mine too, it's easy to remember."

301.

Stop trying to recover from this!

He didn't even look when he entered the password, and even I thought that he had unlocked the phone with his fingerprint. How were they going to clean this mess up?! Even with intense scrubbing and cleaning, there was no way to wash this stigma off their names!

302.

With tears in my eyes, I smiled, "Then we'll just sing the song. Hurry up, I'll treat you to supper when we're done."

Anyway, singing or not was already meaningless. We needed to quickly end this disaster, and before I would be forced to quit the industry, I would still be able to eat at the rice noodle stall next to the set one last time.

Most likely, I would never be able to eat it again in the future.

303.

The song ended.

Gu Yiliang looked at me with unexpected surprise, smiling and complimenting me. "So it turns out that you're good at singing. Why were you so modest just now?"

Yes, I've always been decent at singing. I studied it professionally and used 120% of my ability to sing just now.

After all, this might be the very last time for me to sing in front of a camera.

I looked at him disdainfully, cupping my hands at him. "My singing capability isn't as good as yours, and so I could only tap along, trying to find the beat."

He laughed as he shoved me lightly, then feigned a crying face at the camera. "Yanyan says I can't follow the beat and even went offkey."

Stop calling me Yanyan!

I pulled him back, unable to cry or laugh. "I already said that it was a difficult song to sing, but you insisted..."

"Then we'll choose an easier one next time?" He smiled and asked me.

I agreed non-stop, but I secretly wondered, how would there be a next time? Next time, you'll be singing with your new ship.

304.

With professional model-like smiles, we chatted a while more. Gu Yiliang leaned over, picking up the phone. After saying some closing words with me, he finally pressed the button to stop the livestream, and we ended this hour that had been very frightening for me.

...

Like a huge salted fish, I collapsed on the couch. With listless eyes, I sighed loudly. Tears streamed internally, and I remained silent.

Gu Yiliang packed up. He saw that I was still lying there, and walked over to nudge at my waist.

I spoke feebly, "What are you doing?"

He answered, "I'll flip you over?"

As a salted fish, I swiftly sat up and called out angrily. "Gu Yiliang!"

With a face ignorant of worldly affairs, he looked at me with childlike innocence. "Hmm?"

I looked at that pair of innocent eyes, and my reproachful words twisted about my tongue. In the end, I just waved him off. "... Forget it, let's go have supper."

His eyes curved up. “Mn.”

305.

With a smile, his steps were as swift as the wind. With a bitter expression, my steps were weak and lethargic.

We walked to our destination, taking our seats after placing our orders. Supporting my heavy head in my hand, I watched him remove the covers off the cutlery and pour hot water over them to disinfect them.

Maybe because I was quiet for too long, but he reached out, wanting to ruffle my hair. I smacked his hand away.

He laughed and pushed the disinfected bowl and chopsticks towards me before he took my set over to disinfect them too. “You’re angry? But it was the company who requested it—”

I interrupted glumly, “But we should still have restrained ourselves a little...”

Hold on.

I swallowed the rest of my words and stared at him with round eyes. “You knew that the company wanted us to do fanservice?”

Then what was with the whole straight buddy-buddy thing at the start???

He rubbed his nose. “... I knew.”

My face collapsed, and I looked at him. “Huh?!”

306.

The skewers arrived first. He removed the meat from the skewers and placed them in my bowl. “At first, I didn’t want to comply with the company’s request. We don’t lack popularity, and I also don’t need to rely on this to get my roles.”

He paused, then continued, “Also, I saw that you were very cooperative as well, and you were rebelling against the company with quite some effort too...”

That was because I could not lose to you!

I adjusted my expression while picking up a pair of chopsticks. Like a reporter interviewing him, I placed them next to his mouth. “Then, may I ask what made you change your mind?”

He was silent for a moment. “I suddenly realised that it couldn’t hurt to be more popular. In fact, it would also be good, and I might even be able to broaden the type of roles available to me?”

He did not wait for me to respond and switched to a complaining tone. “I only wanted to just call you Yanyan once, then end it after sharing the peaches. In the end, you weren’t cooperative at all — was performing fanservice with me a great inconvenience to you...”

And you’re even blaming me for it now? I’m not your Gu’s Imperial Consorts, your crying face is useless against me—

Actually, it did work a little.

My voice trembled. “Blame me, blame me for not realising it. But we should have still restrained ourselves, bro—”

He froze slightly due to my wail. Seeing that I was pretending to cry, he laughed aloud. “What are you afraid of?”

This fearless image was really too enraging. I bit into the meat in anger, “Your acting skills are good, so of course you won’t have to be afraid. I’ve always been less popular than you, and smaller than you in every area. If I screwed up this fanservice, all the blame would fall on me, alright?”

307.

Him: “... You should think about what you just said.”

Me: “...I’m not small, not small at all, I’m very big!”

308.

He laughed until he shook, and only calmed down after I shoved him in embarrassed anger. He spoke steadily, “I didn’t go overboard.”

I glared at him. “Then your idea of overboard is clearly different from mine.”

He said, "Come, tell me about the things you have issues with."

Me: "Yanyan?"

Him: "Don't your assistant and your fans address you like this too? The viewers didn't have a problem with it."

Me: "Disturb me in my sleep?"

Him: "We are just next door to each other. Guan-erge is so powerful, his knocks will definitely be very loud."

Me: "The time we sleep?"

Him: "Your answer was very clear. The Chinese language is broad and profound. If they misunderstood, then it's their problem."

Me: "Our clothes in the show match each other very well?"

Him: "Didn't you say this yourself?"

Me: "..."

309.

Blame me! Blame everything on me!

My existence is just a mistake!

310.

I waved the phone in my hand. "... Then how should we explain our phone covers?"

He drank some herbal tea, blinking, "We'll go back and sign a few more later and just offer them as lucky draw prizes on Weibo."

... What a genius. Like this, even his Weibo message could be explained.

He pinched my face. "For fanservice, all we have to do is do anything together, and the fans will come up with the rest themselves. There are absolutely no problems with our interactions since they're all perfectly out in the open. You're the one who has been overthinking it—"

It seemed like... that really was the case? But could I not overthink it? After all, I was a fan of my own ship!

Hearing his seemingly logical explanation, I calmed down.

Prodding the rice noodles with my chopsticks, I asked hesitantly. "... Why did you insist on singing Niangzi?"

"Huh?" He looked at me in incomprehension. "Didn't the fans choose it?"

311.

So, other than not knowing about Niangzi, you're actually very familiar with the rest?!

A bias who did not even know his own ship name could actually shove the gay down everyone's throat. What sort of good fortune was this?!

312.

I looked up, thinking that I should just forget about it. I could only trouble Man-jie, and make her work a little harder to direct the public's comments. Then I would pray for something to happen tomorrow in the entertainment industry to help cover up this matter. If that did not work, then I would then go stir up some of my rumours, letting the popularity of Niangzi decrease a bit. Then, after some time, Gu Yiliang and I will be able to go our separate ways and seek our own happiness.

Gu Yiliang saw the change in my expression, and exhaled. He laughed, "You're really that unwilling? Is it so unbearable to perform fanservice with me?"

Biting into the barbecued meat, I spoke with a small voice, "How could that be? It's just that my qualifications are really too poor, and we're not equal in status. You're too good for me."

He smiled, his eyes curving. "Didn't I say that I'll be teaching you how to act? Just work hard."

So that sentence meant... We will really go down this path?

I was dazzled by his smile. Forgetting that the company might not plan on wanting us to perform fanservice for a long time, I agreed foolishly. "Oh, sure."

He nodded, then pulled the cartilage off another skewer and placed them in my bowl.

313.

I watched his actions and felt a little moved.

He would pinch my face, ruffle my hair, wrap his arm around my shoulder, and go along with whatever I wanted. When he noticed I was unhappy, he would coax me out of my bad mood. He did not disdain my poor acting skills, and even said he would help me improve.

He knew what to say and showed concern for me, secretly taking care of my well-being, and would adjust the lens according to my request. He would insist on me finishing my dinner, disinfect my cutlery for me, and he noticed that I like to eat cartilage.

This fanservice partner of mine was really perfection in itself, and all the fluff he gave was extremely delicious.

314.

Then, I suddenly realised something.

All this was not done according to the company's request, and we also were not in front of any cameras!

Chapter Twenty

315.

Headache, what a headache.

I looked at Gu Yiliang who was burying his head in his food and eating seriously. Meanwhile, my hair was almost turning white from the headache.

316.

Although the feeling of secretly enjoying the fluff was really very exciting, this bias was really too headache-inducing.

So at the end of the day, was he straight or not?

If he was straight, he was still a natural at performing so many flirtatious actions and saying such flirtatious things.

It was definitely not because I would so easily fall for such flirtations.

If he was not straight, he did not look like it. Many of his actions were frank and open, and he would never think of anything in that manner.

If he was straight, then I could just enjoy the fluff with a peace of mind. If he was not —

It also seemed to have nothing to do with me enjoying my fluff.

317.

But it had something to do with me personally!

If he was not straight, not only did I secretly enjoy the fluff behind his back, I even acceded to the company's request and openly did fanservice with him. In that case, did I not become a scum who was playing with his feelings?!

That was no good, no good.

Disconsolate, I chewed on the beansprouts, hating the scientists for not having yet invented a test for heterosexuality. Just like litmus paper as a pH indicator, I would stick it on his head, and then according to the change in colour, I would be able to test his heterosexuality.

They all talked about Schrodinger's cat. Gu Yiliang was probably Schrodinger's heterosexuality.

318.

Somewhat full, I pushed the fried noodles in front of me away. Biting the straw for the soymilk, I continued feeling disconsolate.

Gu Yiliang saw that I stopped eating, and he frowned slightly. "You're full already?"

I nodded hesitantly.

It was the same during our previous meal. I had this bad habit of having big eyes but a small stomach, always ordering a ton of food as I wanted to try everything but never being able to finish it all. I too thought that it was a bad habit to have, but I had never been successful at getting rid of this habit.

He looked at me in resignation and smoothly shifted what was leftover of my noodles over in front of him. Under my astonished gaze, he finished it in a few mouthfuls and wiped his mouth with a napkin. "Next time, don't waste your food again."

Me: "..."

Me: "But I'm greedy."

He thought for a moment. "Then just bring me along whenever you're having a meal. I'll help you finish them."

319.

Aroooooooooo! How sweet!

320.

What Schrodinger's heterosexuality? I tossed everything momentarily to the back of my head. With tears in my eyes, I nodded.

Amused, he glanced at me. "You're so happy even though you have to treat me to food. If I end up selling you, are you going to help me count the money as well?"

I nearly fell for his enticing trick! Waking up in an instant, I shook my head firmly. "I won't."

He asked curiously, "Oh? Why not?"

Hah, you think only you can flirt?

Refusing to lose, I smirked seductively. "You can't bear to sell me."

321.

Him: "..."

Me: "...?"

He burst out laughing.

My seduction having failed, I wiped the expression from my face and reached out to hit him in anger.

He blocked my attack, smiling. "You speak so daringly now that you're away from the cameras?"

I responded resentfully. "You're not much better away from the cameras either."

He looked puzzled. "What did I do?"

Your random off-camera remarks and casual actions — if they were made known in the chat, the Niangzi army would be wild with joy as though they were celebrating New Year's, alright?!

With thousands of words gathered in my heart, I was silent for a moment. The desire to enjoy my fluff still took the lead, and so I patted his shoulder. "Nothing much. Little fellow, you're very authentic. Continue maintaining this attitude."

322.

He probably did not understand what nonsense I was saying. As he shrugged his shoulders, about to speak, my phone on the table rang. The screen showed that it was a call from Lao Huang¹ next door.

I had to take this call. Picking up my phone, I mouthed an apology to Gu Yiliang. He nodded, and I walked a few steps away to answer the call. "President Huang—"

323.

— "Enough money, enough money. I can earn it myself too."

— “Not tired, not tired. It’s only filming. You’re the one who has to take care of yourself, don’t smoke anymore.”

— “No need, no need. I haven’t finished filming this one yet.”

— “I know, I know. I’ll go see you when I’m free. If not, you can come see me?”

— “Sure sure sure, I’ll just tell you if I don’t have enough money, alright?”

324.

“Did you make any new friends?”

Without thinking, I glanced over at Gu Yiliang. The lights of the little stall were not bright enough, and I could not see his expression clearly. “I did. He’s very good to me. Let me tell you—”

I laughed and answered quietly, praising Gu Yiliang valiantly in all matters while I went to look for the boss to settle the bill.

325.

By the time I paid the bill and hung up, the world had changed.

When I spoke to Gu Yiliang, he only acknowledged me with a sound.

When I looked at Gu Yiliang, he averted his eyes away.

When I walked next to him, he walked by himself properly, not looking at me at all.

When I poked at his arm, although he did not say anything, I could see that he was not happy.

326.

What happened? Was he abandoning me before he even dallied with me?

Just now, he even unabashedly said that he would accompany me for every meal, but now he was going to start giving me the cold shoulder?

This scum, he's playing with my feelings!

327.

I watched him take out a pack of smokes. Before I even said anything, he kept it again.

I was even more confused. Did he get possessed in the amount of time I took for a phone conversation?

328.

I walked circles around him, chanting as though I was calling his soul back. "Gu Yiliang Gu Yiliang Gu Yiliang Gu Yiliang—"

A delivery uncle riding a small trishaw brushed past me. Gu Yiliang pulled at me, a little angry. "Watch out!"

Losing my footing, I fell firmly into his arms.

Grasping me for a while, he did not let go. In the end, he made me walk on the inner path while he walked next to the road.

329.

Ah, this was the familiar top-quality boyfriend material of Master Gu! It was him! Chanting his name to call his soul back did work!

I poked him, "Hey, why are you ignoring me?"

He was silent for a moment before giving an irrelevant answer. "Later on, go back and practice the script properly with me."

Me: "Huh?"

Him: "We'll train your acting ability."

Me: "Hmm?"

Him: "We'll make you ascend into the ranks of talented actors."

Me: "Huh?"

Him: "Then you'll be able to get casted in more projects."

Me: "Oh?"

Him: "Your future will be very bright."

Me: "Me?"

He looked at me with a complicated gaze. "I'm speaking seriously to you, don't act like a fool."

Me: "..."

330.

I pondered over our conversation, analysing every word.

It was probably during my phone conversation when he sat alone by the table and considered my professionalism. He probably felt that it was a little forced for us to be partners, and so he was not very happy. However, he did not plan on giving up on me. He wanted to pull me up instead, training me into becoming someone who was appropriately suitable to become a company-dictated CP with him.

Ahh, Gu Yiliang is so nice.

I was moved by my own pondering, and pulling at his arm, I swung it a few times. "You're really nice."

He did not pull his hand away, but he looked at me with questioning eyes.

My gratitude was beyond words, and I swung his arm again. "You didn't look down on me."

His gaze became even more complicated.

331.

I hummed a song while he kept silent, and we walked a short distance.

He looked troubled, and with every couple of steps, he would turn his head to look at me hesitantly.

I caught his hesitation and asked, "What's wrong?"

He paused before speaking. "How long... have you been like this?"

I was born with poor acting skills, so I answered, "It has been like this since I entered this industry."

He stopped in his tracks. "Aren't you... afraid of people talking about you?"

I had already read so many comments and reviews. "Just let them talk, I'm used to it already."

A long silence. Then he asked, "... A lot of people know about this?"

This question was really too strange. "Isn't this something completely obvious to everyone? You know about it as well."

Him: "..."

332.

The atmosphere did feel a little tense. I looked at him, uncomprehending. "Is there something wrong?"

He looked into my eyes, very troubled. His tone was a little veiled, "Can you not be like that?"

Was there a need to use such a grievous tone? Did my acting really get people's hackles up?

Tilting my head, I considered it. In the end, I was still rather confident about myself, and so I laughed as I pinched his cheek. "Sure, don't I have you now?"

He came to a sudden stop.

333.

Baffled, I watched Gu Yiliang finish his third cigarette in the small garden of the hotel.

Was it not just teaching me how to act? He was even the one who suggested it. Why did it look as though he was suffering bitterly? Was this his pursuit and persistence for acting?

When he was about to light up his fourth cigarette, I caught his hand holding his lighter. "Don't smoke anymore, don't smoke anymore. We'll just forget it if you don't want to do it, don't force yourself."

I smiled, "I'm currently doing pretty well now anyway. I have projects to act in and money to earn, I'm prospering—"

He again descended into a long bout of silence. Then, as though having come to a decision, he caught my wrist and spoke solemnly. "Alright, we'll do it. I'm not forcing myself."

Me: "?"

Chapter Twenty-One

334.

Even after I was seated in Gu Yiliang's room, he still looked very solemn.

Solemnly, he opened the small refrigerator. Solemnly, he surveyed the contents inside. Solemnly, he turned his head and asked me, "There's no honey tea, only mineral water. Is that fine?"

I quickly nodded, saying it was fine. Then I could not help but laugh. "Why are you making things so serious?"

He shook his head, taking out a bottle of water and a glass. After placing a coaster in front of me and filling my glass, he coughed lightly. "After all, now... our relationship isn't quite the same."

I was first a little puzzled, then I understood, and hurriedly nodded my head to thank him.

335.

Yes, we were now a company-sanctioned professional ship that Gu Yiliang personally acknowledged. I got it.

However, was there a need to feel so conflicted over this issue that he needed to smoke three cigarettes in a row? He truly was the professional and responsible Artist Gu.

No matter what, since he had already decided that he would properly play this role of being my fanservice partner, and also wanted to help me improve my acting ability, this was a win-win situation for both of us. Of course, I would give my best and cooperate with him, and never disappoint him!

Also, I could not disappoint that Wei Yanzi who was howling for more fluff to enjoy!

336.

Gu Yiliang sat across me, taking a few moments to compose his thoughts. “Previously, I’ve never tried... Mn. So, I might not be too familiar with what I’m supposed to do, or about the general rules for this. Is there anything I should take note of?”

He was not very familiar? How modest! Then who was the one saying all those things during supper? Were you just talking nonsense?

Without waiting for me to answer, he asked, seemingly with some difficulty, “Is it just... treating you like how a boyfriend would treat you?”

He sounded very stiff and robotic when saying the word “boyfriend”. It must be very embarrassing for him. I hurriedly shook my head, “There’s no need for that, that’s too exaggerated. Us being like this now is enough already, you’re doing a very good job.”

He froze slightly, and while looking at me, in his eyes there seemed to be some pity and... distress?

337.

He asked, “... Just like this is considered very good?”

I looked at him, uncomprehending. “It’s still not good enough?”

He spoke seriously, “I’ll try my best to do even better.”

338.

Wait, how did we end up talking about this?

Struggling to follow his pace a bit, I could only nod along muddleheaded. To be able to end up with such a responsible bias, the Niangzi Army was really fortunate. It was the sort of fortune that they could only cultivate over their past eight lifetimes.

He again asked, "So I just have to treat you like how a boyfriend would?"

Why does he keep on turning around the "boyfriend" thing?!

As a straight man performing fanservice, he probably does not know how he should behave. Fine, fine, I just have to pay attention and hold him back a little in front of the cameras.

Again, I nodded, "Mn, that's fine."

He exhaled, looking as though he was adjusting the shift in his feelings. From a basket on the table, he retrieved a folder and opened it in front of me. "I may not be able to help with other matters, but this is my work schedule for the next half of the year. Take a look and see if there's anything you're interested in, and I'll get the company to arrange it for you."

Me: "?"

What script was this now? Was he practicing ahead of time? Was he getting into the role too quickly?

He contemplated for a moment, and then spoke earnestly. "Do you have enough spending money? Is there something you want to buy? Shall I buy it for you?"

339.

I had only seen him fluently reciting lines from the script before. It was rare to see him speaking so unnaturally, so jerkily like this.

I paused and looked at him strangely. "Did you take the wrong script?"

Him: "Hmm?"

Me: "This has already exceeded the role of a boyfriend, isn't this more like a godfather1?"

He too paused, and replied doubtfully. "If you want to see it this way... Sure?"

340.

Who was he trying to take advantage of here?! I slapped the table, “And I’m your father!”

He choked. “... Do we have to go to this extent?”

341.

Cool wind swirled in from the semi-shut window, giving me a headache.

Just as I pressed my palm against my forehead, Gu Yiliang stood up to shut the window, and considerately handed me a blanket.

I twisted the soft blanket in my hands, and could not bring myself to reproach him for throwing out these sudden wild cards. A moment of silence, and I said earnestly, “There’s no need to make it so deliberate. We can just go with the flow. This is too over the top, and others will notice something.”

“Oh, I’ve overlooked that.” Gu Yiliang nodded understandingly. “Then, if there’s anything you need, just tell me anytime.”

What more could I need? The fluff you threw out randomly was more than enough to satisfy me for the next six months.

I agreed casually, and then heard him ask hesitantly, “So, now, we...?”

Now? I looked at the time, and then took the Song of Waves script he placed on the table. “We’ll practice our lines? We’ve delayed this for many days already.”

His tenseness suddenly vanished, and his entire person relaxed, leaning back in his chair. “Sure.”

342.

With the eager hopes of the entire Niangzi Army and my fanservice partner on my shoulders, I put in my utmost efforts. I had never even been so serious during the acting classes in school.

I had already memorised all the lines. It was just that I could never express the correct feelings and expressions. I would either recite the lines and end up looking blank, or recite the lines and go overboard with my expressions.

Gu Yiliang constantly reminded me about how to adjust my mood, going through a small scene with me a dozen times. Finally, I could be considered to have somewhat improved, and was even complimented by him for having some life in my acting.

343.

After practicing all the scenes to be shot tomorrow, I noted down Gu Yiliang's reminders, and repeated them for him.

Gu Yiliang closed the scriptbook, placing his hand on my shoulder in gratification. "Mn, maintain the speed of this improvement, and after this drama is done, you won't have to rely on others. You'll be able to land dramas by yourself."

The second half of his sentence was a little muffled, and I happened to have my head down, looking at Wechat. Vaguely hearing, "rely on others... drama", I thought he was still talking about practicing our lines. Without looking up, I said, "But you're not considered as 'others' to me."

His hand on my shoulder stiffened. He kept silent for some time, then slowly patted my shoulder, solemnly acknowledging it.

344.

I waved my phone in front of him. "Little Chen is urging me to go back to sleep, I'll go first."

He paused, and took a while before he nodded back. "I'll bring breakfast for you tomorrow?"

Me: "Huh? There's no need, Little Chen will prepare it for me."

Him: "Then... I'll get a drink for you during the filming break? Do you want honey tea or milk tea?"

Me: "Huh? There's no need, just get Little Chen to buy it?"

Him, "Then... I'll drive you to the city at night for grilled fish?"

Me, "Huh? There's no need, it's so far to travel back and forth. Furthermore, we might bump into fans. Just get Little Chen to make a call and ask the restaurant to deliver it."

Him, "Then...."

345.

Gu Yiliang was unable to continue. He looked at me with slight grievance, "Then, why do you still need me?"

? No, wait, when did I need you?

I looked at him baffled. "Isn't Little Chen around... I'm paying him a salary as well. Your time is very precious—"

He gave the final word. "Fine, then I'll pay his salary. All his duties will be under my account, and you take it as though I'm the one who did it."

I was even more confused. "Then... I'll pay your assistant's salary?"

He looked doubtful. "How can I let you pay for that? Shouldn't this be something I'm supposed to do?"

346.

He... really was acting like a boyfriend.

I thought over it deeply, and speculated that he was probably too dedicated to his role. Whether in front of the cameras, or away from them, he would continue this shipping relationship so as to maintain the feelings, such that he would be able to get into the role anytime. That was probably why he said the words he did.

Then I definitely had to cooperate with him.

Touched, I patted his shoulder. "I can't just take everything from you for free, it's enough that I understand your intentions. We'll do it like this then. Give me your assistant's Alipay account."

He again looked at me with pity and distress, then sent a message on Wechat. Not too long later, he sent me a QR code.

I clarified his assistant's salary with him. It was the same as Little Chen's, and I sent the money over.

347.

A notification from Alipay came in, and I glanced down at my phone.

It was a reply from Gu Yiliang's assistant. "I've received it!! Thank you, Lady Boss!!!"

?

Chapter Twenty-Two

347.

Gu Yiliang saw the change in my expression, and leant over in curiosity to look at my phone before laughing. "Ah, I didn't explain it clearly to her, she misunderstood."

Wait, no. Then what are you still laughing about? Quick, shouldn't you explain it now?

He thought about it. "But this is fine too. If there's something, we can even get her to cover for us. Just let her treat you as the lady boss then."

Just now, it had taken him so much effort just to say the word boyfriend, but now he was so comfortable saying the words lady boss? What was there to cover for us? Did we have to get all our people involved in this professional relationship of ours? ...

But all these were not the key points.

I was already used to him shoving the huge amount of fluff in my face periodically. Without a change in my expression, I secretly enjoyed this piece of fluff, then looked at him sulkily. "Why am I the lady boss? Get her to change it change it hurry up and change it!"

"Oh." He looked down at his phone and sent a few messages.

348.

My phone vibrated with an Alipay message, and I glanced down at it.

It was a message from Gu Yiliang's assistant. "Sorry, sorry, I greeted you wrongly just now! Thank you, Sister-in-law1!!"

Me: "..."

Gu Yiliang, you're getting your people to fool me, right?! I'm going to sic Little Chen on them!

349.

With a few taps, I sent Little Chen a Wechat message, the content being that from next month onwards, his salary would come from Gu Yiliang.

My phone vibrated. Little Chen's response came very quickly.

OrangeWarmSun: Oh great! This progress is so fast! Yanyan is so impressive, help me thank Brother-in-law2!

350.

I blacklisted him.

351.

Although Gu Yiliang did not see Little Chen's reply, seeing how my face changed even more, he smiled and reached out, wanting to pinch my face.

Just as he lifted his hand, he stiffly put it back down slowly. Vapidly, he spoke, "Mn... Then, good night?"

"Mn, sure." It was already late at night. I stood up, walking to the door. "Isn't there a shoot for a magazine tomorrow afternoon? Sleep earlier, and get a bit more rest, then you'll look good on camera."

He stood up as well, walking me to the door. "You too. Remember to prepare a few sets of your personal clothes just in case."

I opened the door, heading out. "The drama leads are all going. What could possibly happen? Don't worry, don't worry."

He followed me out. "Mn. If you're not able to sleep well, I have a steam eye-mask that's pretty comfortable. I'll prepare some for you next time."

I nodded gratefully. "Sure, sure. I have an essential oil to aid sleep that's pretty good as well, I'll get some for you next time."

I stopped outside my own room, and he too stopped outside my room.

I took out my card, opening the door and walking a few steps in. He too, hesitantly walked a few steps in.

352.

What was this, a pair of lovers reluctant to part?

I looked at him, baffled. "Why, is there something else?"

He looked at me, a little reluctant. Thinning his lips, he bit on them, then leaned forward slightly before returning to his original position. He seemed rather awkward, and in the end he scratched his head in frustration.

I did not really understand what exactly he was trying to do. He definitely was not trying to kiss me, and so I ventured, "If there's nothing else, we'll adjourn our meeting?"

He studied me for a bit, looking as though he was both sighing, as well as heaving a breath of relief. Then he said, "Good night."

He was tossing and turning about for so long just to say this?

I blinked. I really understood less and less of this guy.

353.

Sincerely bidding Gu Yiliang good night, I finally sent off this buddha.

I swiftly removed my makeup, bathed, washed my face, and completed my entire skincare regimen, then picked up my phone preciously.

An utterly exhausting day was finally over! It was time to treat myself!

354.

With those two shocking Weibo posts, and today's unrivalled broadcast, although I had been counselled by Gu Yiliang's words that were filled with certainty, I still could not help but feel anxious.

So, despite how eager I was to consume more fluff, I still had to first take a look at any hashtags about Gu Yiliang and me. After that, I went to search our names along with the key phrases from the broadcast.

355.

All in all, it was fine, everything was fine.

The fans' filter was extremely powerful, as well as blind. They still loved us deeply. Fans grabbed onto every single detail and squealed all over them, while anti-fans grabbed onto every single detail to smash us down. A few hid in their idol's hashtags and posted some ambiguous statements nervously. Those who loved, loved, while those who hated, did so. Nothing changed because of this one broadcast, and it was peaceful and prosperous everywhere.

356.

Maybe I was worrying excessively. The two of us were not A-listers, and the image of us being rivals who could not exist simultaneously together for the past three years had been imprinted deeply in people's minds. Not many people actually believed in the sudden fanservice. The consensus was that we were just mending fences like normal people. With the army of commentators that Sister Man bought to reap benefits in this situation, acting as mediators, along with the degree of fanservice we performed, fuel was added to this flame, and our situation turned into a very moving bromance.

As for those "ambiguous" words and actions, it became like the movie Rashomon, where fans of us as individuals and fans of us as a bias all had their own opinions and ideas. Their analyses were rational and logical. From our micro-expressions to the words we used, countless deductions were made, and each one sounded very plausible.

In any case, in the eyes of our separate, idol fans, no matter what the ship's fans said, they thought that they were seeing things through the eyes of fujoshis. In the eyes of the ship's fans, no matter what the idol fans said, they were just being blind to true love. Each stuck to their own argument, and neither could convince the other.

357.

Very good. Continue analysing, continue fantasising, continue maintaining such drive to seek the truth yet drifting further and further away from it!

358.

Feeling a load vanishing from my heart, I wondered if the Niangzi Army had any new output. It should be like the New Year for them, right?

As I hummed a tune, I tapped into the Niangzi forum.

Then I received a wave of mental attack and a baptism.

359.

How was this the Niangzi Army only celebrating the New Year?

They were celebrating National Day!

360.

My question: How many possibilities could surface from a 60-minute broadcast by two people?

The Niangzi Army gave me the answer: Unlimited.

A Niangzi Army member said, "It's an entire 60 minutes of the essence of fluff! I played Truth is Real on loop seventeen times!"

The fluff came in hard and fast — the Q&A section had already been added to the archives. Based on our physical strengths, it had been decided who was the top and the bottom, and their bias personally sang the ship's official song.

That scene where Gu Yiliang was lying on me? They even managed to flawlessly photoshop my legs around his waist. I surrendered.

This was a fruitful year, and this was an impressive nation.

Although such obvious fluff had already been scattered upon the audience, there were still some people who could never be satisfied, fighting bravely on the frontlines of digging even deeper for fluff.

There were girls with magnifying glasses going frame by frame seeking fluff, there were calculators counting the number of times our bodies came into contact with each other, there were tuners who autotuned Gu Yiliang's offkey voice, there were sharp-eared girls who resolutely said that my "p-p-please" was "d-d-dear"⁴, there were appraisers who asserted that the mosquito bite on my collarbone was a hickey—

361.

There were even psychologists who were certain that Gu Yiliang was jealous of my assistant.

I burst out laughing.

362.

That's it, Niangzi is rio.

No one was allowed to doubt it, no objection was allowed.

The one who found out the "truth" first, WilLiam, who had been mocked yesterday, now had an infinite future in front of her. With one step, she became the founder of the nation, or the biggest winner around.

363.

As I enjoyed all the fluffy moments gleefully, I suddenly recalled that I even joined a group that stan-ed Niangzi, and so I entered the group chat to take a look.

It was fine if I didn't look, but now I was alarmed.

It was probably because there were too many fluffy moments. This group chat, unlike the one on Weibo, was not on a public forum. Everyone in the group was extremely excited. On average, after about every three sentences, there would be a fic heading off into smutty territory.

Eh? These ladies were so young, yet they knew way too much about such matters!

As I read, my face and ears burned red. Quickly, I scrolled down the chatlog, but as my memory was way too good, every word was burnt into my brain. Gu Yiliang's face suddenly popped into my head.

364.

I locked my phone, calming myself down.

Then I unlocked my phone and continued searching for more fluff to enjoy.

365.

I carefully filtered out all the NSFW words, and then discovered that there was a member of the Niangzi army named SilentMoonWilLiam who kept posting. She seemed very well respected, and would even periodically upload some exposés she claimed was 100% true.

There were things like Gu Yiliang and I have been together since we were seventeen, that we already registered our marriage overseas, that I bought a small apartment in Amsterdam and gifted it to him as a birthday present, that I had a fever over the New Year, and Gu Yiliang drove from hundreds of miles away to come to the city I was in to visit me...

...

Compared to these, Gu Yiliang getting jealous of Little Chen was even more believable.

I scrolled all the way down, and saw the newest discussion.

366.

SilentMoonWillLiam: They'll probably spend the New Year next year together as well.

NiangziArmy1: +1

NiangziArmy2: Definitely heeheehee without Liangliang's smile, how would Yanyan be able to fall asleep

NiangziArmy3 : 【Message is too NSFW the system has automatically blocked it】

Yantastic: ... When have they ever spent the New Year together?

SilentMoonWillLiam: *points to the forum* Newbie, go forth and explore!

Yantastic: I've looked through it already. Those exposés don't seem accurate? During last year's New Year, Yanyan was on an overseas vacation with his family, and there's even photo evidence of it on his Instagram.

SilentMoonWillLiam: The location wasn't tagged in that photo. One look and you'll know it was an old photo that he posted to hoodwink people~

Yantastic: I just searched through photos that other people posted around the same time, take a look at the advertisement on the signboard 【image】

SilentMoonWillLiam: Yanyan did not appear in the photo~ It's a photo he borrowed from others~

Yantastic: Isn't this a little too far-fetched?

SilentMoonWillLiam: Do you not believe that Niangzi are already together?

Yantastic: ?

Yantastic: They're not together in the first place.

SilentMoonWillLiam: Then, may I ask, why did you join this forum?

WillLiam: Please, don't argue.

367.

I could sincerely feel her unhappiness and threat from her tone, and was rather baffled.

SilentMoonWillLiam: If you have any exposé, just post it. If you don't, don't come and question other people's relationships.

Yantastic: ...

But there's not even a relationship between Gu Yiliang and me to question?!

I thought I should just appease the young lady, and so slowly typed a message out.

Yantastic: I do have something.

Yantastic: The salaries of their personal assistants are paid by each other.

SilentMoonWillLiam: Hah, is there any point in coming up with such an obviously fake exposé? Aren't you afraid of cracking your teeth on fake fluff? Goodbye.

【You've been kicked.】

368.

What the fuck.

369.

Me, an involved party? Refuted the fake éxpose? Posted a piece of genuine fluff? Then got kicked out by the fangroup of my own CP?

Hello? Could this world be anymore fantastical?

370.

I stared at the screen incredulously, not knowing if it was this world that was crazy, or if I was the crazy one.

William privately sent me a few messages, but I could not be bothered to look at them. Deeply depressed, I sprawled across my bed, gloomily questioning the meaning of life.

We really were not together in the first place. How could this be my fault?

371.

My phone vibrated, then vibrated a few more times.

With nothing to live for, I unlocked my phone, tapped into Wechat, and realised that it was Gu Yiliang looking for me.

372.

Liam: Are you asleep yet?

Liam: I've signed some phone covers already, and I'll bring some for you tomorrow to sign as well before handing them to the company for a lucky draw.

Liam: I've only signed my Chinese name for the fans. Your version is the special edition ^^

Liam: Good night, sweet dreams

373.

I dazedly look at that silly emoji, slowly locked my screen, and rolled from one edge of my bed to the other.

Then I again rolled from that edge back to this edge.

And repeated it countless times.

After that, I slowly unlocked my phone, and told him good night.

Then I pulled my blanket up over my head.

374.

I get to enjoy fluff that was specially given to me by my CP! When I'm not in a good mood, my CP will personally coax me out of it! All the fluff I get to enjoy is all real and genuine!

You guys can just go gorge yourself on that artificial fluff!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Chapter Twenty-Three

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt 11】

I'm— keeping my adversary as a boytoy.

When writing these words, my emotions feel very unsettled. Looking at the words in front of me, I also do not dare to believe them. They're really too fantastical.

Sigh, how did things turn out this way?

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt 12】

The company had instructed us to sell our “bromance”. I was originally disdainful about it. After all, I've been doing well enough the past three years, not getting involved in any scandals, and didn't I still end up here?

I observed for a while. My adversary seemed to have the same opinion as me. To rebel against the company's intention, he even said something like “weight-lifting” which went against his stipulated character.

I also did not mean to expose him; I was doing it mindlessly. In the end, he was stunned, and could only watch me blankly. How adorable. Him being like that was not compatible with the top idol image he's supposed to have, and shouldn't be seen by fans. Hence, I helped him block the camera.

Halfway through the livestream, his assistant delivered some items to him. When he saw his assistant, he seemed to be delighted.

Probably because he wasn't sitting by my side, I actually had time to think alone. I suddenly felt that there was nothing wrong about going along with the company's request to promote our "bromance". Pride and arrogance would make a person fall from his peak. A person can always make further progress, and one has to always continue with his journey in life.

And I would also be able to call him "Yanyan" with good reason.

Mn, it feels nice to call him by that name.

My adversary seems to be inexperienced in fanservice, yet he still tried his best to cooperate with me. Looking at how muddled and a little lost he was, I felt slightly guilty.

However, I thought about how if it wasn't me, there would still be someone else. What if the company paired my adversary up with someone else? Wouldn't that be delivering something that should belong to me into another person's hands? That would be a relief.

I'm referring to the bromance's popularity, not us.

Delivering this person to someone else isn't very acceptable either.

Although my adversary also doesn't belong to me, right now, he could be considered belonging to me, right?

Sigh, how did I end up having him as my kept man?

During the past few years, I've heard some rumours about him.

It wasn't me who took the initiative to learn about them. It's just that he's my adversary, and is often tied to me. Even if I don't want to know about it, I have no choice.

In the pile of unsubstantiated evidence, the rumour about him being a kept man was the most prevalent. Everyone was guessing who the person behind him was.

To put it in the open, with his acting capability, to be able to last so long in this industry is already the biggest problem.

But he looks too clean and innocent, definitely not like someone who could be kept. If not for the phone call I overheard, I wouldn't believe it either.

Eavesdropping on people's phone calls is not good, I'm reflecting on myself now.

I've clearly done nothing while interacting with him. However, he thinks that I'm very good to him. I don't know how that President Huang treated him in the past. He's probably some scum.

Discussing a person behind his back is not good, I'm reflecting on myself now.

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt 13】

After being in the industry for three years, I've tried my best in avoiding all possibilities of getting involved in a casting couch situation. I never thought that I would be the one having a kept man instead.

My status rose too suddenly, and I am completely unprepared for it.

However, it also wasn't an impulsive decision. I carefully considered it during a period of smoking three cigarettes.

The first cigarette. I wondered, "Can it not be like that?" I was the one who asked the question, and did not plan on getting an answer. However, my adversary pondered over it, and gazed at me with trusting eyes. He smiled and said, "Sure, don't I have you now?"

— It really couldn't reject him. I couldn't let down his trust in me. It's a problem I mentioned, and I have to take responsibility for it.

The second cigarette. I estimated my financial power, as well as the resources I could give to him. Comparing them with the resources he got previously, it would work. It would be better; this was not an issue. (His qualifications are so good. Why didn't President Huang give him better resources? Sigh, he's so... uncalculative, he must have been treated perfunctorily.)

The third cigarette. I imagined what would happen if this relationship was exposed... Actually, nothing much would happen. We can just use our company-sanctioned ship pairing as a cover. If it is really exposed, there's also a thousand ways to explain it. We can be confidants, buddies, in any case, and the public relations team would handle it. We won't cross the bridge until we come to it. At most, we'll just come out as a couple and head down the true love path, and try to expand into the overseas market—

Speaking about this, the feeling my adversary gives me is always rather marvellous. I thought about it before. If, I'm saying if, because of this, I... Mn, develop feelings towards him or something, what'll happen? However, he stopped me from smoking my fourth cigarette.

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt 14】

Sigh, I've been sighing a little too many times today.

However, I really have no clue on dealing with a kept man.

He temporarily doesn't want me to provide him with any resources, and temporarily doesn't want me to give him any gifts. He even said he couldn't take his assistant's salary from me, and insists on being fair... It made me hesitate for a long time after sending him back to his room. I didn't know if I should do something like... kiss him?

Whatever I came up with, I felt that it wasn't quite right. I still have yet to give him anything, so how can I take advantage of him?

Although he says that I just have to treat him like a boyfriend, I'm not his boyfriend after all—

Sigh, I can't directly ask someone about something like this, right? Baidu wouldn't tell me about the strategies of keeping a man... Oh, there might actually be something like this, let me go search and see.

I'm back.

I searched for a few keywords, and a few folders appeared on the first page of the results. They might be some records of such actual situations, and so I downloaded a few, planning on reading them before I fell asleep as homework.

Knowing so little about it, I should really read more and learn more.

Right, I plan on quitting smoking now. I heard him telling President Huang to smoke a little less on the phone.

Since I've decided to keep him, I should be better than that President Huang.

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt 15】

After reading a few articles, I couldn't really fall asleep. Getting up from the bed, I decided to write down an account of my mood.

I selected a folder and scanned through a few articles. It's me who had too filthy thoughts about physical interaction in a relationship like this. There was no physical contact below the neck at all between the keeper and the kept.

So it turns out that all the things my industry friends have been telling me was to warn me that I shouldn't walk down this shortcut of menacing parables.

It's good that it's like that too. Actually, I really don't want to make my relationship with my adversary to be associated with such benefits... Mn.

Sigh. (I've gotten too used to writing it, so I drew a strikethrough.)

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt 16】

It's too terrifying. I opened another folder to read, and the abominable actions described within were invariably worse than what my industry friends mentioned. There was the usage of drugs to control the kept person, transferring the kept person to another, many... forget it. I won't write it down and dirty my diary.

It's me who underestimated the darkness of humanity.

I decided that I must protect my adversary well, and let him be distanced from such filthy matters.

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt 17】

Grasping the essence and ignoring the dregs, I looked through a few articles and had a rough plan on a few interaction methods. Tomorrow, I'll try them all one by one, and see which type my adversary prefers.

【Gu Yiliang's Diary — Excerpt on Little Details About My Adversary】

My adversary likes to eat chicken cartilage and ordering a lot of items, but he only tastes a little of everything. Next time, I must try my best and help him finish some, so as to prevent wastage.

When my adversary sings, it's very moving. He's way better than me. By the way, since we now have this — relationship, can I get him to just sing for me alone, and I'll give him the resources? (Proposal)

My adversary doesn't play DOTA, but he plays LOL, and he's even an expert. They're all MOBA-type games. So if we have time, we can play together and learn from each other. I hope he can accompany me to play DOTA. If he really cannot, I'll just endure it and play LOL with him. That's fine too. (I need to stop despising other games, this I must change, must change.)

Chapter Twenty-Four

375.

This afternoon, all actors had to participate in the promotional photoshoot for the drama. The filming schedule for the day was adjusted to start earlier, and everyone crawled out of bed at 4.30am in the morning to quickly film their scenes. Scanning the surroundings, tired and sleepy faces were everywhere. Those not in the know would have thought that they were filming a zombie movie.

376.

But I was different. I was still cheerful, optimistic, and I faced the world with a smile.

A piece of fluff could extend one's life for half a year. With Gu Yiliang, a daring, walking extreme fluff producing machine, by my side, extending my life for a conservative estimate of another five hundred years was not an issue.

The first scene was completed successfully. I sat in the lounge, playing Arena of Valor on my phone while waiting for them to set up the next scene. Around me was an aura of refreshing brightness.

Little Chen yawned as he prepared my breakfast, looking at me lifelessly. "Yanyan, how are you so energetic?"

I reached out and had a spoonful of porridge, feigning profoundment as I shook my head. "You won't understand, this is the result of being fed and filled by love."

Little Chen stared at me with round eyes, speechless. Gu Yiliang suddenly pushed the door open, walking directly towards me and placing a bottle of iced honey tea next to me.

377.

Yo, Old Gu, you're opening your shop so early in the morning?

On the plastic bottle was a post-it note, and I glanced at it curiously. When I saw the heart drawn on it, my astonishment led me to fumble with my phone, and I handed the victory over to the other team.

My qualifying match!

Gu Yiliang watched in amusement as my eyes bulged out in anger. He sat down next to me. "I'll help you, and guarantee you a win. Finish your breakfast first?"

"You said it yourself that you'll win. If you lose, you'll have to pay me 3 sets of skins!" I handed my phone over to him, and picked up my bowl of porridge.

Cocking a brow, he smiled. "It's a guaranteed win. If I lose, I'll buy you all the sets of skins."

378.

Pricked by that raised eyebrow, I ate my porridge slowly. Pretending to watch his movements, my eyes kept drifting over to that bottle of honey tea.

Why did it feel like I had been transported back to being a student? The misconception that the target of my affections had brought me a drink—

And he...

I sneaked a glance at Gu Yiliang with a nagging feeling that there was something different about his bearing today. It felt as though he had been remodeled, and every inch of him was exuding pheromones of extreme boyfriend material.

That Gu Yiliang who awkwardly asked me in embarrassment on how to perform fan service was already dead. Now, standing in front of me was Niohuru Yiliang1?

379.

weak and helpless and scared.jpg

weak and helpless and scared but secretly excited.jpg

weak and helpless and scared but secretly excited with a strange smile.jpg

380.

Honestly speaking, ever since last night where for the second time, he tossed me a huge piece of fluff just as I was feeling despondent, whenever I see him about to throw me another piece of fluff now, I only want to lie down and shout, "Throw it! Throw it everywhere! Throw it on my face! Throw it more accurately! Don't only throw a little at me because you think I'm weak and fragile!"

381.

As I was lost in my thoughts, Gu Yiliang placed my phone back in my hands, showing me the image of the opposing team shattering into small crystals.

As I was about to lick his boots and give him a few compliments, he revealed a pleased and proud smile. Leaning into my ear, he whispered, "So, ain't I impressive?"

382.

Referee, he— he— he— he's going out of bounds!

383.

My senses trembled in the quake of his low and flirtatious tone, and I nodded in a daze. "... Very impressive."

He laughed gently, lifting his hand up and stroking my head.

... Was he only being very conscientious of his role, fulfilling all duties? Or were we currently on some prank show right now?

As I looked around in search of hidden cameras, my phone vibrated in my hand. I took a look at it.

OrangeWarmSun: I'm begging you guys, outside the filming location turn left and walk 400m. The nearest hotel is only charging 180 per hour for a room with a king-sized bed!

384.

William: ...

William: How did you know about this?

Little Chen laughed as he stood up and mumbled to himself, "Are you guys thirsty? Would you like some milk tea? I'll go buy some for you? Less sugar no ice with only grass jelly for the topping? OK!"

While laughing, he shot straight out of the door.

385.

Gu Yiliang looked questioningly at Little Chen's fleeing back. Unbothered, he shrugged, turning towards me with smiling eyes. "Let's go, we'll go to the film site and practice our lines and capture the essence of the scene. Let's work hard and succeed in one try."

I grabbed that bottle of honey tea. "Mn!"

386.

I was not exaggerating at all. When we practiced our lines last night, Gu Yiliang really dissected and explained all my lines to me, and the only thing that he did not do was chew it up and feed it to me in easily digestible pieces.

How every line should be spoken, how each emotion should be displayed... I conscientiously remembered his every explanation, and acted accordingly to what he taught me. Although it was not excellent, it was much better than my performance in the past.

There were some emotions I did not grasp properly, and the director yelled "cut" a couple of times. Gu Yiliang was never impatient, and each time, he would smile as he encouraged me, and again taught me how to adjust my acting according to the limitations of my ability.

387.

The power of this boyfriend material was too much!

He really did not look down on me, and even tried his hardest to help me improve!

With such a professional fanservice partner, what more could I ask for?!

Your eyes, your smile, Idol-sama, they are the brightest and most beautiful sights I have ever seen!

388.

With the thought that I could not disappoint him, I put in all my zest into my acting.

In the end, as I had too much zest, the other main leads, including Gu Yiliang, all got into the cars and headed to the magazine's studio. Only I was forced by the director to stay back. He asked me to maintain my current condition, and continued filming a few more of my solo scenes.

389.

By the time I finally bade the director farewell and removed my makeup, bringing Little Chen along with me to the studio, I was one hour late from the arranged timing. The other actors were already styled and testing out the lighting.

Ah, for a third-rate actor like me, being late was a huge taboo.

After greeting the other main leads, I sat down in the makeup room. Watching Little Chen apologise profusely to the angry-looking stylist, I felt even more contrite, and I so stood up as well and made my apologies.

The stylist looked disdainfully at me, and tossed Little Chen a set of clothes. "Only this set is left now. Hurry up and change, then get to makeup."

390.

Looking at the clothes, I was shocked.

Little Chen too was shocked. He opened the door to look for the stylist, but could not find him.

Stunned, I changed my clothes.

Still stunned, the makeup artist applied some makeup for me, and styled my hair.

As I continued feeling stunned, in a daze, I sat in front of the mirror for a long time.

391.

Even if my butt replaced my brain, I would also know that they were purposely making things difficult for me. What the stylist gave me was a set of extremely bright, extremely eye-catching clothes – it was a neon green.

Just like a highlighter pen, I sat there in front of the mirror in a trance. I was so conspicuously green, glowing a bright green.

It was not an issue of whether or not I could carry off this colour. It was just that this set of clothes completely did not match what the other actors wore, so, what was going to happen to the composition of the photo? How would they edit it later?

Everyone else was dressed so very stylishly, looking very cool and rugged, like a biker gang. Standing amongst them, was I cosplaying the Green Man? Reminding everyone to watch out for the safety of the traffic while racing down the streets?

My face turned green with worry.

Or that might have been due to the light reflecting off this set of clothes.

392.

Just as I was wondering whether to just give up and go for the photoshoot like this, Gu Yiliang opened the door and entered. “Are you ready? –“

It was likely that he had been shocked green by me. Frozen for a moment, he swiftly reacted. “Did you bring an extra set of your own clothes?”

He had actually reminded me specially about this before. My reply came slowly, “I was in a hurry to get here, so I didn’t bring any...”

He did not blame me for forgetting his reminder, only nodding and heading out of the door. Not too long later, he returned with some clothes and handed them to me. “The pants are fine, as for the top, change to this one. It’s quite similar to what the others are wearing.”

Hiss, the power of this boyfriend material was really leaving me breathless.

Time was tight, and I did not ask where these clothes came from. Hurriedly accepting it, I just changed right in front of him.

393.

The entire time, his eyes were fixed on my arms, trailing up and down. He then looked as though he just exhaled in relief.

Adjusting the shirt, I asked, puzzled, "What's wrong?"

He shook his head, and looked at me with inexplicable gratification. "It's nothing."

He wasn't suspecting me of abusing drugs, right? I glanced at him doubtfully, then pulled on the leather jacket. Standing in front of the mirror, I twisted about, studying my reflection. "It seems a little big, the shoulders don't fit quite right."

"Your shoulders are a little more narrow than mine, of course it wouldn't fit properly." He straightened the collar for me. "Just wear it as though it's meant to be oversized, or during the photoshoot later, remove it and sling it over your shoulder."

Me: "... This is yours?"

Him: "Yes, why?"

394.

Nothing! Don't only throw a little at me because you think I'm weak and fragile! Throw them! Throw them all!

395.

I calmed myself down.

I too had a jacket in the same style, and a photo of me wearing it at the airport had been captured by the Pretty Yans before. This could be explained as me wearing my own jacket, and

even if the shippers ran away with the truth behind this jacket, it should still be within the limits of our fanservice.

So... I'll accept this fluff with open arms!

Little Chen who could not find the stylist happened to return, and he was surprised to see the clothes on me. "You're just going to wear Gu-ge's clothes like this?"

??? Wait, how did you recognise this?

Me: "... Ah, is it very obvious?"

Little Chen replied, "The collar of the shirt inside is a little too wide, and the shoulders of the jacket doesn't fit. It's obvious that it's too broad for you. If you wore it properly, the sleeves would definitely extend over your wrists. The edges of the right pocket are a little scuffed as well, and you're left-handed. It's evident that these aren't your clothes."

Me: "..."

Where did this boy with a magnifying glass come from?! Did you get the piercing eye ability from Taishang Laojun?! Is it you, Sun Wukong, is it you?!

396.

I was a little affected, and asked hesitantly, "So... would doing this not be ok?"

Gu Yiliang's brows creased. "Why would it not be ok?"

Swayed, I was swayed.

Before you start your fanservice duties, can you at least conceal your pheromones first?

Little Chen eyed Gu Yiliang who was standing there like a real-life cutout, then turned to study me. He shook his head. "It's not very ok..."

F... i... n... e...

Goodbye, my fluff.

Reluctantly, I sighed internally. About to remove the clothes, I heard Little Chen speak. "Your hands look too empty, and there are no adornments at all. Let Gu-ge pass you one of his rings and if you wear it, then it should be ok."

Me: “.....”

Are you two ganging up to sway me?

397.

Without a word, Gu Yiliang removed one of his rings, held up my hand and put it on for me.

398.

?

Welcome back, my fluff.

Chapter Twenty-Five

398.

Not only had my fluff returned, it even brought its wife and child along.

If I didn't see wrongly, this ring was Gu Yiliang's own personal belonging. Also...

Gu Yiliang was personally putting the ring on me?!

399.

The me yesterday had even arrogantly thought that I would be able to accept such fluff without a change in my expression.

I'm sorry. I had an extreme lack of self-awareness, and I overestimated myself.

Also, I didn't understand Gu Yiliang properly, and underestimated him.

Looking at Gu Yiliang who had his head bowed while putting his ring on me, I held my breath for a long time.

What was air? What was breathing? These were all unnecessary. All I needed was to enjoy this fluff, and it was enough to sustain my body functions, allowing me to thrive on healthily to a great old age.

400.

Enjoying fluff was too advantageous in preserving one's health!

I really wanted to promote this sort of new way of living, offering such Niangzi fluff to everyone, and giving all citizens a true and honest delight!

This was definitely for the well-being of all people, not because I wanted to show off.

401.

He first placed that ring on my index finger. Twisting it slightly, he gave a small frown. "It's too loose."

He then placed it on my middle finger, and before it even passed the second knuckle, he shook his head. "It won't fit."

Then he placed it straight onto my ring finger.

He no longer nitpicked at it, and spoke like an honest, proper man. "Mn, it's done."

Me: "..."

May I ask, how wildly have my hands been growing to have such uneven thickness?

In your eyes, do I have a pair of hands like Zhang Yide¹, my fingers varying in size?

I suspected that he was actually called Zhang Yiliang. Specifically the Zhang from the phrase that meant the harder one concealed matters, the more conspicuous they became.

402.

The fluff, just present the fluff! Don't hold back! Just do it! I can handle it!

As my thoughts ran away, Gu Yiliang even smirked craftily at me, a damn look as though he had expressed everything he wanted to already.

...

I'm sorry! I overestimated myself again! I cannot handle it!

What happened to Gu Yiliang today? Was he made out of cotton candy?!

There was one moment when I really wanted to lunge over and lick him to see if he actually tasted sweet.

403.

I was left struggling to survive in this boiling sugar syrup. Fortunately, the heavens shone down upon me, and Gu Yiliang was called away by his assistant. I was left alone in the makeup room to delight in my survival amidst this chaos, as well as Niangzi's astounding confirmation that my ship was canon.

That Mr. Chen, who had witnessed the entire process, elbowed my waist. "Yanyan, you guys... what stage have the two of you progressed to?"

Words woke up the dreamer — I could not let Little Chen continue this misunderstanding!

I immediately turned back from being a crazy ship fan into the rational Wei Yanzi. Breezily, I explained, "Actually, there's nothing between us. It's only pure diplomacy."

Little Chen: "...!"

Me: "...?"

Little Chen: "Uhh, I'm uneducated and unlearned. May I ask, what is the base of pure diplomacy?"

404.

Me: "... Little Chen."

Him: "Hmm?"

Me: "Once we finish shooting the Song of Waves, you should sign a long-term contract with me, and become my permanent assistant."

Him: "!! Really?! Yanyan, you're the best!"

Me: "Mn. It's real. I'm afraid that if I were to let you out, you'll bring harm upon the world."

Him: "... Is this a compliment?"

Me: "It is."

Little Chen crowed.

Him: "So, exactly what is pure diplomacy—"

Me: "Scram!!!"

405.

The photoshoot was progressing very well.

My acting ability was incompetent, but I was really proficient in being part of a photoshoot. If movies were made using powerpoints, then I would definitely be able to win a best actor award.

During the interval for the touching up of our makeup, I sat down properly on one of the props. Allowing the makeup artist to fiddle about with my face, I engaged with Gu Yiliang, next to me, in a series of useless, mutual flattery.

As we chatted, from the corner of my eye, I saw a female lead-jiejie walking past in high heels.

She was dressed in a bodycon miniskirt, and her toned, tanned legs could reach the sky.

Suddenly, I recalled that during the livestream that day, Gu Yiliang had said that he liked long legs. I secretly peeked a few times at her legs, then turned to look at Gu Yiliang.

As expected, he was looking at the female lead-jiejie.

406.

Such a foolish, direct gaze. Doesn't he know how to restrain it a little?

In my heart, I pursed my lips. Gu Yiliang then turned his head back abruptly. "My legs are straighter than hers."

Me: "Huh?"

His tone was hard, and a little threatening. "In the future, just look at mine."

407.

What fierce and tyrannical words! There was completely no restraint!

Was there a need to be so professional all the time? Was the Niangzi shop open 24 hours?

To sell fanservice so obviously, how could that be any good? The makeup artist was already holding back her laughter!

We should pull back a little, and just pretend that we were only friends teasing each other.

I laughed out loud, and jested, "Then my legs are long too, so you'll just look at mine in the future."

His eyes narrowed slightly, and his tone was laden with meaning. "Sure."

The makeup artist: "Pfft."

408.

He really deserved the name... Niohuru Yiliang.

I again lost my breath, my little heart trembling violently, and I nearly lost track of the days.

409.

Wait wait, this was wrong.

I could not allow this syrup to blind my eyes!

This fanservice had to be appropriate, with a sense of propriety. Selling such fanservice had to be according to the time and place. If not, there might be a risk of this business folding!

When the photoshoot ended, my anxiety did not end. Sitting down like a tyrannical king on the couch in the lounge, I waited for Gu Yiliang to come over, ready to discuss with him the levels of fanservice we should commit to.

In the end, when he appeared, I immediately wilted.

There was no other reason—

Gu Yiliang, can you not use such a perfect, handsome smile at me? My hp bar is very short!

Did he take some sort of strange medication today? Why did he keep giving me the feeling that something was wrong?

His smile made my tailbone, no, my spine tingle. My aggression diminished, and I asked, “What’s with you today?”

He tilted his head, very puzzled. “What’s wrong?”

You’re even asking what’s wrong? I inhaled deeply, about to list out each and every one of his crimes, but realized—

He really seemed to not have done anything?

410.

Away from the lenses of being a fan of the ship, as well as performing fanservice, there was nothing wrong with bringing a drink for a friend, right? There was nothing wrong with bragging about their gaming skills, right? There was nothing wrong with giving some friendly advice on improving my acting skills, right? There was nothing wrong with voluntarily helping a friend with his wardrobe issues, right? Also, how could his good-looking smile be his fault?

As for those subtle actions, quiet words and tones, not only could they be considered within the limits of fanservice, but they could even be brushed off as jokes between straight boys.

So, at the end of the day, my emotions were stirred so badly because...

It was too easy to flirt with me?

411.

I was extremely depressed, and even started to doubt life itself.

412.

It was fake! Everything was fake!

So it wasn't that the enemy was too cunning, but me that was too disappointing!

I fell onto the sofa in an inexplicable bout of anger. My eyes drooped in despair, and I caught sight of the ring on my finger—

This was a true, real, wonderful, memorable, and sweet stimulant!

413.

Gulping down that piece of fluff, I immediately sat up, full of vitality. Then, I started a discussion, "How about selling me this ring?"

He was baffled. "Huh? Why?"

Of course it was because I wanted to have this piece of corporeal fluff as a keepsake.

I randomly found an excuse, "I quite like this brand, and didn't manage to buy this ring, so—"

He immediately interrupted me. "Then I'll just give it to you."

"Huh? No, no." I was shocked, and wanted to remove the ring in a hurry. "This thing costs thousands, and I also didn't prepare anything for you. How can I—"

He caught hold of my hands.

414.

I looked at him, and he was looking at me too. Holding each other's hands, we were both silent.

I was about to say something, and a sudden light seemed to flash in his eyes as though he recalled something. Releasing my hands, he turned and ran out of the room, before running back with a bag.

Perplexed, I watched as he opened the bag, and pulled out a jewelry case from within.

415.

Under my perplexed gaze, Gu Yiliang took out two necklaces from the case, and put them on me.

Again, from the case, he took out a bangle, and put it on me.

Again, from the case, he took out a bracelet, and put it on me.

Again, from the case...

416.

Was he... decorating a Christmas tree?

Or was he preparing to marry me off in style?

Or was he preparing to send me off during my funeral in style?

417.

Dumbstruck, I watched him gamely hanging the accessories on me. A beat slower, I held up one of the necklaces and asked, "This is..."

He glanced at it, and answered matter-of-factly, "Oh, this is the 2017 autumn's—"

Me: "No, I know that, I recognise it. I'm asking — what are you doing?"

Him: "You said you like this brand."

Me: "No, yes, n—"

Him: "These designs are not readily available."

Me: "Yes, but..."

Him: "I'll give them all to you."

I was about to break down, and I turned incoherent. "No, I, you..."

418.

The corners of his lips quirked up slightly, and with shiny eyes, he looked at me. In his tone was a 30% earnest request and 70% gentle amusement as he solemnly asked—

"I'll give them all to you. Could you just sing solely for me alone?"

419.

Ah, I can't breathe. Am I drifting about in space?

Ah, my heart cannot bear it. Where's my instant heart recovery pill?

Ah, my hp bar is empty. Did this person take it to sell it or use it to cook mao xue wang3

420.

I felt that Gu Yiliang was working as the Pied Piper on the side. My vision became blurry, and my mind blanked out. By the time I recovered, I had already given him my money — no, I had already agreed to his request.

Gu Yiliang seemed ecstatic. "Alright, it's a deal."

I rested my forehead on my palm. "... No, wait, hold on."

The corners of his lips immediately drooped down. He blinked, looking rather aggrieved. "Are you going to go back on your words?"

Me: "Please be a little more normal!!"

421.

I descended into 3 minutes of contemplation, going through all his actions today.

Finally, I discovered where things felt wrong.

Within a day, with the strong foundation of an immense boyfriend material energy, he had displayed the pure and innocent love of youths, a gentle and responsible patience, a decisive adaptability when faced with problems, a behavior like a crafty little imp, an overbearing firm possessiveness, an insolent flirtation mixed with gentleness...

From an overbearing president with a wicked charm to an adorkable puppy, how many roles had he successively gone through?!

422.

I asked, "Have you been reading novels?"

423.

He rubbed his nose.

Chapter Twenty-Six

424.

I leant back on the couch, returning to my tyrannical attitude with much confidence, and raised my chin towards Gu Yiliang. "Confess, and you'll get a lighter sentence. Tell me, what's going on?"

Gu Yiliang coughed, and sat down next to me. "... just wanted to research and learn from them a little, and see how this thing works."

It was really difficult to imagine that he would actually be so professional as to read novels, and judging from it, he was even reading the boys' love genre.

Half-admiring and half-amused, I was filled with pride for having exposed him. With much haughtiness, I asked, "So what did you learn?"

"Uhh..." His Adam's apple bobbed. "I-I just paid attention to what was important and learnt from them. I wanted to test them out to see which type you preferred."

425.

He had really picked out the important points too well! What sort of top-quality summarizing skill was this?!

What sort of skills and schemes were in these novels with such a really strong, lethal impact!

It was definitely not me whose defenses were too weak. Let me ask, if it was you, would you be able to withstand such an attack?

Not only did I manage to withstand it, heehee, but I was still smart enough to realize the truth.

I laughed, pleased with myself, then repeated the laugh again.

426.

I tilted my chin proudly. "Oh? Then tell me, what type do I prefer?"

He froze slightly, then gave a low laugh. "... You seem to like all of them pretty well."

Me: "Bull—"

Me: "..."

It seemed like... I could not deny it.

Not only had I been stunned silly by his acts of sweetness, but I had even lost my breath over ten times.

I could no longer hold onto that tyrannical attitude of mine. Shamefully, I grabbed a cushion next to me and threw it at him.

427.

He laughed, catching the cushion. I collapsed back into the couch, depressed. “Didn’t we already agree that it doesn’t have to be so deliberate? It’ll be fine if we let things progress naturally.”

He could not hold back his smile. “But you seemed to have rather enjoyed the process?”

Me: “... You!”

Forget it. It was also thanks to his actions that allowed me to enjoy so much fluff for free.

Shooting him a disdainful glance, I admitted it outright. “Yes yes yes, it was pretty fun. But I kept feeling that something wasn’t quite right, so it might be better to be a bit more natural.”

He blinked. “You’re saying that you prefer how I was before?”

I nodded. “Yup.”

Me: “... Hold on, what sort of trap question is this?”

Me: “No! From which novels did you learn all these tactics? I want to learn too!”

He descended into an abrupt silence.

? What sort of treasured novel was this that he needed to hide?

Him: “... Don’t go looking for it. There are no tactics, so I only researched a little on the types of characters and their style of interactions, and I came up with the specific details on the spot.”

He paused, then continued, “So, no matter what type of character or style I used, they all came from my personal style, and the words and actions I wanted to portray were the same as well.”

I froze.

428.

Did this mean that the fluff I enjoyed for free was real and genuine? Because of this, it was even sweeter?!

Hold on... What they meant by “enjoying fluff”, was to ship the two people in the CP together.

But... I’m one of the characters in this pairing?

Did I get confused between enjoying fluff and being flirted with...?

Wait.

Did that not mean that I had really fallen for his flirtations?!

429.

As I was stuck frozen, he pulled out another necklace from somewhere and placed it around my neck, his eyes curving in a smile. “So that means you’ve agreed. You can’t go back on your words.”

Me: “...”

Me: “... I won’t go back, I won’t go back. Hurry up and remove these dangly things, my neck is about to break!”

430.

After all the jewelry on me was removed, I felt that I grew 5kg lighter, enough to float up like a helium-filled balloon.

Rubbing my neck, I recalled the various versions of Gu Yiliang I met today. Thinking of it, all that was missing was the romantic type, and I could not help but tease him, “Fortunately, you didn’t plan on learning the type that would book an entire...”

Gu Yiliang’s fingers that were tapping on his phone paused slightly.

Me: “... expensive restaurant...”

Gu Yiliang’s wrist trembled slightly.

Me: “... and even arranged for a violinist...”

Gu Yiliang’s arm stiffened slightly.

Me: “... that sort of sucker...”

Gu Yiliang swiftly entered some words into his phone, then tucked it away. He laughed loudly, “Why would I do that? Pack up your things and let’s go look for some place to eat.”

I too laughed loudly, agreeing. Sure, sucker.

431.

Walking with our two assistants, we found a small restaurant and settled our dinner there. Leisurely, I drank my honey tea and enjoyed the breeze from the fan, listening to Little Chen chatter on.

“Ah, by the way, Yanyan, your scenes will be filmed in the evening tomorrow.” Little Chen scrolled through the schedule on his phone, showing me the timetable the crew had planned. “This means you have nearly one day of leave. Are you thinking about going somewhere to play?”

“Probably not.” I glanced at the screen, disinterested. “The location of the filming is so remote, no matter where I go we’ll be wasting time on the road. I might as well just stay in the hotel and sleep.”

Seeing how Little Chen wilted, I said, “You don’t have to follow me. You can go play by yourself, just come back when it’s time.”

Little Chen immediately turned radiant, solemnly biding me farewell and disappearing within five seconds.

Me: "..."

432.

Gu Yiliang tapped my shoulder. "You really don't want to go anywhere? I drive, so it'll be more convenient."

My main reason was actually due to my lack of familiarity with this city, and I only knew a few famous bars. However, I did not want to drink.

I thought over it, then asked, "Hey, you're a local, right?"

"Mn." Gu Yiliang then introduced me to a few local sightseeing spots.

Fishing was too boring, hiking was too tiring, there were too many mosquitoes during farm tours, amusement parks were too crowded...

I was suddenly inspired. "Why don't we go to your place to look at the cat?"

423.

Gu Yiliang was shocked. A moment later, he gave a stiff nod, and that solemnity seen on his face last night appeared again.

Me: "...? Is it not convenient? Don't force yourself, it's fine. If we're not going then..."

He shook his head, solemnly cutting me off. "It's convenient, I don't feel forced."

434.

No, wait, why did he always have to use such a tone as though he was making a very difficult decision?

435.

Confused, I watched him solemnly give his assistant a break for tomorrow, and solemnly stand up and lead the way to look for his car. In the process, he bumped into four of the restaurant's customers, apologized five times, nearly knocked down two servers, and halfway, he stumbled on flat ground once, mistook other cars as his twice—

I was gaping.

Where did this morning's Gu Yiliang go, who had strategised everything, held a decent conversation, and was an ace at flirting?

This person in front of me — he had lost at least half his soul, right?

Were we going to look at his car, or were we going to the execution grounds? Did his steps need to be so heavy?

436.

As I was hesitating over whether I should try calling his soul back, he recovered and adjusted his rearview mirror with his usual expression, even reminding me to put on my seat belt.

No, wait, truthfully speaking, he was making my hair stand on end, and I wanted to flee the car with my life.

Our past awkwardness quietly peered out from somewhere hidden. I tensed up, and hurriedly sought a topic of conversation to relax the atmosphere. "Haha, this car's pretty nice. Uhh, shall we go for a ride?"

When I spoke, Gu Yiliang had just started his car. He then tapped on his brakes suddenly, giving me a fright. I heard a complicated tone coming from him. "... Shall we?" 1

Was this car very precious to him? Why did he have so much... trouble asking this question?

I quickly waved my hands. "No no no, it's pretty late already. Let's just go straight to your place and look at the cat."2

Inexplicably, Gu Yiliang was silent for a few seconds. He rubbed his nose, and merged his car with the traffic.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

437.

The car continued moving, steadily and at a uniform speed.

Gu Yiliang did not speak, and I dared not either.

Quiet. It was too quiet. It truly was really too quiet.

Even Quietism was not this quiet, a quietus was not this quiet, a quiet lung was not this quiet, and a quiet sun was never this quiet!

438.

I was panicking, and was tied up tightly with a sense of crisis.

Other than the roar of the engine and the radio, I seemed to be able to hear my own pounding heartbeat as well.

I wasn't a coward, it was this atmosphere that was too peculiar!

His fingers holding onto the steering wheel, why were they white? His straightened back, why was it so tense? Why were the tips of his ears red, and why was his Adam's apple bobbing away?!

439.

Such a situation, such a silence, such a stalemate...

My eyes narrowed, turning sharp in an instant.

— Don't tell me Gu Yiliang wants to do something to me?!

440.

Was he planning on selling my organs? Or selling me into a circus or some rural area? Or did he simply just want to kill me and eat me?

However, after going through two road junctions, step by step, I came to a conclusion. He had been so nice to me during this period of time. For all I knew, perhaps he wanted me to put my guard down and find a good opportunity to kill me off. If he got rid of me, his adversary, he would then be able to take a further step up his career.

441.

This sense of crisis I was feeling reached its peak when I saw the same billboard advertisement from the car window for the third time.

I clung tightly to the door, preparing myself to escape through the window and flee at any moment. Cautiously, I asked, "Why... are we turning circles here?"

Gu Yiliang looked even stiffer, and he sounded even more cautious than me. "I haven't prepared anything at home, and I was thinking about looking for them on the way back... Yes, I'm looking for a supermarket."

442.

What was not prepared that made him so nervous until he seemed to have lost his wits?!

Tape? Nylon ropes? A rongeur? An electric saw? Plastic sheets? Garbage bags?

Uncle Policeman, I'm very scared!!

I pressed myself further into the door, and I tried to speak very lightly, hoping to calm him down. "Turn right up ahead, I saw a small convenience store there just now."

He turned his head slightly to look at me, and his entire being seemed abruptly more steady now.

The car took a right turn, and then stopped.

Gu Yiliang said, "I'll go buy the things myself, just wait for me in the car."

Quaking, I nodded and watched him step out of the car and enter the store. Immediately, I scrabbled wildly at the door, trying to unlock it.

【Gu Yiliang's Phone Memo — Excerpt 1】

Things that were supposed to come would come. My adversary had suggested going to my place.

I... am extremely nervous.

There's nothing that can be of use at home, I've overlooked my preparations.

My adversary was a lot calmer than me. Knowing that I had nothing prepared, he even consoled me instead.

I must be calm and composed, I definitely must be calm and composed.

I should bring my diary along with me at all times, if not I really have no idea how to deal with my emotions.

When Gu Yiliang returned with a big plastic bag, I had just undone my seatbelt in complete despair, planning to break the window.

Him: "..."

I swiftly buckled myself in again, bolting up and smiling at him. "You're back. That was fast."

He nodded composedly, elegantly and naturally returned to his seat. His every action was very calm, completely different from the crazy murderer just now.

444.

Did he inject himself with a tranquilizer outside the car?

445.

As he turned to place the plastic bag in the backseat, my eyes followed him silently. With a burning gaze, I probed the bag with my eyes, trying to guess what was inside.

The plastic bag was bulging, and I could vaguely make out tissues, kitchen towels, potato chips, coke zero, frozen pizza, disposable cups...

446.

Huh?

Aren't these standard items for when straight guys gather to watch a late-night football match?

So just now, he was worried that his hospitality wasn't good enough, and was afraid that he wouldn't be a good host?

I looked at him, my eyes full of question marks. He looked back at me, his expression telling me that things were settled.

Huh? What was settled?

447.

The car moved off again. Gu Yiliang focused on driving, and still did not say a word.

Although the atmosphere in the car was still a little strange, it was much better than how it was just now.

In complete confusion, I agonized over the strangeness, and a light bulb lit up.

I got it!

BGM! It must be because there was no background music!

Empty silence needed background music to smooth things over, and emotions needed the accompaniment of background music to drive things along. As a thespian — oh no, as an actor, how could I have forgotten about such an important thing!

448.

I saw the light. Silently scolding myself for being stupid, I reached out and tapped on the car audio system, asking Gu Yiliang courteously, “Can I play some music?”

Gu Yiliang made a sound of agreement, and so I pressed play. Music immediately filled the air.

Upon recognising this tune, I fell into deep silence.

Here’s the question.

Do you know what dang dang dang dang dang...?

Dang dang dang dang dang was —

449.

In a moving, confined space, a top idol who could make me breathless by narrowing his eyes and cocking his brow was seated next to me, less than half a meter away.

Listening to the gentle, tender and sentimental <Only You> in surround sound, I fell into a trance, feeling as though I was sitting in a bed of needles.

450.

Mom!! Help!! The atmosphere has turned even stranger!!

The background music is wrong!!!

It's not supposed to be this sort of ambiguous and emotional music!!

Pink bubbles of love are starting to float up!!!

On this wide, straight road, don't make such a sudden bend!!

Stop the car!! This isn't the path to friendship!!!

If I were to continue listening, the montage of the edited Niangzi MV was going to appear. With a shaky hand and trembling lips, I pretended to accidentally hit the "next" button.

The same trick could not be employed twice.

As such, in the next dozen or so minutes, in a trance, on a bed of needles, with trembling lips and shaky hands, as well as the montage playing in my head, I finished listening to <Wonderful Tonight>, <Say You, Say Me>, <Nothing's Gonna Change My Love For You>, <Can You Feel The Love Tonight>, <Quando Quando>...

451.

I really wanted to grab hold of Gu Yiliang's collar and ask him where the hell he found this playlist from?!

Was it the Top 50 Classic European Love Songs?!!

452.

When the first bars of <Careless Whisper> started playing, my desire to jump out of the car was even greater than just now.

Gu Yiliang instead still looked very calm. His fingers were relaxed, tapping along with the music on the steering wheel. He looked very unruffled, looking as though he was undefeatable in his background music.

While waiting for the lights to turn green, he even turned his head and smiled at me.

453.

I was about to be submerged in the pink bubbles of love that were dancing along with the music. I struggled, I resisted, I was helpless, I was defeated.

Oh god, even the straightest tree sapling would bend in the raging winds, alright?! Gu Yiliang, could you not sing quietly along with <Make You Feel My Love>?! I might not be as straight as a tree sapling, but you're wilder than the raging winds! I can't endure this alone!! Can you drive faster? The frozen pizza is about to melt!!

454.

I no longer suspected that he was going to do something to me. I suspected that he was about to do me.

455.

No way, no way, I'm definitely overthinking this.

Anyone could have sat in the car, and the songs were not played specifically for me. He was Yiliang, the one born under the country's flag and raised in the spring breeze, and excelled in his studies, his character, and his health. How could he have such undue thoughts towards his own fanservice buddy and partner of this official CP?

As a heterosexual, not only did he frequently remind himself that he was performing fanservice, working hard to study and research various methods of performing fanservice, he even had a good discussion with me on how we should improve ourselves together. He also avidly produced fluff for me and the masses of people. How could I speculate about him with such evil intentions?!

This very essence of brotherhood is extremely moving!

456.

Luckily, luckily, before <Make You Feel My Love> could finish playing, the car drove into an underground garage.

Gu Yiliang hummed quietly, parking the car. I heaved a breath of relief, undoing my seat belt with a great weight off my mind.

Just as I thought that things would be fine, he undid his seat belt, turning to grab the plastic bag in the backseat. Right at that moment, he happened to meet my eyes.

He paused, his eyes crinkling as he smiled. Together with the gentle music, he earnestly sang the last line—

“... To make you feel my love.”

457.

His tune was completely offkey, and his singing was very shaky. It simply sounded as though he was reciting the line instead. However, it was extremely touching, and like a spell, it wiped away my soul, leaving me defenseless and defeated.

I looked into his bright eyes, and there was only a single thought in my head.

458.

This deteriorating brotherhood was extremely cruel and ruthless.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

459.

I dazedly followed Gu Yiliang up the elevator, dazedly entered his place, dazedly sat down on his couch, dazedly hugged his cat, and dazedly recalled the suspicions I had just now.

460.

No, wait, was I now... gay?

With my adversary, we sat in a car, went for a ride, then listened to songs. Just like this, I became bent?!

I grew up in my own little space happily and carefreely. Yet in the blink of an eye, the doors of my closet were forced open by a pair of invisible hands, exposing me to the light of day?

461.

I felt that I was currently extremely exposed, extremely helpless and weak, and extremely lonely with no one to rely on.

Forget it, I should not be saying that. After all, I had someone, Gu Yiliang.¹

462.

.....

Why are my words so acerbic?!

I've only known him for a short period of time, but why am I able to write an entire book on <How to be A Bottom From Zero>²?!

No, wait, why am I saying that I want to be a bottom?!

If this is the case, I should at least be the top!

But why did I accept that I had turned gay just like this?!

Gu Yiliang's name is really too much! Nevermind the fact that his surname is Gu, why is there an "Yi" in his name?!³

No, wait, what does this have to do with him?!

Save me, I'm so very confused!!

463.

Calm down.

Wei Yanzi, you must calm down. At this important juncture, you definitely cannot confuse yourself.

464.

A hallucination, it must be a hallucination.

I guess people can always become attracted randomly. Gu Yiliang is so extremely good-looking, and my eyes and soul have only been mesmerized by good-looking things!

A momentary infatuation with a superficial beauty is bound to be shallow. I need to seek higher pursuits and make sure that my determination never waver. It will never be moved by Gu Yiliang's flirtations, and I must cling on to my true inclination!

Isn't it just Flirtatious Gu? Hah, I've already been flirted with to the point of numbness, I'm now resistant to it!

I, Wei Yanzi, will never become gay! I'm making my battle statement here. If you have the guts, come!

465.

Step by step, I gritted my teeth and thought through things, and the door of the closet finally, slowly closed.

Exhaling slowly, I looked around. Gu Yiliang was currently hiding in his kitchen, packing away that plastic bag of his. As such, I focused on petting the cat, and had a heart-to-heart talk with the kitty.

466.

I stroked the cat's chin. "Hi, in this place, I'm Yan-ge. May I ask for your name please?"

Then, I pitched my voice up and answered, “Hi, my last name is Gu, and you can just call me Kitty Gu.”

I stroked the cat’s nose. “Oh, hello, hello. Umm, I’d like to ask you something. Does your father just flirt with everyone he sees?”

Again, I pitched my voice up and answered, “Not really. Although my father has no morals, he also only flirts with good-looking people. Brother, are you one of his victims?”

I stroked the cat’s belly, sighing. “Exactly so. I’m about to worry myself to death here. Say, why is he like this?”

Then I pitched my voice up again. “Young hero, don’t worry. There’s a saying that it is heaven’s law to reincarnate, and they’ll have to pay it back one day.”

I stroked the cat’s back. “Thank you for your kind words—”

467.

Seeing Gu Yiliang walking over with two cups of warm water, I quickly fell silent. Pretending that nothing was going on, I looked at the cat, stroking it.

Gu Yiliang saw the cat in my arms. Placing the cups in front of me, he sounded a little like a proud parent, “It’s adorable, right?”

I nodded, picking up the cup and drinking from it. “It’s so obedient, and it doesn’t scratch at all.”

“Yes, and it can even understand a few commands.” Gu Yiliang waved his hand at me. “William, come to Papa.”

Me: “...?”

With big eyes, I watched the cat in my arms stand up and slowly sway its way over to Gu Yiliang. It then fell backwards, revealing its belly.

Me: “... What did you call it?”

Him: “William—”

Him: “...”

Him: "Eh? Is that your name as well?"

Me: "..."

Me: "You still have the cheek to ask?!"

468.

Hold on, so the amount of time I spent amusing myself just now, was the amount of time I became his son?

Hold on, he must have reared this cat for at least a year already. Did he always call it by my name?

Hold on, since Gu Yiliang and I were currently an official fan-service couple, would this cat have to call me his brother or should he call me Daddy?

Hold on, this purely natural, sweet, delightful fluff without any additives added, had actually not been exposed by the Niangzi Army?!

Advance troops, you guys haven't been very successful!

— Hiss.

Should I first gorge myself on this fluff to nourish myself, or kick Gu Yiliang first?

469.

As I was feeling conflicted about what I should do first, carrying the cat, Gu Yiliang suddenly stood up and took a couple of steps forward, placing the cat in my arms.

What is he trying to do? Is this the handover ceremony between William and William? Is this to allow two creatures with the same name to get to know each other? Or is this the official CP father and son bonding time?

Suppressing his smile with great effort, Gu Yiliang took out his phone and started snapping photos of the cat and me vigorously. “Don’t move, don’t move. Just remain in this position, at this angle. William, open your eyes a little bigger, oh nice—”

Kitty: OwO

Me: ????

470.

Report! Gu Yiliang has started selecting photos!

Report! Gu Yiliang has started typing!

Report! Wei Yanzi’s phone vibrated!

Report! Wei Yanzi’s phone vibrated three times!

471.

I was very certain that the three vibrations were from the Super Fanclub app, notifying me about Gu Yiliang being online, his new Weibo post, and that I had been tagged.

I was very certain that that would be a purely natural, sweet, delightful fluff without any additives added.

The situation was extremely critical, and we were pressed for time. I could no longer stand it. With a solemn face, I put the cat down, took out my phone, unlocked my screen, opened Weibo, and at the earliest possible timing—

Hurriedly gorged on this huge fluff without a change in my expression!

472.

@GuYiliangLiam: Two Williams. @WeiYanziWilliam

【The attached image was me, the cat, and his couch. The time on the clock showed that it was currently 9.46pm.】

473.

This was information overload. Secretly enjoying fluff right in front of the person involved was too exciting. Witnessing the entire process of the expert producing fluff, I was about to collapse.

Who held the streamer and did the ribbon dance? Me! It was me!

In my heart, with great emotions, I finished dancing a rhythmic gymnastic piece which had a difficulty rating of six stars. Feigning calmness, I frowned slightly and asked with fake reservedness, "Is it fine if you post it like this?"

Gu Yiliang frowned slightly as well. He pondered, "Is it not? ... Then hold on, I have an account, I can edit it."

A moment later, I refreshed my Weibo page.

@GuYiliangLiam: My William with @WeiYanziWilliam.

474.

Me: cries

Me: Is the ambulance here?

Me: Is it?

Me: Save me.

475.

I pinched my thigh hard. On my last legs, I clung on to my last shred of sobriety. With my usual tone, which contained slight dissatisfaction, I asked, “Why did you give it this name?”

Gu Yiliang laughed. “I casually gave it this name when I bought it. I just felt that it was a nice name. It was such a coincidence — right when I brought it home, you had injured your leg, so I used it for a video. I believe that even if you saw that video, you wouldn’t know the meaning behind it, since you didn’t know its name. However, it’s been over a year already. If you didn’t mention it, I wouldn’t even have recalled—”

He seemed to have said a lot of words, but I didn’t hear most of it. All I could think of repeatedly was, “Video video video video video video video!!!”

476.

I originally thought that I had enjoyed a piece of fake fluff, only to discover later that this piece of fluff was real. Then, I thought that this fluff had expired, but now, I discovered—

Was this some fucking hundred-year-old wine or something? The older it was, the sweeter it became, and it even gave infinite joy!

Of course, the hundred years also referred to how Niangzi would be harmoniously together for a hundred years.

Someone in my head was yelling through a loudspeaker with all his might, “Fluff—! You must enjoy it at all times—! You can’t not enjoy it—!”

477.

Really.

I was about to collapse.

Like a fool, I looked at Gu Yiliang, wanting to carve his wonderful image into my heart — I would forever remember this expert who gave me endless joy (and diabetes). Even when I reached the age of eighty, I would still be able to smile as I look back at my memories.

Tears filled my eyes. They reddened slightly, and my breathing sped up — I was emotional.

My eyes seemed a little dazed — It was because of too much sugar.

The corners of my mouth curved up uncontrollably — I was excited.

I — Gu Yiliang suddenly stood up swiftly. He ran into his study, and then ran into his bathroom.

Me: ?

【Gu Yiliang's Standby Diary — Section 1】

What should I do!

I can't believe that I've actually written the first exclamation mark in my diary ever.

No, now is not the time to pay attention to the exclamation mark.

!!!!!!!!!!!!

I really am not familiar with this duty at all. Do I really have to...?

Using the excuse of having to go to the bathroom, I also cannot hide here too long. However, I'm really very nervous.

I don't know what's going on with the adversary. We were having a good chat, but he suddenly used a very lewd(?) gaze to look at me, I—

His motions had been too abrupt. Worried, I knocked on the bathroom door. “Gu Yiliang? What’s wrong?”

A reply came from within, “... I touched William just now, so I wanted to wash my hands.”

Me: ?

So he has mysophobia? Why didn’t I notice this before?

【Gu Yiliang’s Standby Diary — Section 2】

What should I do?

Should I not have suddenly stood up and left? Because of this, would the adversary think that I can’t hold back anymore?

... Why didn’t I do more homework last night, and prepare more materials in case of emergencies?

I also didn’t expect that things would progress this fast. I have yet to even provide any resources—

479.

Was there a need to be in the bathroom for so long? It better not be some acute appendicitis or something, he would need to go to the hospital for that. Worried, I again knocked on the door.

“Are you feeling uncomfortable? Don’t try to avoid seeing the doctor if you are, you shouldn’t drag it—”

The reply traveled through the door. “... It’s not that. I have to prepare canned food for William later, so I have to wash my hands properly, otherwise I will vomit.”

Me: ?

... What a precious cat...

【Gu Yiliang's Standby Diary — Section 3】

As expected, the adversary feels that I can't hold back anymore, and he's even urging me.

Ah, what should I do? Even writing does not help me clear my mind.

Forget it, if he's really in such a hurry... Then I'll just go along with him first, and offer him the resources properly later.

480.

There was no sound at all in the bathroom. I was really afraid that Gu Yiliang had acute appendicitis, and had already fainted. Anxiously, I paced in front of the door, then like a lizard, I pressed myself against the door, trying to hear if there were any sounds inside.

In the end, the door opened suddenly.

I nearly fell onto the ground, but Gu Yiliang caught me in time.

481.

We're too close we're too close we're too close we're too close —

From a close distance, I looked at his smooth and graceful neck, and I was entirely in a panic.

He even lowered his head slightly—

Eyelashes! Eyelashes, stop fluttering! Don't fan the flames anymore!

Gu Yiliang, I was joking when I made my battle statement! I lost! I lost, alright?!

Hurry up and let me go! Stop your wild winds, as a little sapling, I'm not about to bend, I'm about to break! Break! I'll break, understand?!

However, he did not do as I wanted. His arm was still around my waist, his voice low and soft, "Let's..."

He hesitated and stopped speaking.

482.

Close to a breakdown, I looked at him.

Let's what?!

There were too many possibilities!

Let's get a room? Let's go to bed? Let's start—?

The door of the closet was once again slowly opening! The light was too blinding! All I could see was white! Save me!

483.

Him: "Let's play a game. We'll play as a team."

484.

Me: ?

485.

The closet door slammed shut.

It was like an inversion of the famous cut scene from Detective Conan.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

486.

I never expected that there would be a day when the expression “open-and-shut” could be used on me.

— To describe the closet door.

487.

No one knew what was going through my head just as the opened door was about to shut.

That was a magical scene.

A little whistling train carrying eighteen different tricks and seventy-two different transformations drove past spectacularly, knocking down a person called rationality, and even rolled over him again and again.

The little train was escorted by a motorcade on both sides. One was arranged in the number “1”, and the other was arranged as “0”1.

The scene was really too magnificent.

As for the current me, I felt as though I had entered a time of philosophy. My heart was calm like the surface of a lake, tranquil without any ripples.

488.

As if!

489.

Life was really too short—

If you close your eyes and never open them, your life would be over just like that.

Once the door of your closet opened, whether it would close or not, the person would never be able to return to where he came from.

490.

I looked at Gu Yiliang flitting about in his house. He turned his computer on, downloaded the game, then brought another chair into the study, washed some fruits and prepared some drinks. He also called his friend to borrow an account—

— Rain was pouring down in my heart, the downpour even worse than the day Noble Lady Qi was beaten to death², but the rain did not manage to fall on Gu Yiliang at all.

He finished up everything he could busy himself with — the only thing left undone was decorating his study like an internet cafe. Sitting down with his back straight in front of his computer, he opened his browser and searched for a guide for League of Legends, his attitude even more solemn and serious than a teacher preparing a lesson plan.

During the entire process, he did not glance at me once.

491.

No, on what grounds could he do that?!

Like a storm, he spirited me away, then he was setting off great waves, and now he was abandoning me?!

The two of us! It was too unfair! Love and hate! It was all under his control!

I weep with grief! My every word is dripping with blood!

492.

Just now, the moment he looked at me, it was as though I heard the sound of the door locking. It was clear, pleasant-sounding, and pulled at my heartstrings.

Oh, my lock, so shiny and bright. (gesturing) It's so small, so exquisitely good-looking. It had not even warmed up from the heat of my palm, and just like this, it had been snatched away by him and thrown into the sea!

Why is he so mean?!

No, I must ask for an explanation.

If not, before we can even start playing the game, my state of mind will already be half-broken.

493.

Mixed emotions stirred my heart. I feigned casualness as I sat down next to him, then I progressively pulled him into a conversation. "...Why aren't we playing DOTA?"

The moment I opened my mouth, his tense shoulders relaxed inexplicably. Looking at me with bright eyes, he even hurriedly answered, "Playing LOL is the same, they're all MOBA games anyway. I want to play what you like to play. Don't worry, I've played LOL a bit in the past before, and I'm not too bad at it—"

Why did Gu Yiliang seem afraid that I wouldn't talk to him?

I gave him a strange look. "Oh... Alright then. Let's play DOTA together next time, I'll go learn about it."

His eyes brightened even more, nodding his head like a puppy. “Mn mn!”

494.

I kept feeling that something was strange about this.

Why did he say he wanted to play what I like? What did he mean by that? Would a straight guy say something like this? Even I would not be able to say it! Was he straight or not?!

Could a misunderstanding have occurred just now?

Thinking like this, my feelings became even more complicated. I carefully considered my words, cautiously probing, “Umm, if you have an opportunity, hmm, and you can, umm ascend to new peaks with me hand-in-hand, and we can work towards a better future...”

Watching how Gu Yiliang’s expression gradually turned solemn, my heart shook, and I dragged out my words. “— What would you choose?”

The moment I finished asking, he immediately replied seriously. “Are we playing a ranked game? Then I’ll choose Kha’Zix, my Kha’Zix is at level 6.”

495.

I had already adjusted my expression, ready to embrace him warmly. But now I was speechless, “.....”

496.

I’m requesting to withdraw!

This withdrawal will be for the rest of my life!

497.

My state of mind had collapsed, just like that of an avalanche, collapsing like an animation that did not have enough funding.

I looked at Gu Yiliang with unfocused eyes.

Gu Yiliang looked back at me, his eyes saying things like, “I’m so happy, you actually trust me enough to play a ranked game with you,” and “Quickly praise me, isn’t my answer perfect?”

He even dared to smile softly.

498.

I suppressed my mental collapse and the twitching of my mouth, returning a soft smile to Gu Yiliang.

You just wait. I’m about to go to the dark side, I’m going to line my eyes with black and paint my lips red, I’m going to sit alone in a room and laugh wickedly while looking at a copper mirror, I’m going to cover half my face with a wide sleeve and then change my expression. There’s going to be no more light reflecting in my eyes anymore, and when I appear, a bizarre and impassioned BGM is going to accompany me.

499.

The game finished updating, and we logged into our accounts. With the chime of the game client starting, we entered the game.

Smiling comfortably, we got ready to select our champions. We shared some interesting stories that had to do with playing games, and also talked about how we should act in tomorrow’s evening filming, as well as our upcoming schedules.

Gu Yiliang passed me some snacks that were next to him, and I passed him the drinks that were next to me. We exchanged a smile.

We were two people putting on a show of love and harmony between a couple.

500.

While the game was loading, Gu Yiliang blinked his eyes at me, acting cute. "I haven't played LOL in a very long time. If I don't play well later, you won't scold me, right?"

With a benign expression, I pinched his cheek lightly. "Don't worry, I'm a buddha-like player."

He smiled gently, patting my head.

501.

12 minutes into the game.

Me: "Gu Yiliang I asked you to go to the middle the middle the middle do you not understand why are you poking around over there are you waiting for someone to send you to your death?!"

Me: "Gu Yiliang do you know how to use your skills? Can you move your delicate fingers? Is it very difficult to press the R key?! RRRRR!"

Me: "Gu Yiliang are you stupid why did you run there alone? Are you trying to fight ten people by yourself, hurry up and come back!"

Me: "Gu Yiliang hurry up and join the group. What are you doing in the forest? Are you taking a stroll looking at the scenery and selecting souvenirs or what?!"

Me: "Gu Yiliang if you still can't shield me this round you can just go to the dragon alone and kill yourself to express your apology!"

Me: "Gu Yiliang I asked you to use your skill. Are you waiting for the new year to use it or are your fingers stuck in a Chinese knot?!"

Me: “Gu Yiliang—”

502.

Gu Yiliang: “... A buddha-like player?”

In the midst of the enemies, I sliced my way through like Zhao Yun³, gaining three kills and even rescuing a good-for-nothing teammate. Without being distracted, I answered, “Mn, the Buddha of Utterly Victorious in Battle⁴!”

503.

My gaze was fierce, glaring at the opposition’s champions ferociously.

Ezreal. The E in his name sounds too much like Yi. Kill! Kill him resentfully! Kill him until he doesn’t dare to leave the fountain!

Master Yi. His name has a “Yi”. Kill! Chase after him and kill him! Kill him until he dare not enter the jungle!

Nunu and Willump. He looks super hard working like a certain somebody. Kill! Kill him until he’s completely shattered and broken!⁵

Malzahar. He’s dressed in such a flamboyant, grayish purple. Kill! Kill him until he loses everything!

Jayce. He looks too much like a straight guy. Kill! Kill him until he scampers away like a frightened rat!

My fingers flew across the keyboard, tapping furiously at the mouse, and my eyes turned bloodshot with murderous rage.

See if you still flirt indiscriminately, see if you are Schrodinger’s heterosexual, see if you still “make me feel your love”, see if you still hold onto me and don’t let go, see if you still hem and

haw, see if you still want to play a game, see if you still choose Kha'Zix, and a fucking level 6 Kha'Zix at that, see if you—

504.

— We won.

505.

Look at the scene of the opponents' nexus exploding into crystal shards, I crushed the empty coke can in my hand. Relaxed and content, I quietened down and turned towards Gu Yiliang. "Shall we play another round?"

Gu Yiliang was momentarily silent. Carefully, he took the can from my hand. "... I'll get you a new one."

505.5 【Gu Yiliang's Standby Diary — Section 4】

Sure enough, he was angry. If it was me, I would also feel embarrassed, then angry when faced with a situation like this.

I'm the one at fault. I didn't prepare myself enough.

How should I do this properly? Paying the fare after taking the bus is wrong.

But he never gives me the opportunity to pay the fare...

Then again, actually, I don't really want to — No, it's not that I don't want to, but I don't want to turn our relationship into a purely beneficial exchange.

Ai, before I can find the solution to this problem, I can only treat him better as compensation.

506.

Gu Yiliang said he was going to get a can of coke. He probably went all the way to the Pacific Ocean to get it, since so much time had already passed.

Leaning back in the swivel chair, I tilted my head back to stare at the ceiling. Studying it from one end to the other, I was immersed in my thoughts.

— Did I go overboard just now?

507.

I really could not understand what was going on with him. Sometimes he was so very cunning and crafty, yet at other times, he could not even compare to a paramecium.

Gu Yiliang was truly a good person — his only issue being that he was too good at flirting. He was even unaware of it, running away after flirting, leaving only a trail of dust behind him.

Thinking about how I ended up bouncing in and out of the closet after a paramecium flirted with me, I was filled with anger.

I sighed deeply.

Halfway through the sigh, I suddenly froze.

Eh?

Was flirting a flaw?

When he flirted with me, I seemed to be... very happy?

Like a current shooting through, a light bulb lit up in my head. I touched my butt, ah no, I smacked my head—

It wasn't as though I had lost anything in this scenario?

508.

I slammed my fist into my palm.

If he wanted to flirt, just let him flirt. Why did I make it sound as though no one else knew how to flirt? If he flirted with me again, could I not just flirt back with him even more?

Come on, this mutual flirtation in a business capacity. For our fanservice of love, let's be happy and enjoy it together!

509.

My mind kept playing the Happy Poker song in the background. Just as I was blissfully thinking about how I could flirt and take away all of Gu Yiliang's happy beans, a cold can of coke pressed against my cheek. Reflexively, I looked at the computer screen. Gu Yiliang was standing behind me, his eyes curving along with his smile.

He's here! I'm going to up my bet! I jolted, turned around and shouted, "Yeah!"

510.

Him: "...?"

Me: "..."

Me: "... Y-yeah, I was wondering where I'll be sleeping tonight yeah?"

Him: "Yeah, with me, yeah?"

511.

What an expert! What a gambler! He's basically Chow Yun-fat! I've lost this round!

Chapter Thirty

512.

The current situation was very critical.

I scrolled through my phone, excited, anxious, and emotional.

All my hopes to successfully gain back territory relied on this battle!

513.

This was the situation.

Although this apartment was not big, there clearly were three rooms. However, Gu Yiliang insisted on inviting me to share a room with him, which was the master bedroom with an ensuite. Say, what were his intentions?

Although there was nothing special about two men sharing a bed.

Although the pajamas he prepared for me were very conservative and covered me fully.

Although I had also peeped into the other two rooms, and they were completely empty, with no beds at all.

However, I still firmly believed that his intentions were to flirt and take away whatever happy beans I was left with.

514.

Right at this moment, he was in the bathroom, showering. Due to his courteousness, I was already done with my shower. Using the toothbrush he had bought from the convenience store, I finished washing up and lay on the bed dressed tidily in my pajamas.

515.

The pattering sound of water hitting the tiles could be heard. On average, I would look at my phone for fifteen seconds, then anxiously turn to glance at the bathroom door.

I knew about this plot, I had read it before in a fanfiction.

Later on, he would open the bathroom door. With only a towel wrapped around his bottom half, he would dry his hair roughly with another soft towel. Deliberately, yet casually, he would put his well-defined abdominal muscles on display, and the beads of water from his wet hair would roll down his muscular chest, down to his abs, before sliding into the hidden area concealed by his towel. Just like this, what was left of my happy beans would all be collected from me.

516.

Since I knew the plot, could I still let him get his way?

Of course not.

So what I needed to do was, the moment he opened the bathroom door, I would take the first strike and knock him out by flirting with him to the point where he would be overwhelmed, lose control, and be unable to take care of himself.

With the plot in my hand, I had all the power. To put it bluntly, it was to see who could flirt harder than the other, and I was certain that I would definitely excel at this!

There would be a chance for success as long as I tried. This time around, his happy beans were definitely mine!

I had to win this round!

517.

I scrolled through my phone madly, swiftly browsing through articles such as “Tips on How to Flirt With A Straight Guy”, “I Have Special Tricks on Deliberately Flirting With A Straight Guy” and “How to Flirt With a 100% Straight Man”.

— Then, in disappointment, I realized that none of them could be used.

What I needed was something with a formidable visual impact! Something graphic! Something expressive! Something exciting! The sort that was like a punch in the face! Something powerful! Baidu, do you get it, do you understand?!

518.

Listening to the sound of running water in the bathroom fading away and then stopping, I anxiously browsed through boundless cyberspace. A few keywords caught my eye: sexiest, most adorable, most alluring, most seductive, straight guys can never resist — w-sitting¹.

My eyes continued downwards, sliding over countless related images. Sure enough, the effect was not too bad, and I did like how it looked.

So, Pikachu, I choose you!

519.

Over the past few days, I was about to turn stupid from Gu Yiliang's flirtations, yet I had never seen his expression of being flirted with at all. Today was the day I had to see it!

Overjoyed, I rolled around the bed. Lifting up my hands, I undid two buttons on my pajama top, then facing the bathroom door, I separated my legs and kneeled—

Eh?

I tried to seat myself down a little, then tried again.

520.

Why could I not sit down?!

521.

Again, I unlocked my phone and scanned the pages.

What did it mean that men cannot do this pose?

What did it mean that the structure of the male pelvis was different?

What did it mean that men would usually be unable to do a w-seat?

522.

When I was seven years old, I was the sort of person who would go and catch an earthworm and cut it after hearing my science teacher say that cutting an earthworm in two would create two earthworms. Would I believe in this nonsense?

Seeing the bathroom door slowly open, I adjusted my expression, and forced myself down—

523.

In the midst of drying his hair, Gu Yiliang froze. With a puzzled expression, he looked at me on the bed, sitting in a distorted posture with a strange painful expression and sweating heavily.

I could no longer feel the lower half of my body. With empty eyes, I looked at him weakly, as well as the long-sleeved pajamas he was wearing neatly.

524.

Me: Whine.

Me: Is there an ambulance?

Me: Are you there?

Me: Help.

Me: This time, I really need one.

525.

As I left the consultation room, staggering and unsteady, together with Gu Yiliang who was half-embracing and half-supporting me, Lil Chen who had been hastily summoned gave me a complicated look.

Lil Chen opened his mouth, wanting to speak. I shot him a vicious glare.

Lil Chen's lips moved slightly. I shot him two vicious glares.

Lil Chen stopped for a while, before his lips started moving slightly again. I pierced him countless times with my vicious glares.

Lil Chen stopped for a while, and once again, his lips started moving slightly. I—

Gu Yiliang blocked my view.

Lil Chen: "Not that I want to criticize you, but why did you guys come to such a big hospital why didn't you guys restrain yourself let me look at your medical record did you guys make a mistake why are you at the orthopedics department shouldn't you be at the gastroen—"

Ignoring the pain in my pelvis, I covered his mouth.

526.

Hastily chased off, Lil Chen took my medical records and vanished from my sight.

With my heart like ashes, I turned to look at Gu Yiliang. “See? There’s nothing, right? I already said that there’s no need to come to the hospital...”

Gu Yiliang seemed as though he wanted to laugh, but dared not do so, and his body was sliced up by my sharp gaze.

He gave a dry cough, putting on a proper expression and saying, “With a diagnosis, you can request for leave from the crew, and rest for a couple of days in the hotel. I’ll bring my computer over for you to play?”

That was going to create trouble for others, and it would also delay the filming process. In this case, how would Niangzi be able to continue working? And my happy beans...

—Eh?

In my heart, a tiny figure narrowed his eyes.

Helpless and pitiful, I looked at Gu Yiliang. Clutching at his shirt, I asked softly, “Will you accompany me then?”

527.

Gu Yiliang’s hand that was around me tightened slightly as he agreed.

— Eh eh?

A smile appeared on the tiny figure's face.

I lowered my lids, saying quietly, "But that will delay your filming."

Gu Yiliang's grip was still tight, and he did not let go. With a low voice, he spoke, "I'll accompany you once I'm done filming for the day."

— Eh eh eh?

The smile on the face of the tiny figure gradually became more abnormal.

Smoothing out the wrinkles on his shirt that had been caused by my grip, I continued speaking quietly. "Then would it affect your memorisation of the script?"

Gu Yiliang's arm that was around me stiffened a little, and his voice sounded a little unnatural. "... It won't."

528.

— Eh eh eh eh?

Was this what Gu Yiliang looked like when he was being flirted with?

Happy beans were now cascading into my account!

So it turned out that this fellow went for the innocent, pitiful sort!

He should have said so earlier!

529.

In my heart, I was laughing loudly, but on the surface, I put on a gentle, graceful and considerate image. “Then you can memorize your lines when you’re accompanying me. I can even prompt you.”

In an instant, Gu Yiliang seemed to have put down a burden that weighed a thousand tons. His arm had relaxed too, and he exhaled in relief as he smiled. “Oh, sure. As long as I don’t have to accompany you in playing games.”

Me: “...”

530.

Fuck you and your family!!

531.

Shaking him off, I turned away and walked off, only for my feet to stop due to the throbbing pain at my pelvis.

Gu Yiliang took a couple of steps forward, supporting me again. He could not hold back his laughter. “— You still need to practice your acting. Your emotions are not there yet.”

Me: “...”

532.

A second injury! Referee! He’s fouling me a second time!

No, wait, three times! He mocked my acting skills as well!

Return my paramonium Gu Yiliang to me! I don’t want this cunning, crafty version!

533.

I ground my teeth in hate, rolling my eyes all the way to Siberia.

Amused, he pinched my cheek. “I have yet to ask you why you were torturing yourself for fun.”

Smacking his hand away, I huffed, “You said it yourself. There was nothing to do, and so I was bored enough to challenge the limits of the human body. Can’t I do that?”

He started laughing again, the sort where he could not stop.

Seeing that he was about to curl on the ground laughing, I warned him with a dangerous expression. “That’s enough.”

With great difficulty, he stopped laughing as he massaged his cheeks. “You can’t even lift me up, so why are you thinking about challenging the limits of a human body?”

For how long was he going to remember that embarrassing incident?!

A man should neither be killed nor humiliated! Gnashing my teeth, I made a solemn oath. “Just you wait, after a couple more days, when I recover, if I can’t lift you up, my surname isn’t Wei!”

“Oh?” Cocking a brow, he smiled as he ruffled my hair. With a soft and gentle voice, he said, “Is Yanyan that eager to take my surname?”

534.

Fucking hell.

535.

I clearly fucking knew that he was playing the moral card.

I clearly fucking knew that he was referring to me becoming his son, not his husband.

536.

But why were my happy beans still rapidly decreasing in numbers there weren't that many left.
Please I beg you to be merciful, don't flirt anymore, leave me a way out!

Wah wah wah why exactly did I want to take this pelvis-hurting step?!!

We were all from the same company but why was the gap between us so big?!!

537.

Feeling indignant and grievous, I said, "You!"

Amusement was on his face. "Me?"

I gritted my teeth. "If you continue like this!"

Curiosity was on his face. "If I continue like this?"

Me: "I'll...!"

Him: "You'll...?"

Me: "... I'll sing for someone else!!!"

538.

Him: "Whine."

539.

...

Eh?

Chapter Thirty-One

540.

It was impossible for today's version of me to find a reason to act normal.

Ever since Gu Yiliang brought a bottle of “business-commencing” tea with a heart drawn on it this morning, today was going to be an extraordinary day.

541.

The number one ranking on the “The World’s Top CP Fans That Cannot Expose Their Own Identity”; The record holder for losing their breaths after being flirted with by Gu Yiliang; The person who’s never able to flirt with someone but always falls for the other’s flirting; The first person to ship himself into real feelings.

With all these bright and shiny names above my head, I, who was only considered a top when it came to “Top 1 rankings” in people’s hearts, I had won a whimper from the flirting king Gu Yiliang.

This pleasant-sounding whimper, sounding like a sound of nature, had too profound a meaning for me.

This was acknowledgement and affirmation towards me, and it showed respect and encouragement towards me.

542.

The agreed-upon fanservice: mutual flirtation, love, and joy. I’ve finally achieved them.

Feeling the pain in my pelvis fade, my eyes shone brightly. With tears in my eyes, I grabbed Gu Yiliang's hand, "Are you happy?"

Gu Yiliang gave me an uncertain look. "Should I... be happy?"

Passion burning in my eyes, I swayed his arm. "I'm very happy."

543.

This was my one small step for myself, and one giant leap in changing the positions of this pairing.

From this moment on, I was no longer that Wei Yanzi who could only helplessly be flirted with.

The bugle, alerting the switch of positions, was ringing. Extremely excited, I held onto Gu Yiliang's hand, looking into his eyes. It felt as though I could see the bright, open future where I took the top position through the black pupils—

All of a sudden, a very quiet female voice drifted from not far away, sounding just like a whimper.

544.

Gu Yiliang and I turned towards the source of the sound at the same time. At the moment of our simultaneous action, another whimper could be heard.

Fear appeared in my eyes. Hey! Where did this whimpering beast come from?

From today onwards, I will never allow anyone other than Gu Yiliang to whimper non-stop in front of me!

545.

A girl who seemed quite young was standing in a dark corner a distance away. Carrying a thermal lunch box in one hand, she covered her mouth with the other as she watched us with rounded eyes.

From her gaze, I could clearly read a sentence – “Fuck, my ship is real.”

As well as the heaving and thrumming enthusiasm of a fan.

I confirmed the look in her eyes. She was someone on the Niangzi ship.

546.

Very quickly, there was a reason to return everything back to normal.

I momentarily put on a professional idol-face, elegant yet friendly, friendly yet lively, lively yet solemn as I gave her a nod.

547.

You thought that the current version of me would be as lost as I was in the past? Hah, how naive, and you're very very wrong.

Cool and collected is one of the necessary characteristics to be a top.

The way I held hands with Gu Yiliang was just like how the country's leaders shook hands. It was not inappropriate in the slightest, perfectly restrained. The gaps would be filled in by the girl herself, and it was fine even if a photo had been taken without our knowledge, as it could not pose a threat. After all, this was the hospital, and if everything was dealt with properly, we could even make a reasonable claim of mutual aid and friendship in the professional fanservice relationship.

With such clear, defined logic in front of a CP fan, I was able to consider how to deal with this situation properly without a change in my expression so as to gain the best benefit out of this. I felt that I was another step closer to the top position.

548.

Just as I was about to wave the girl over, acting out a reasonable scene of two leads of the CP showering a CP fan with love, Gu Yiliang suddenly raised his hand, gesturing at me to calm down and not act hastily. He also pulled his mask down, mouthing at me to not be scared, then gave me a look saying that he would handle everything, before striding over to the girl.

...

Why did it feel as though the blaring bugle of the position switching alert had been suddenly cut off?

My vision swam. Hiss, this reliable feeling, hiss, this feeling of ease that filled the entire body, hiss, this—

Before I had time to hiss out the third parallel, the entire situation crumbled in front of me.

549.

I watched as Gu Yiliang stopped in front of the girl, placing a finger in front of his lips as he winked and smiled. “You must help us keep this a secret.”

The girl immediately clamped her hands over her mouth, squealing, and her head nodded like a jackhammer.

Me:

My fluff! Ah, no, I've been too used to saying that. My knife, where's my knife?!

The cool and collected characteristic of a top clearly would never belong to me. Dragging my sickly body, I shifted over to them with difficulty, trying to pull Gu Yiliang back as quickly as possible to shove him down the toilet bowl and flush him away.

550.

Although it was just a distance of a few steps, I was not moving that slowly either. No matter how fast my feet were, they could not compare to Gu Yiliang's mouth.

Gu Yiliang did not seem to notice how great an impact his words had left on the other two people on the scene. Smiling, he asked, "Hmm, did you take a photo?"

The girl's performance of a jackhammer paused, and she said yes, embarrassed.

Gu Yiliang put his palms together, a gesture of plea. Tilting his head, he acted cute, asking nicely, "Can you delete it?"

Without waiting for the girl to react, he turned to look at me, who was limping over as I held onto my pelvis, then turned his head back. With a faint trace of doting and tyranny in his expression, he smiled and continued, "—don't wish that others see him like this."

Me:

Gu Yiliang, I'm begging you, please!!

When you speak, please add the subject to your words!!

Only I know what you mean, and I'm the one who feels that being like this is too awkward. It's "ME" who doesn't wish for others to see me like this!!

It's me! Your cute little darling Wei Yanzi!!

551.

The girl's soul was almost about to separate from her body, entering reincarnation. I was also about to pass away like a Buddhist monk in a sitting posture, turning into a sacrifice.

Why must the heavens torture me like this, why must they let me hear all this? My ears have sinned greatly!

No one will be able to feel how much, at that very moment, I wanted to lie under the car with Ah Du1 so I'd never have to see Gu Yiliang and feel so vexed.

552.

Gu Yiliang was a vacuum sealer that had come to life. Among the three people, there were already two who were trying to gasp for any trace of air already, but his smile was still like a spring breeze. "May I?"

Gritting her teeth, the girl handed her phone over to him with a trembling hand. I had finally made my way over to them as well. It was not too late yet, as long as I—

Gu Yiliang said, "These photos were taken quite nicely, you can keep them. Just don't publish them widely—"

There was still time! As long as I—

Gu Yiliang commented, "Why don't you send me the photos."

553.

Even the gods could not salvage this.

Even the gods could not salvage this!!

554.

I knew nothing about whatever that happened later, as I forcefully pried my attention away, flying up into the sky as though my soul was a kite.

You want to ask why?

For me who was sober and awake, how was I going to face all this?

Gu Yiliang wrapped his arm around me, who could not move well. Like an old, married couple walking with each other, we slowly left the girl's sight.

His steps were steady, while my every step faltered.

A smile could be seen on his face, while I had tears in my eyes.

555.

Even when I had once again changed into my pajamas, lying on Gu Yiliang's bed obediently, my eyes still looked lost.

556.

Why.

Why was it always like this. Why exactly, why.

When I was hiding in the corner of a closet, sneakily stuffing myself full of fluff, Gu Yiliang was the flirting king of kings, personally dragging me out of the closet.

When he flirted with me to the point where I lost my wits entirely, my brain bursting, he again returned to his straight guy nature, grabbing me by my hair and shoving me back into the closet.

When I was wise and calm, I only wanted to fulfill my duty and work on this little fanservice business of mine. He awakened his generous character, pressing everyone's head down without a care in the world—

Taste it! Taste it, all of you! Taste it carefully! Enjoy the taste of this Niangzi fluff on the tip of your tongue!

...

Why, exactly, why?

Could there really be such a wonderful person in this world, who was so naturally flirtatious, naturally straight, and still performed such natural fanservice? Or did his sexuality depend on the phases of the moon?

The moon had the new, waning, waxing, and full phases, while Gu Yiliang had the yes, no, bent, and straight phases?

557.

Muddleheaded, I contemplated this problem. Next to me, the bed sank slightly. Gu Yiliang had climbed into bed.

We each occupied half of the bed, and between us was the Milky Way.

I did not move recklessly, I dared not move recklessly.

Experience told me to definitely not anticipate or guess anything Gu Yiliang might do.

Because no matter which direction I looked eagerly from the center of the three-way junction, he would amazingly avoid all my anticipation and guesses without leaving any traces, and do something that was completely out of my expectations.

558.

Eh? Hold on for a moment.

My eyes narrowed – Why did this sound like raising a flag?

Then, should I... give it a try?

559.

Closing my eyes, I chanted silently, “Gu Yiliang will definitely not take the initiative to speak to me Gu Yiliang will definitely not take the initiative to speak to me Gu Yiliang will definitely not take the initiative to speak to me—”

Gu Yiliang flipped over. “Are you asleep yet?”

Me: “...”

560.

Holy cow! What did I discover?! Was this the law of countering Gu Yiliang?!

I, Wei Yanzi, the Gu scientist!!

561.

I coughed lightly. “No, what’s up?”

Gu Yiliang pushed a little more of the blanket toward me. “... I shouldn’t have said that about you at the hospital. Actually, your acting skills have improved.”

So he would actually self-reflect on his mistakes so carefully? Look at his meticulousness — was he really the same person as that level 6 Kha’Zix?

No matter what, one had to be humble after being complimented. Waving him off, I said, “No no, my skills are still at an idiotic level...”

Gu Yiliang said earnestly, “How could that be? You’re at least at the level of Patrick Star now.”

Me: “...”

Is that you?! Level 6 Kha’Zix? 6th Bro? Is that you, 6th Bro?!

Me: “... Then I’ll continue working hard, and aim to reach the level of the panda, Pang Dahai, as soon as possible.”

Him: “Mn mn, it’s good that you have such confidence.”

562.

Today's conversation really could not go on any further. Even if Wu Xie was here, it was hopeless.

563.

I pulled up the blanket, blocking the 180° roll of my eyes, then shut my eyes and tried to go to sleep.

Gu Yiliang remained silent for quite some time. When he spoke again, his voice sounded a little hesitant and cautious. "... When I said to play video games, did you get angry?"

I opened my eyes abruptly.

What was his question? Did I get angry? –

564.

Of course I did not.

I only just silently sang about the surging waves thirteen times until I was blue in the face, played a ranked match as though I was playing against the computer, and eliminated the heads of twenty-odd people off the opposing team as I took every head as yours. Like a madman, I wanted to compete in flirting with you until I sat down and landed myself in the hospital. A small part of my heart felt just like Concubine Qi, beaten to death in the rain.

That was it.

In the dark, my face looked savage, but my tone was calm. "I wasn't angry."

From his side, it sounded as though he had sighed in relief. No longer worried, he said, "Then that's good."

Me: "..."

He laughed gently, "I thought you were so fierce playing the game because you were angry with me."

Me: "..."

565.

In my heart, I chanted like mad, "Gu Yiliang will definitely not choke to death because of himself Gu Yiliang will definitely not choke to death because of himself Gu Yiliang will definitely not choke to death because of himself—"

...

Gu Yiliang suddenly gave a few quiet coughs.

Me: "..."

Me: "...!"

Let me tell you seriously, you've pissed me, the Gu scientist, off!

In my heart, I chanted like mad, "Gu Yiliang will definitely not roll off the bed Gu Yiliang will definitely not roll off the bed Gu Yiliang will definitely not roll off the bed-"

Gu Yiliang's body shifted slightly outwards, then quickly shifted a little back to the center.

Inside me, I gasped repeatedly. What an amazing form of black magic. Then, if I were to chant that Gu Yiliang was definitely a straight-

My thoughts came to a halt, as someone had suddenly leaned over, kissing my forehead and quietly said, "Good night, sweet dreams."

566.

I.

Was flabbergasted.

567.

Oh my god!!

This law of countering Gu Yiliang was too tyrannical!!!

Did I turn Gu Yiliang gay with black magic?!

Am I really a Gu scientist?!

Chapter Thirty-Two

567.

Gu Yiliang looked very obedient when he slept. Oh my god, how could this person be so good looking? He was so good looking that if a prince came riding by on a horse, even the horse would not be able to drag its hooves away.

His eyelashes were thick, his nose straight, and his lips plump. In other words, his features were bright and clear. With a pair of strong brows that were either trimmed or innate, they gave him a righteous air as he slept, the aura enveloping his whole body.

568.

Why was my observation so thorough?

Because I happened to be holding up a light and was examining him with it.

With tightly creased brows, I borrowed the light from the screen of my handphone to study Gu Yiliang. Every few seconds, I would sigh faintly like an old mother sewing clothes for her child at night by the light of a candle.

569.

It was already three in the morning. Yet my heart was unable to calm down, and waves kept crashing over and over again in my head.

As for Gu Yiliang, after he gave me a kiss out of the blue, without even waiting for the scrolling comments in my heart to finish, he had fallen asleep at ease within a second. He had completely not given me any chance to react at all.

This behavior... How should I say it? It really, truly was Gu Yiliang.

Truly deserving of a beating.

570.

Fucking hell, my hand — slowly raised up, then gently fell down.

In the end, it was my fault.

I should not have abused such weapons of magic.

571.

Then, how else could I explain it? Now, my heart was with him, and my body was in his bed. Yet, he could still sleep so easily and peacefully under his blanket. It could not be because after feeling conflicted over it for the entire night, he then finally decided to give me a goodnight kiss, and so managed to sleep so well now that his burden over it was lifted?

Or was it that he was trying to use me as a subject to experience being what a father was like?

I dared not wake him up to clarify it with him, I was afraid that he would want to exchange pointers with me throughout the night.

572.

In my heart, I signed a contract with myself to never use black magic as the first response again. Looking at Gu Yiliang's face which was perfectly compatible with my aesthetic standards, a small wave of guilt gradually swelled up within me.

Not only did I secretly ship our CP behind his back, shipping myself bent, happily reveling in all his good as well as his flirtations, I also dragged him down with me in a moment of anger.

What if he wakes up tomorrow and feels regretful over his actions tonight, then deliberately distances himself from me, and posts an announcement to clarify our relationship, causing the Niangzi ship to sink? What am I going to do?!

573.

Whimper.

Then, wouldn't I no longer have any fluff to enjoy, anyone to flirt with, anyone to treat me well, anyone to play computer games with me anymore—

This goodnight kiss imbued with fatherly emotions could not be the last piece of fluff for me to enjoy, right?!

I felt tortured, I wailed my misery to the skies, and I carefully counted his three thousand points of merit.

Wailing and counting, wailing and counting, I came to a sudden realization.

— Towards Gu Yiliang, I seemed to not be treating him as well as he treated me?

In fact, I had never treated him well at all?

574.

It was clear that I would not be able to fall asleep tonight. Tossing and turning, it was all a torment.

I kept my phone, slowly lying back into the space that belonged to me. A hand on my forehead, another on my heart, they both felt very hot.

575.

I wanted to treat him well.

With all my heart, I wanted to keep him with me.

576.

With intense concentration, I planned throughout the night.

Facing the mirror, I encouraged myself, hoping to provide Gu Yiliang with the best possible service and the best attitude possible.

I could no longer interact with him for the aim of seeking and enjoying fluff anymore. From now on, I would no longer — Just today, I'd abstain from fluff just today!

577.

The very moment Gu Yiliang opened his eyes, I placed his breakfast right in front of him.

He was stunned for over ten seconds. With bleary eyes, he sat up. "What's..."

Me: "Here are your favorite millet porridge and salted egg custard buns. I personally went down to buy them. Hurry up, eat them while they're hot."

Him: "... I'll brush my teeth first?"

Me: "Then please wait for a moment, I'll help you squeeze the toothpaste out."

With stiff motions, he brushed his teeth. I waited by the side with my hands down, and upon seeing that he was about to rinse his mouth, I immediately held up a cup with both hands, offering it to him.

He spat the foam out, asking hesitantly, "Your pelvis... Is it better?"

See, the second thing he says after waking up is to show me concern.

I replied, "Thank you for worrying over it. I'm completely fine now, there's no problem at all."

Looking at his face of disbelief, I twisted my hips around as though I was hula-hooping, and was about to jump a few times.

He caught me at once, his brows creasing lightly. "Don't strain it again."

See, the second thing he does after waking up is to show me concern.

I gave a small whimper internally. With emotions brimming in my eyes, I stared at him. Just as I was wondering how to continue treating him well, he picked up the bottle of cleansing milk by the sink.

With great enthusiasm, I said, "Let me do it!"

578.

Gu Yiliang stood there, frozen. I did not know if he was going along with me or if he was shocked by me.

I foamed up the cleansing milk, making the bubbles dense and thick before carefully rubbing it on his face. While rubbing, I praised him. "Your skin is so good, so smooth. The pores cannot be seen at all, it's just like a little light bulb. Oh, close your eyes for a bit. Alright, ai, your skin is so soft. You can rinse your face now. Tsk, that brand or something, not looking for you to be their spokesperson is truly their loss—"

Gu Yiliang rinsed the bubbles away himself, and I immediately handed him a towel.

He seemed to be at a loss on how to react. Accepting the towel, his expression looked very complicated. "You don't have to do all these..."

You're so good to me! If I don't do this, how can I repay you?!

"It's fine, it's fine," I shook my head. My answer was very firm. "These are all things that I should do."

579.

Why did his expression seem to look more and more complicated?

It must be because I was not working hard enough!

580.

I handed him today's outfit that I had selected, eagerly watching him change into it. Then I helped him straighten the collar, tug the hem down, then walked him over to the dining table and helped him take a seat. Next, I passed him the spoon and tissues, then helped him stir the porridge to cool it down a little before putting it in front of him.

Throughout the entire process, he watched me stiffly, not daring to have more physical interaction with me.

I understood. He probably had reflected it already, and could not accept that he had done something so inexplicable last night.

A success or a failure, it was now at hand. I must keep him by me!

Holding up the bowl of porridge, I asked, "Shall I feed you?"

581.

Him: "..."

Hesitantly, he held up the other bowl of porridge. "Then... I'll feed you too?"

Eh? This was not in my script.

Me, "..."

Hesitantly, I agreed.

582.

We sat, face to face.

With hesitation on his face, he delivered spoon after spoon of porridge into my mouth.
Uncertainty written over my face, I delivered spoon after spoon of porridge into his mouth.

Mu-mutual aid? Ha-harmonious friendship?

The atmosphere seemed a little strange.

I scooped up a spoonful of vegetables. "Here, to go with the meat floss that you like."

He scooped up a spoonful of vegetables. "Here, to go with the soybeans that you like."

Me: "Slowly, slowly, be careful it's hot."

Him: "Slowly, slowly, be careful not to choke."

Me: "?"

Him: "?"

I put the bowl of porridge down, picking up a piece of tissue to wipe his mouth.

He reached out with his hand, four fingers pressed gently against my chin as his thumb rubbed against the corner of my mouth.

583.

Me: "..."

Why was this person like this?!

In heterosexuality, I could not compare against him; in flirting, I could not compare against him; in treating the other well, I also could not compare against him?!

584.

Calm down, calm down. Since this road is blocked, we'll just find another way.

I thought for a moment, then said, "Yesterday, the photo we took yesterday in the hospital still ended up being shared online. There were all sorts of comments, like people turning into anti-fans, posting malicious remarks, saying that it was deliberate fanservice, that it was a conspiracy and many others. However, don't worry. I've already contacted someone to deal with it already. Don't go look at the comments on Weibo yet, don't let it affect your mood."

He froze slightly, a little uncertain. "Why would it be a conspiracy among the anti-fans?"

Yes, you don't know what you said yesterday. You can't be blamed. Just blame me, blame me for keeping quiet when I shouldn't, for being weak when I should be brave, just blame it all on me.

I gave a small but sincere smile. "In a line like this, fans just like to gossip and fantasize. This is good too. We're getting publicity for free, and it's just in time to hype up your attendance on the variety show next week."

He took his phone, looking at his schedule. "... But I don't have a variety show to attend next week?"

Me: "Now you do."

Him: "...?"

Me: "It's the best variety show now, and you'll be attending it with the prettiest actress from Xinjin who has recently become very popular. Also, there will be two other recently popular CPs attending. You know it right? This—"

He interrupted, "Is this a newly-added arrangement by the company? Then why aren't they letting you attend it with me?"

I froze.

That was right, he previously had no interactions at all with that pretty actress. On a variety show which required great participant interactions, it would be a little awkward, and it might also cause the fans who viewed themselves as partners of their idol to object. Between the recently popular CPs, there was also one who was focused on gaybaiting, and to let me attend it with him—

Me: "Do you want me to attend it with you?"

Him: "Mm-hm."

Me: "Sure! Then I'll let the company know, and I'll definitely serve you well!"

His face suddenly darkened by a few degrees.

585.

Why?!

I had already landed a spot on the top variety show for him. Could he not look a little happier?

Was he thinking that it was an increase in workload? Was he not the career-minded type?

Looking at him in incomprehension, I calmed myself down and steadily held out my next offering. "Right. This is the address you commonly use, right? In a couple of days, a parcel will be delivered there. Remember to get someone to sign for it."

He asked, "What parcel?"

I replied, "The last time, you posted on Weibo about the pair of sneakers that you wanted to collect but didn't manage to get. My friend happens to have a pair."

He asked, "... For me?"

This time, it should be able to make him happy! Excitedly, I nodded. “Mn mn!”

586.

Gu Yiliang gripped my wrist, the expression on his face somewhat negative. “In the past, to ... you were like this too?”

Why was he speaking so incoherently? To whom? I was confused. “No? It’s only you.”

I would not be able to find a second pair of those sneakers again. Even if I wanted to gift another person with them, it was impossible.

His face was like the sky after rain. He grinned at me, and his eyes were filled with soft and gentle emotions.

Eeee, great, I got it!

So it turned out that he went for the sort who was good at speaking!

Just as I was searching through my mind for more good things to say, his phone rang.

587.

When Gu Yiliang returned after the phone call, his expression was quite interesting.

I could probably guess what it was about, but I still put on a questioning and concerned expression. "What happened?"

He did not hide it. "It's about my family. The old man is about to bring his wife overseas, and he asked me to never contact them again."

Me: "..."

588.

I only asked Old Huang to think of a solution. Was he thinking of getting rid of them entirely?!

Why did I not inherit a single bit of his proactiveness?! He also did not tell me anything about it?!

Anxiously, I asked, "On the phone, the two older people... Are they well?"

He looked at me strangely. "Mn. Out of the blue, they received a sum of money. That car accident in the past is about to be looked into again, so they ran off."

All good, all good. Old Huang was still reliable. In my heart, I released a breath in relief, and laughed, “So, does it feel good?”

His reply was hesitant. “Mn, it’s just that the way they received the money was a little odd.”

Me: “?”

Him: “The window at home was shattered, and a bag of cash was tossed inside along with an atm card that had a note attached to it. On the note was the pin as well as the sender’s name — Your father.”

Me: “...”

Him: “They thought that it might have been some brain-damaged criminal stashing their money in the wrong place. Without even waiting, they took the money and ran.”

Me: “...”

Him: “I wonder what sort of person did this, they’re so stupid.”

Me: “... Mn.”

Chapter Thirty-Three

588.

Since the photo taken in the hospital had already been shared, dragging my “ill body” to continue filming, I would be able to garner an impression of, “Although my acting is bad, I’m very hardworking and I try my best every day.”

Furthermore, at every moment possible, I had to meticulously and carefully increase Gu Yiliang’s goodwill towards me.

I had to make full use of every second, and I could not slack off at all!

As such, when it was close to noon, under Gu Yiliang’s complicated and intense gaze, I carefully combed through William’s fur, then washed my hands ten times and prepared its canned food. Next, I conscientiously examined all the windows and doors, packed his bag, and left the place with him.

589.

Near the car, I hurried forward and opened the car door for him.

He looked at me, pursed his lips, then sat in the driver’s seat.

I then scurried over to the passenger seat and sat down. Just as I was about to fasten my seatbelt, he leaned over and fastened it for me.

Did this person have to be so competitive?!

I refuse to accept that!

I pulled down the car visor, shielding him from the sun. He adjusted the air conditioning vents, preventing the cold air from blowing straight at me.

I reached out to adjust the rearview mirror for him, so that he can see the reflection more clearly. He reclined my seat a little, so that I could sit more comfortably.

590.

I admit defeat, I admit defeat!

The second before we were about to erupt in a fight inside the car, I took a step back. "Let's go. If we continue drawing this out, the crew will finish filming."

He gave a subdued chuckle, started the car, and drove off.

591.

Gu Yiliang did not like to talk while driving, and I did not dare to press that radio button that would create a very ambiguous atmosphere. Tapping on my phone, I sent a message to Old Huang, reproaching him for his flagrant style.

Next Door's Old Huang: What did I do wrong?

William: ... You broke their window with cash?

Next Door's Old Huang: You wanted me to transfer such a large amount of money, but the banks are not open so late at night.

William:

William: ... Then, why did you write Your Father as the sender?

Next Door's Old Huang: Am I the one providing the money?

William: Mn...

Next Door's Old Huang: Has the money been spent on your behalf?

William: Mn...

Next Door's Old Huang: Am I your father?

William:

Next Door's Old Huang: Then is there a problem with the sender's name?

William: ... No.

Next Door's Old Huang: Alright, remember, your father will always be your father.

Gritting my teeth, I locked my phone.

592.

I fixed my eyes ahead, staring blankly. Gu Yiliang turned his head and glanced at me, opening his mouth unexpectedly. "... Just now, were you texting President Huang?"

I froze. Eh? How did he know about Old Huang?

Did he overhear my phone conversation with Old Huang that day?

Did that not mean he heard my insistent and unquestionable compliments towards him?!

That was so embarrassing! With some bashfulness, I replied, "Ah, you heard me on the phone the other day?"

His grip on the steering wheel tightened. "... Mn."

Ah, he was embarrassed too!

In my heart, I giggled. I definitely had to let him hear more compliments in the future!

However, on my own accord, I had interfered with his family issues, and it would not be too nice to mention it. Afraid that he would ask what I texted Old Huang about, I quickly responded, "I only greeted him just like usual, there's nothing else."

Just as I finished speaking, he suddenly changed the way he drove. Now, he had one hand on the wheel, and the elbow of the other arm was against the window, his cheek resting against that hand. Looking like an idol drama's Takumi Fujiwara¹, his words sounded very breezy and unconcerned. "Oh, it's like that."

I nearly became blinded by his suaveness, then I heard him ask, "You don't have to specially explain it to me — President Huang, what is he doing now?"

593.

Old Huang? What else could he be doing? He was probably learning from Scrooge McDuck, swimming in his pool of gold coins every day.

It was all because the Huang family's riches had already lasted for more than three generations, and there was even a large possibility for it to continue on for another seventy years.

One would only become angry and frustrated when comparing themselves with others. If only I was a parasite in his body.

Although he never treated my mother and me harshly or owed us anything, and he could even be labeled as a model father figure, at the end of the day, we shared no legal or official status, and so there was still a prick in my heart. At home, I would call him Old Huang, and outside, I would call him President Huang. With how he protected me and assisted me in this industry, it made everyone think that we had a sugar daddy-sugar baby relationship, and I had nowhere to share my pain.

594.

I looked at the time on my phone. "There's nothing he needs to be busy with. At this time, he's probably taking his bird outside."

Gu Yiliang's suave action froze, and his words were a little enigmatic. "... President Huang's tastes seem to be rather interesting?"

Me: "...?"

Me: "..."

Me: "Oh my god, what is going on in your head? Is there nothing but filth inside?!?!? Birds! The sort with wings and can fly and can't be eaten!! Not the sort that can become bigger and smaller and can be eaten!!"

Him: "....."

Him: "It's a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding."

Him: "....."

Him: "Can be eaten?"

Me: “.....”

Me: “I misspoke, I misspoke.”

595.

I choked on his words for the entire journey until we reached the filming site, before finally managing to return to the mindset of wanting to compete with this expert, Gu Yiliang.

The filming site was a place where many things could happen. After changing into my costume, I entered a vigilant state. As though my eyes were demon-detectors, and my legs were Wu Yunzhao's steed, I was on alert, watching out for any accidents that might occur to him. Wherever he went, I would follow and be at his service with the utmost meticulousness.

He also treated me like this as well, and so the entire scenario was a little strange.

596.

After filming a scene, I swiftly took out an umbrella and shielded him from the sun, while he hurriedly handed me a bottle of mineral water. I took out oil blotters and blotted his makeup, while he took out a tissue and wiped my sweat. I told him that later, when he was filming, he had to make sure that the props were safe, and he told me later that there were a few special emotions that I had to pay attention to in my scene. I then said to let us run through the scene one more time, and I would remind him if he forgot anything. He said sure and that it was really good to have me there.

In this battle of two, the conclusion was that both were completely matched. Abruptly turning my head, I saw half the people on the site looking at us in awkwardness and astonishment. The umbrellas, bottles of mineral water, oil blotters, and tissues in the arms of our two assistants had no chance to come into play, just like a restless heart having nowhere to vent.

Gu Yiliang: "Mm..."

Me: "Mm..."

Me: "The weather is so nice, it's a lucky day. With everyone standing witness, why don't we become sworn brothers?"

He burst out laughing. Tugging on my sleeve, his laughter was soft. "Don't fool around."

597.

The soft, gentle, doting words were like a cloud-piercing arrow, nailing me right to the ground.

I said that I would not be enjoying fluff today!

I can't bear it! Everything in me wants to burst out!

Could this be the legendary withdrawal symptom?!

598.

My heart thumped rapidly. Casting him aside, I flew back to the lounge, rummaging for my phone like how Keyun looked for her son². Like a battle between man and god, I hesitated, wondering if I should look into the tag on Weibo and enjoy a bit of fluff to calm my palpitating heart.

Eee.

When did this happen? Enjoying fluff was now able to calm me down more than interacting with Gu Yiliang?

Dazed, I stared at my phone screen which had turned dark.

The screen lit up again. There was a QQ notification showing that someone was looking for me.

599.

William: !!! You're an inside source?! Did heaven send you to bless the million-strong Niangzi army?!

Yantastic: ...?

William: It's a solid, confirmed fluff! True fluff! It's so true that my mind is blown, that my brain is splattered across the ground now! It's so sweet ah ah ah I'm dead!!

Yantastic: ... What happened?

William: It's the girls in the group who are blind! Blind in their hearts and blind in their eyes! They actually kicked you, this buddha out! Are you willing to come back?!!

What was going on? I was completely baffled as I accepted the invitation to join the group.

600.

The moment I entered, the group chat immediately exploded with hundreds of messages, emojis of people bowing filling the screen, as though welcoming the triumphant party home and exclaiming over the immortal descending on earth.

Me: ???

I exited the chat interface, privately messaging William to ask exactly what was happening.

She said that among the Gu's Imperial Consorts, there was a big name fan with a bit of a personal friendship with Gu Yiliang, who had now stopped being his fan and exposed him instead. She had revealed a lot of information that contained both truths and falsehoods.

Before I could understand what this had to do with me being invited back to the group, she sent me a chat record that had the profile photo of the other party blacked out. In it were only two chat messages.

XX: Niangniang, can I ask what sort of relationship you have with your adversary right now? Is the company stirring up gossip, or is he personally entrapping you? Can you let the Imperial Consorts have an idea, to bolster them?

Liam: I'm the one paying his assistant's salary.

601.

Me: "....."

My heart felt as though it had received an immense blow from Saitama³.

A chibi version of Gu Yiliang sang in my head: My darling, are you extremely hungry? If you're extremely hungry, just tell me, Yiliang, and Yiliang will give you all the fluff⁴.

602.

Sweet, it was so very sweet. A pot of syrup had been poured over my head, and I was covered entirely in honey. If I took a spin around the garden, I would be able to attract all the bees, flies and mosquitoes.

Gu Yiliang. He truly never took pity on me, this delicate little flower.

603.

At this moment, whether in public or private, I really wanted to run out the door and drag Gu Yiliang into the car and speed our way to the Civil Affairs Bureau. However, I was afraid that halfway, he would take me on a turn into a web cafe and we would end up playing games the entire night!

How exactly was I supposed to deal with him?!

Just as I was ignorantly figuring out how to use insulin on myself, three gentle knocks could be heard from the door of the lounge.

604.

Gu Yiliang popped his head in, his eyes curving in a smile that was directed at me. "Don't try to slack off, come out and quickly finish filming. Tonight, the crew will be having dinner together."

Hopeless, I nodded and followed him out the door.

Chapter Thirty-Four

605.

Despite my despair, I still had to give my best at work. Although my acting was poor, I should still get points for effort, right?

The scene that was being recorded was the scholar, played by me, troubled by love. His love was inexpressible, and he could neither disregard nor handle it properly. After bidding farewell to the second female lead, he turned and drowned himself in alcohol, falling drunk in a pavilion.

After the makeup artist did some touch-ups on my face, I leisurely held onto my cup of plain water. In my mind was Gu Yiliang's advice, and just like this, I started acting. As the scene went on, my thoughts changed from thinking about Gu Yiliang's advice to thinking about Gu Yiliang. My thoughts drifted away, and suddenly, I heard the director shout, "Cut!"

The scene passed.

606.

Huh?

607.

Blankly, I listened as the director praised me for having a good understanding of the character, for my quick improvement, for getting my emotions on point, for surpassing my usual standards...

Flattery and praise came one after another, and the only thing the director left out was saying that I was in the running for a top acting award.

When had I ever received such treatment before?!

Looking around, I bent my head down and quietly whispered into the director's ear. "Director Lu, did President Huang invest in the filming crew again?"

Director Lu and Old Huang had quite a good relationship. There and then, he shot me a look of disdain. "Address him properly, don't keep calling him President Huang here and there. It'll cause a negative impact!"

Clicking my tongue, I said, "Umm... What I'm asking is if my father has invested money into the drama. If that's the case, the impact won't be any better, right?"

Director Lu was probably pondering over this question himself, and so he did not argue with me. He gave me a pat on the shoulder, saying, "I'm sincerely praising you. In this scene, you acted quite well. Don't blame me for being a busybody, but do you have someone you like? Which guniang¹ is it?"

Director Lu was from the south, and hearing the way he drawled "niang", which sounded exactly just like "liang", I was reflexively alarmed. "No no no no it's not Gu Yi—!"

Director Lu: "...?"

Me: "..."

I held onto Director Lu's hands, singing, "I didn't deliberately let myself turn into someone who wasn't me. For you, I tried my best, using all my effort to do it all²—"

Director Lu: "... You sing quite well. It's good that you have such a heart, and continue working hard. Go pack up, and get ready for the crew dinner."

608.

Again, I returned to my state of hopelessness and despair. After changing out of my costume, I returned to the breakroom. Upon looking into the mirror, I suffered a shock.

Who was this person with such a bright red face?! Did he drink eight catties worth of baijiu?!

Did the makeup artist have to be so heavy-handed?!

Using a makeup remover wipe, I wiped my face, then wiped again, and wiped again—

The red color only faded a little.

609.

I looked at the person in the mirror, whose blush spread from the tips of his ears to his neck, and slowly sat down on the sofa.

Alright, I'll admit it, I'll say it. It seems like I do have someone I like: Yiliang of the Gu family.

610.

Niangzi's progress to becoming real was now at 50%.

There was also a fatherly good night kiss last night, so we'd leave it at 55%!

In a trance, I recalled that goodnight kiss that only lasted a second. Out of habit, I went onto Weibo, looking at all the fluff that had been dug out over the past few days. Every single post in my eyes changed in flavor.

— They. Were. Even. Sweeter.

Gu Yiliang's post, his interactions with my account, his replies to fans... It was no longer simply just fluff given by the main character in the pairing to fans of that pairing, but it included the responses and benefits my crush was giving me—

Song of Waves had only started filming for a few days, and the PDF of 139 pages had another 50 pages added to it. All the fluff that the Niangzi Army treasured was actually only just the tip of the iceberg.

At the end of the day, they still underestimated the possibility of things that could happen between two people.

611.

I followed Niangzi Army's newly presented timeline, and then recalled all the details that happened when interacting with Gu Yiliang — both behind and in front of the camera, what was included in the PDF and what was not, what the fangirls imagined, real and actual incidents that happened, and even things that they did not manage to imagine... Sitting there, I smiled, I grinned, I smirked, then I could not help but laugh out loud.

As I laughed and laughed, I heard a short conversation coming from the door.

One was Gu Yiliang, sounding puzzled. "What is going on with him?"

The other was Little Chen's worried voice. "I don't know. He's been like this after the scene was over."

Gu Yiliang asked, "Which scene?"

Little Chen replied, "It's that scene with An-jie — Gu-ge, say, could it be that he's too deep in the act, and because of the plot of the drama, he's developed feelings for An-jie?"

612.

Fucking hell, I developed feelings toward your Gu-ge thanks to the fanservice we'd been performing!

Before I could even object, Gu Yiliang had strode over to me, picking up my bag. "Let's go, it's time to eat. The rest have already departed."

I made a sound of acknowledgement, and followed him out the door. While walking next to him, I secretly studied him.

Just now... It couldn't be that he was jealous after hearing what Little Chen said, right?

Warmth instantly engulfed within my heart, and I added a 1% to our progress. However, looking at how his expression was just like usual, and not like someone who was jealous, in disappointment, I removed that 1%. Still, thinking about it from another angle, this was an expression of his trust towards me!

As such, smiling brightly, I added that 1% back.

613.

Perhaps my expressions alternating between joy and sorrow had been too obvious, so Gu Yiliang turned his head and asked me, "What happened?"

Finding the right tone, I joked, "Why didn't you think that I had been too deep in my role, and started developing feelings for An-jie?"

"How could that be?" He chuckled, "For you to be able to get into the role itself is already very good."

Me: "..."

He patted me on the head. "Mr. Patrick Star."

Me: "..."

Niangzi's progress of becoming real was at 0%! Goodbye!

614.

Aggrieved, I got into his car. Aggrieved, I reached the restaurant where the crew dinner was held. Aggrieved, I entered the private room.

Pretty much everyone had arrived, and they were all gathered in small groups, standing around and chatting. There were three big round tables in the center of the room, and while I was looking for an empty seat, An-jie waved at me. "Xiao-Wei, Xiao-Gu, come, sit here!"

Nodding, I was about to head towards her, but my wrist was suddenly caught.

Gu Yiliang led me to an empty seat on another side. Bewildered, I looked at him. "You..."

His expression could not be any more natural. "Huh?"

Me: "An-jie asked us to go over and sit there."

Him: "Huh? Is that so? I didn't hear it. Then let's go over now."

The words came out from his mouth, but it was clear that he had no intention to move. In our state of motionlessness, just like this, someone else took the seats by An-jie.

Him: "Ai, the seats are already taken. Let's just sit here then."

I cast him a doubtful look, while he tilted his head with an unperturbed expression. "What's wrong?"

Forget it, I never understood what he was thinking in the first place.

I waved my hand. "It's nothing. Who's treating today? To host the crew dinner here, who is so generous?"

He answered, "It should be Director Lu. He said that there was a big boss who waved his hand and gave him another big sum as an investment. As the production crew is currently not in need of funding, he might as well take the money out and let everyone have some fun."

Me: "What boss is that? He's so charitable. Does he have too much money to burn?"

Him: "I heard Director Lu said that his surname is Wang."

615.

Thinking about Director Lu's indistinguishable drawl where he could not differentiate the pronunciation between Huang and Wang, I descended into a long period of silence—

I knew it! His intentions behind his compliments were not simple at all!

And he even tried to bait me into exposing myself!

And he actually succeeded!

616.

One by one, the dishes were served, and bottles and bottles of red wine were opened as well.

With resentment in my eyes, I chewed forcefully on every single bite, as though I was chomping away on Old Huang's money. I then gulped down the red wine, as though I was replenishing all the blood Gu Yiliang had stolen from me over the past few days to make blood sausage.

The relationships among the production crew were not too bad. Many people were walking around with their glasses, toasting each other and persuading each other to drink more. Everyone drank quite a bit, and even Gu Yiliang, who never seemed physically affected while drinking, turned red from the alcohol. He turned his head, smiling once he saw me. With his flushed face, his smile nearly drained away all the blood I had just replenished.

Him: "Xiao-Wei—"

Me: "... Hmm?"

He again started smiling.

617.

What was this?!

I tugged at his sleeve. "Don't drink anymore."

He looked at me, blinking. As his eyelashes fluttered, he negotiated in a very kind tone, "I'm only slightly drunk, slightly drunk, I can drink a little more."

Fine, if he uses this sort of drunken gaze to look at me again, I'll—

Earn money to buy him alcohol.

I must endure my urge to just let him drink all he wants! Drink to his heart's content!

Just as I wanted to persuade him a little bit more, an eighth-rate, unpopular actor who had just entered the production crew came over with his glass.

618.

The eighth-rate actor had his eyes curved adorably in a smile. Raising his glass at me, he asked, “Yan-ge, which drama do you plan on accepting next?”

I thought about it, then replied, “I haven’t planned to take up any yet. Why?”

The eyes of the eighth-rate actor were very bright, and he looked very guileless. “No no, I just feel that Yan-ge is really just too lucky to have such a smooth-sailing path ever since you debuted. So, I want to gain some experience from—”

This man was already an old, experienced fox. Why was he still putting on a show and trying to lure me into his trap? Didn’t he just think that I had a sugar daddy, and so he decided to come and throw some subtle jabs at me? At the same time, he was also hinting for me to pull some strings for him, to connect him to some big backer.

I laughed. “Fate is determined by the heavens, while luck is determined by oneself, and happiness needs to be fought for. I’ll recommend that you go to Nanpu Temple, light some joss sticks and make some prayers there. It’s said that your prayers there will often come true.”

The eighth-rate actor: “... Is that so? Haha, I’ll definitely go. Then, here, I’ll raise another glass to you again!”

I clinked my glass with his. Out of nowhere, expressionless, Gu Yiliang spoke up. “How about sitting down and joining us.”

619.

I had no clue as to what was going on right now, and could only watch as the eighth-rate actor delightedly sat down in the empty seat next to Gu Yiliang. He even smiled adorably, “Thank you, senior!”

No, wait, we both debuted at the same time, but I’m Yan-ge, and he’s “senior”?

And Gu Yiliang even dared to nod to acknowledge the address?

Hello? Your official fanservice partner is still sitting here, and you’re already eagerly accepting a concubine? You sure are broad-minded, aren’t you?

Conducting a face-to-face NTR is very fun, huh? The feeling of being cuckolded was taking over me.

With a feeling that could not be put into words, I watched as the eighth-rate actor clinked glasses with Gu Yiliang, and felt that I was being stamped all over with the label of being cuckolded.

620.

Gu Yiliang's hand that was raising his glass paused. "Did no one ever tell you that you have to place your glass lower when clinking glasses with your seniors?"

The eighth-rate actor froze. "Huh?"

Gu Yiliang: "Have some food."

"Oh." The eighth-rate actor quickly put down his glass. Reaching out with his chopsticks, he hesitated over which dish to pick from.

The scene made me a little confused. Did one still need to hesitate over something like this?

Gu Yiliang: "Did no one ever tell you that you shouldn't swing your chopsticks back and forth over the dishes when taking food?"

The eighth-rate actor stuck his tongue out, swiftly picking up some celery and placing it in Gu Yiliang's bowl. He smiled falteringly, and said, "I don't know which dish senior prefers..."

Amused, I raised a brow. What a coincidence. Celery was the thing he disliked the most.

Gu Yiliang: "Did no one ever tell you that when giving food to others, you should use serving chopsticks?"

Stiffly, the eighth-rate actor stuck his tongue out again. "... Ah, sorry, I didn't notice it."

He stuck his chopsticks into his rice, reaching out for the serving chopsticks on the turntable.

I could no longer bear to watch it any longer.

621.

Gu Yiliang took the chopsticks out of his rice, slapping them onto the table. "Did no one ever tell you that when you're eating, you cannot stick your chopsticks in your rice?"

The eighth-rate actor: "..."

Gu Yiliang: "If you don't know what manners to have while eating, then don't eat outside. Go back home and learn them well before coming out."

Wow, just look at his tone. This was entirely an attitude of "If it doesn't belong to you, don't even try"!

I watched as the eighth-rate actor stood up stiffly and made his farewells, then turned my eyes back onto Gu Yiliang. "You..."

Within a second, he returned to his drunken, cutely whiny self. "I'm only slightly drunk, slightly drunk, I can drink a little more."

Me: "..."

I unlocked my phone, summoning Little Chen to immediately look for "A Little More" tea³.

I'll definitely take good care of him!

622.

Biting on the straw of the milk tea, Gu Yiliang looked at me with half-lidded eyes.

I was about to melt from his gaze. Then, recalling his recent overbearing, protective attitude, I softly asked, "Just now, why did you embarrass him so much? Beating around the bush to say that he was impolite and rude, aren't you afraid of him sending trolls to attack you?"

Him: "Who?"

Me: "... That eighth-rate actor."

Him: "Eighth-rate actor?"

Me: "... Mn."

Him: "He's five ranks lower than a third-rate actor?"

Me: "..."

Him: "And he's six ranks lower than a second-rate actor?"

Me: "..."

Me: "You're not allowed to drink any more alcohol."

Him: "I'm only slightly drunk, slightly—"

Me: "You're not allowed to drink!"

623.

Oh my god.

Chapter Thirty-Five

624.

The entire roomful of people was happily drunk. The males had their arms around each other's shoulders, declaring each to be their best bro, while the females were all gathered together, declaring their deep affections for each other. I too was a little intoxicated, and so mentioned it to Gu Yiliang before standing up and heading to the washroom, as well as to wash my face.

With the splash of cold water across my face, my slightly heated skin cooled down a little. Just as I stepped out of the washroom, I bumped into someone.

I hurriedly apologized. "Sorry, sorry, I wasn't looking carefully."

That person waved me off. "It's fine — Eh? Yanyan?"

Hearing my nickname, I focused my eyes on that person. Was this not Old Huang's close business partner, Uncle Qi?!

A little dizzy from the alcohol, the name "Uncle Qi" rolled around my tongue, refusing to slip out. Uncle Qi laughed cheerily, patting me on the shoulder. "You don't remember me anymore? When you were a child, I even had you in my arms—"

625.

As those words "had you in my arms" were said, Gu Yiliang abruptly appeared next to me as though he sprouted up from the ground.

I was surprised by his sudden appearance. Seeing that his face was all puckered up, I surmised that he felt discomfort from all the alcohol he had drunk. Patting his back as comfort, I pushed him towards the washroom, then smiled at Uncle Qi. "How can I forget? It's Uncle Qi! Just now, I was a little muddle-headed from drinking, and so I didn't react in time. Sorry, Uncle Qi!"

Uncle Qi asked, "Yanyan, are you filming here? Why didn't you contact me? I could have taken care of you!"

Before I could respond, Gu Yiliang suddenly held my hand, interlocking our fingers together.

Wasn't he going to the washroom?!

A member of our older generation was right in front of us. Now was not the time to promote our fanservice! Please, wake up a little!

626.

I suppressed the howling in my heart, trying to hide my hand behind my back. But I probably only drew more attention to it and I chuckled, "You're so busy with work, how can I—"

Uncle Qi laughed kindly, patting my shoulder. "Yanyan has grown up, and is now so sensible! I happen to be drinking with two long-time business partners of mine. You should come drink with us too. You don't have to stay too long, just have a drink and meet them. It'll be beneficial for your career in the future."

I agreed, but inexplicably, Gu Yiliang started scrabbling at my palm wildly. I turned to glance at him, and on his face was a model, the professional face of an idol, and not a single problem could even be found with the degree of how his lips were curved.

Me: ??

This person, after drinking, had a little too many facets to him, did he not? Was he also a disciple to Subhuti, alongside the Monkey King?

Uncle Qi glanced at Gu Yiliang, smiling. "Is this your friend? He should come along too."

627.

While greeting the elders in Uncle Qi's room, Gu Yiliang continued holding my hand, never letting go. I was afraid that with his drunkenness, he would be like an unleashed husky, disappearing if I let go. Therefore, I didn't dare let go too, allowing him to continue holding my hand.

How did we end up in this situation as though we were making our wedding toast?!

Under the eagle-eyed observations of the three elders, my scalp tingled as I laughed drily, raising my glass and toasting them.

In the end, before the glass could reach my lips, Gu Yiliang snatched the glass away, tipping his head back and emptying the content.

What was going on with him today!?

My face cracked. Seeing that he was about to fill up his glass again, I immediately stopped him.

We were drinking wine in our room, but Uncle Qi and his guests were drinking baijiu. It was fine if I drank a little, but he was already so drunk. If he continued mixing his alcohol like this, I was afraid that he would be like Yiping¹, climbing up a bridge and seeking stimulation.

In the end, after I stopped him, he still insisted on filling his glass and asserted eloquently, “A person who drinks on someone’s behalf has to drink three glasses as punishment!”

No, wait, I also didn’t ask you to drink on my behalf!!

He was totally throwing a drunken fit in front of the elders. I shot Uncle Qi an apologetic look—

Uncle Qi slapped the table. “Good! Good fellow!”

The other two elders too clapped in admiration, praising Gu Yiliang for being sensible.

Me: “?”

628.

This drinking culture was so harmful!!!

629.

In the amount of time I took to draw three exclamation marks in my heart, Gu Yiliang had already swiftly become one with the three elders. It was a perfect harmony of friends and family as they toasted to their hometowns, their dreams, their future and their past.

One of them even got so emotional that his eyes reddened, praising Gu Yiliang for his courage and passion. He said that he had not been as brave when he was younger, only to miss out on a happy match, and he regretted it thoroughly.

Me: ? No, wait, how exactly did we get to this point in the conversation?! How was being willing to drink three glasses of alcohol a passionate thing?!

Brimming with feelings, Gu Yiliang nodded, patting the hand of that elder as he sighed with emotion, "This drink is called love. No matter who drinks it, they'll end up drunk."

Me: ? No, wait, what exactly are you guys talking about?!

Uncle Qi and the other elders raised their glasses together. "Well said! Drink!!"

630.

Looking at this bizarre scene, I started to suspect that I was actually the drunk one.

631.

Watching them still holding up their glasses and toasting to freedom, I was afraid that if Gu Yiliang continued drinking, he would be toasting to his death. Reaching out, I pulled him back, speaking to the three elders, "Sorry, uncles, we still have to film tomorrow..."

Uncle Qi said, "It's fine, it's fine. Your career is more important, hurry up and head back! This fellow is really not bad, and he has the potential to be an A-list actor. Give me his name, I'll keep an eye out for any resources for him."

I agreed profusely, thanking him on Gu Yiliang's behalf. Uncle Qi patted my shoulder. "I can see that this fellow is really not bad. It's destiny for you two to meet, and you should cherish it."

Me: "?"

Another elder gave an innocent chuckle. "Yes, yes, it's not easy to meet like that!"

The eyes of the third elder were still red as he nodded continuously.

632.

Holding onto Gu Yiliang, I left this seemingly magical drinking session with weak jellyish legs.

633.

When we returned to the production crew, everyone was already nearly done packing up, ready to leave. Gu Yiliang's assistant was flying all over the place looking for him. Little Chen had moved a stool to a corner, leisurely sitting there playing on his phone while charging it.

Upon seeing our return, the two assistants immediately flew over. Little Chen grabbed my hand. "Yanyan, you're finally back! I was so worried when I couldn't find you no matter where I looked. I thought you had gone missing!"

Truthfully speaking, his acting skills were much better than mine. If not for his phone still showing the Anipop screen, I would have believed him.

I said, "We both drank, and we can't drive. Can you—"

Little Chen gave a burp that was full of the smell of wine.

I turned to look at Gu Yiliang's assistant. The young girl's face was red, her slender finger jabbing at Little Chen's face. "He was the one who let me drink!"

Me: "..."

Fine, sure, alright. This drink is called love. No matter who drinks it, they'll end up drunk.

634.

The chauffeurs offered by the restaurants had all been booked by the other people in the production crew, and the young female assistant had no strength to support Gu Yiliang at all. I helped the blearily drunk Gu Yiliang put on his mask, indignantly asking Little Chen to hire a car to come to the basement carpark.

Once the car arrived, I tossed Gu Yiliang into the backseat, turning around and stopping Little Chen who was preparing to get into the passenger seat.

Little Chen cried sadly, "Yanyan, do you not want me anymore?!"

I raised my chin over to where a young girl was standing by the entrance of the basement carpark.

He immediately became very reverent, straightening his body. "Boss, I'm very grateful. I'm going now, and if I don't return—"

I pinched the bridge of my nose, waving him off. “Then don’t return.”

635.

Just as I took a seat in the back, and before I could even close the door, Gu Yiliang had squirreled over, playing with my fingers.

I’ll just let him be, let him be. In any case, it was much better than him climbing a bridge and seeking thrills. It seemed like he was still somewhat conscious, as he was counting my fingers quite accurately.

I slammed the door shut.

Gu Yiliang immediately released my hand. He started to remove his jacket, then bent over to remove his shoes.

Me: “?”

I held his hand down. “What are you doing?”

He looked at me, puzzled. “Ah? Aren’t we home already?”

Me: "..."

Me: "Sorry, sir, could you please hurry up and start the car? I'm afraid I'm about to lose control of the situation."

636.

The moment the car started moving, Gu Yiliang said that he wanted to puke. When the car stopped, Gu Yiliang waved his hand, saying that he was fine.

This repeated for five times, and the car had only moved a total of five meters.

When Gu Yiliang said that he wanted to puke for the sixth time, the driver turned to speak to me, "Why don't I charge by the time taken instead?"

637.

Why was my life so full of hardships!

My dear old father had taken out his money to treat Gu Yiliang to food and alcohol!

And now that he was drunk I was responsible for cleaning up this mess!

Why?! Why?! I asked the heavens, I asked the earth, and I wanted to be superstitious and ask fate too!

Gritting my teeth, I pulled Gu Yiliang down to lie on my lap, then told the driver, "Right now! Take this opportunity and drive! Hurry! If he pukes, I'll wrap it up! If it leaks, I'll pay you the cleaning fee!"

The driver stepped on his accelerator very cooperatively, driving his car out of the basement car park.

638.

Finally, the car steadily made its way through the roads. Afraid that Gu Yiliang would feel nauseous, I placed my hand on his forehead, massaging his temples with my fingertips. In my heart, I thought, if he really dared vomit on me, I would immediately dig my fingers into his temples and seal off the acupoints there! No mercy would be shown!

In the end, to my surprise, Gu Yiliang obediently remained lying on my thigh. His eyes were tightly shut, and he even placed his hand on top of mine.

I placed another hand on top of his.

He placed his other hand on top of mine.

I pulled out my hand that was at the bottom of the pile, placing it right on top.

He too pulled out his hand that was at the bottom of the pile, placing it right on top.

Me: ?

He was already so drunk, and yet he still refused to admit defeat?

Unwilling to be outdone, I pulled my hand out and placed it on top repeatedly. He too kept up, pulling his hand out and placing it on top.

As our hands piled on top of each other, the continuous sounds of smacks rang out in the car.

“Ahem.” The driver did not look into the rearview mirror at all. “Umm, young man, you have to be a little more restrained when outside. My car—”

Me: “...”

Me: “Mister, you’ve misunderstood, really. I’m only taking advantage of him being drunk and smacking his hands only.”

The driver: “...”

The driver: “Young people are really wild, with so many tricks up their sleeves.”

Me: “...”

640.

I was mentally exhausted. Really, I was. From the bottom of my heart, I swore I had aged at least forty years.

If Gu Yiliang could catch up to the speed of my aging, we should be able to achieve the impossible fanservice aim of growing old together.

I watched the stars, the moon, and finally watched the car arrive at our destination.

Half pulling, half tugging, half dragging, half hauling, half hugging, half carrying, I managed to get Gu Yiliang out of the backseat. The moment his feet touched the ground, he ripped off his mask and vomited.

It was fine. He had managed to endure it and didn't vomit on me. He had successfully escaped his impending death.

I patted Gu Yiliang's back, then accepted the bottle of water the driver handed over to me, letting him rinse his mouth with it.

"It harms the body to drink so much," the driver advised. Upon seeing Gu Yiliang's side profile, he was shocked. "Eh? Isn't this who? My daughter really likes him a lot, she always looks at his Weibo in her room and laughs at herself silly. Even asking her to come out and eat will take us a few tries. He and that who—"

The driver looked at me, squinting.

I felt a deep sense of foreboding.

The driver turned around deftly, taking out a few pieces of paper with coloured images on them from the trunk.

The driver: “My daughter left these behind, and so I kept them for her. Ahem, see, I’m not very close to my daughter, so—”

I swept a glance at the posters in his hand, immediately recognising which ones they were after seeing the color scheme. Before I could speak, Gu Yiliang stood up straight, swaying, then draped himself over me. Looking down at the posters in the driver’s hand, his eyes brightened. “Oh, it’s doves!”

I really was unable to comprehend what nonsense he was saying, and so I just watched as he took the driver’s ballpoint pen, scribbling his signature across a poster.

I looked down at his signature, and fell into a suffocating silence.

The driver took the poster back and glanced at it, before looking at me again. “It... looks like it’s your name?”

642.

It’s fluff!!!!

How could he be already dead drunk and still reflexively produce such fluff?!?!

643.

With all my might, I suppressed my impulse to go onto the road and run circles around Punan Avenue. With a calm and slightly quavering voice, I said, “He’s drunk and signed wrongly. Then I’ll just sign his name instead, your daughter shouldn’t mind it.”

Not only would she not mind it, but it was highly likely that I would have a surprise reunion with this poster in the super topic of Weibo tonight.

The driver nodded. “Sure, in any case, she should not be able to tell the difference.”

You truly understand your daughter too little.

With one hand supporting Gu Yiliang, I signed the poster with my other hand. “Umm, tonight was our crew dinner—”

The driver waved me off. “I got it, got it. There’s many stars involved in this production, and I’ve driven a few as well. I won’t be saying any nonsense about it.”

He waved the poster in his hand. “I have to thank you as well. I’ll take it as a daily act of charity then.”

I nodded. Waving goodbye at the driver, I dragged Gu Yiliang into the hotel.

Chapter Thirty-Six

644.

From the hotel lobby to the elevator, then from the elevator to Gu Yiliang's room, it was less than a distance of a hundred meters. However, I felt as though I had hiked across the entire Great Wall of China.

First, I had to get a mask to cover up his whole face, so as to avoid any paparazzi or illegitimate children that might appear around the corner.

Next, I had to half-carry his entire person, to prevent him from falling onto the ground due to his unsteady gait.

Finally, I still had to reach out and tightly grasp his shirt and pants, since the moment he saw the doors of the elevator open and then close, he immediately moved to take off his shirt and undo his belt—

The speed of his hands truly displayed his worthiness of being a great player in DOTA with 5k points. I even caught a glimpse of his dick, alright?! Captain, don't shoot, it's me!

645.

He wanted to take off his clothes but I refused to let him do so, yet he insisted on wanting to do so in the elevator. If that entanglement had been captured, news of it would definitely explode across the entertainment industry tomorrow. By then, we would only be able to head to hell together, and not even our corpses would remain intact.

646.

Finally, I was able to safely transport Gu Yiliang to the door of his room. Just as I exhaled a long breath of exhaustion, I saw him patting his pockets, turning his head in confusion and asking me, "... Where's the card to my room?"

I sucked that breath of exhaustion back in.

How would I know where your keycard is?!

Looking at him patting himself while swaying on his feet, I hurriedly turned him to face the wall, making him put his two hands up against it and helping him stand properly. Then, I patted the pockets of his shirt and pants, helping him look for his keycard.

647.

Behind us, the door to the room across the corridor opened suddenly, then slammed shut. A moment later, it opened again.

The male lead of our drama poked his head out, eyeing us for a few seconds, then sighed in relief. "Oh, it's you guys. I thought it was the police coming to crackdown on vice or something."

Me: ? Did I just find out something terrible?

Me: "Lead, can you help me contact the front desk? Gu-ge is drunk, and we can't find his keycard—"

Male Lead: "Since he's this drunk, don't let him sleep by himself. If he vomits on the bed later on, no one will be there to clean up for him. You didn't drink much, so you should help take care of him."

648.

Hss—

No, wait, it wasn't that I didn't drink much! I didn't drink less than you guys, alright?

Although my alcohol tolerance had been trained to a decent level by Old Huang, my footsteps were actually also all over the place. It was only because Gu Yiliang was this drunk that I dared not let my drunkenness out.

If something happens to him, what do I do? Wouldn't I become a widower?

Also, right now, he was in a state where he would take out his dick whenever he wanted, and I completely dared not stay in the same room when he was like this!

How was a drunk me supposed to rescue a drunk him?! Unable to hold myself back any longer, muddle headed, I was afraid I would end up in a swordfight with him!

649.

By the time all these thoughts finished running through my head, Gu Yiliang was already in the bathroom of my room, having finished brushing his teeth and about to take a shower.

650.

Dizzy, I paced about outside my bathroom, wondering if I should barge in and play out a scene of, "Ah, I'm drunk! Ah, the floor is so slippery! Ah, I fell down! Ah, how did I accidentally fall into

your arms?!” However, I was restricted from doing so via an objective assessment of my acting ability.

A drunk me, sharing a room with an absolutely drunk person that I liked. If one were to do some calculations right now, exactly how many potential situations could one imagine?

Now, what should I do?! How should I do it?! This scene wasn’t in any of the fanfics!

—Fanfics!

It was as though a lightbulb lit up above my head. I hurriedly opened up Lofter and searched #Niangzi #drunk, while knocking on the bathroom door and saying composedly, “I’ll just be outside, call for me if you need anything!”

I received a grunt in acknowledgement.

650.5 【Yiliang’s Phone Memo — Excerpt 2】

I went overboard pretending to be drunk, and my adversary ended up taking me into his room.

Mixing wine and baijiu did go to my head, and I did vomit, but I’m still kucid .

Why do I keep naking typos?

I made many many typos. I might really be a teeny weeny drunk.

Which means, I’m drunk.

651.

Why was it that Gu Yiliang was always the sober one no matter how much he drank while I was the one always dead drunk? It was the complete opposite in real life!! Ahh, my Niangzi Army, my family—

As I was hurriedly browsing through the relevant scenes in the fanfics, a thud came suddenly from the bathroom, as well as a low exclamation of pain.

Did he fall?!

I quickly tossed my phone away, opening the bathroom door and going in, “Gu—”

Gu Yiliang stood half-naked next to the showerhead that was on, and a soaking wet patch on his pants.

With slightly reddened eyes, he stared at me blankly, and he was still holding onto his phone.

What was he doing? Was he going to share a couple’s bath with his phone in his pants?

Unconsciously, I glanced at the phone in his hand. Immediately, without thinking, he hid his phone behind him.

Right behind him was the showerhead that was turned on.

I watched as the screen of his phone turned black from getting into contact with water.

652.

... Drinking does damage one’s intelligence.

653.

I asked, “Did you knock into something?”

After a pause, he answered in grievance, "... I'm too tall, so I knocked into the showerhead."

Me: "..."

It's all my fault! It's all my fault for not being as tall as you! For lowering the showerhead!

654.

A wave of dizziness came over me. I didn't know if it was because I was drunk, or if it was a grievance caused by him, but if only I could just fall into his arms like a drunk, noble lady—

It was just that....

Wearing his pants and showering with his phone, even knocking his head into the showerhead, and spoiling his phone by putting it under running water...

With his current condition, I was afraid that he didn't even know who I was. In this sort of situation, even if something did happen, there was completely no meaning to it at all. It was better if I stopped having any indecent thoughts towards him.

Taking advantage of people when they were at a disadvantage was wrong!

I forcibly brainwashed myself. Right now, I was even straighter than a laser beam!

I rolled my sleeves up. Snatching the phone in his hand, I put it aside, then pulled the showerhead down before jerking my chin at him and commanded him domineeringly, "Remove your pants."

655.

Aroooo! This line is way too much like a top! I never thought that I, Wei Yanzi, would have a day where I could say something like this to Gu Yiliang!

656.

In the end, before my “top” aura could be maintained for three seconds, someone pounced on me, pressing me against the wall. He also knocked away the showerhead in my hand, and water sprayed everywhere.

The back of my head nearly collided with the wall, but a pair of hands reached out in time to cushion my head, and a thud was heard.

Alarmed, I grabbed his wrist. “Are your hands fine?!”

Gu Yiliang did not answer. Like a bear on a tree, he ground against me, and something hard poked at me until I was in a fluster.

Don’t they say that extremely drunk people can’t get hard?! Why is he so gifted?!

I had only just managed to brainwash myself with great difficulty!

He couldn’t possibly have mistaken me for someone else, right?

Gnashing my teeth, I pushed him. “What are you doing? Trying to do a poison test with a silver needle on my body or something?!”

Confused, he looked at me dazedly, “Your *BEEP* Is it poisoned?”

Me: “...”

No, wait, he was already drunk to the point where he could not distinguish between humans and animals... No wait, he was already drunk to the point where he could not recognise people, but why was he still so unwilling to admit defeat?

657.

Through the warm humidity, his eyes, clouded with drunkenness, stared straight at me. I felt as though I was about to be cooked from his stare. Like one of those dancing inflatables found outside supermarkets, I twisted about wildly, but was trapped the entire time by his arms.

Why is this smut scene happening with no warnings at all? I am completely unprepared!

No, wait, if someone else was in this current situation, they might just get into it straight away. However, I do not want to have drunk sex with him!

Before any drunk sex, we should at least sit down, have a drink, and discuss it properly, alright? Right now, he probably doesn't even know who I am!

Furthermore, those were my buttocks on me, and not an automatic washing machine. I didn't have an auto-clean function, an on/off switch, or the ability to get wet automatically, ok?!

Chaos reigned in my head, while he still continued grinding against me gently, asking me in a low voice, "... Is it ok?"

Me: "..."

Ok, all the chaos in my mind immediately quieted down upon hearing his soft, low voice.

In any case, I was drunk too!

Bracing myself, I undid his pants with a trembling hand, and looked down to see his—

658.

—Goodbye! I, Wei Yanzi, will take my leave first. It will be a long journey, and I hope you'll take good care of yourself!

659.

On my body were my buttocks, not loosely-tilled earth. If he were to come in like that, I was afraid I would just turn into ashes!

I sobered up quite a bit, but my vision was still dark. With trembling hands, I helped him put his pants on properly, pulling up his zipper and doing up the button, then wiped at the wet patch on his pants.

His eyelashes trembled, and he tilted his head, puzzled. "... Yanyan?"

660.

?

661.

—Hi! I, Wei Yanzi, am back again!

662.

The difference in our strength was clearly evident. I was unable to pull away his arm that was curled around him, and so I just pulled his hair, forcing him to raise his head slightly. "... What did you call me?"

He looked even more puzzled, hesitantly saying, "... Then... L-little Wei?"

Little Wei your ass!

It felt as though there was a crack in my heart, honey slowly seeping out of it. It was even sweeter than all the fluff I had been stuffing myself with.

Our progress... was at 99% now?

It was as though the corners of my lips now had their own will. Disobediently, they curved up, and I pinched his cheek. "Do you recognise me?"

"... Why would I not recognise you?" His voice was soft. "I'm drunk, but I didn't turn into a fool..."

Me: "... Just now, who was the one who placed their phone under the shower?"

Him: "..."

663.

Closing his mouth shut, he looked at me, tugging at my pants lightly.

I froze, alarms ringing in my heart loudly. No wait, happiness is happiness, and delight is delight, but I don't want to turn into ashes!

What should I do what should I do what should I do—

Tell him that this was not written in the almanac?

Tell him that my period was here and it wasn't a good time?

Tell him that the Astronomical Bureau had calculated that the stars were in conflict?

As I was panicking, thinking about how I should delay this matter, he was instead the first one to lower his eyes, quietly saying, "... No, we shouldn't do this. I didn't prepare any equipment, and I'll hurt you."

Me: "..."

What equipment? Shall I go out and kill a monster and then see if it will drop?

But with his appearance, his tone, and the meaning laden in his words, were really too arresting. There was really an instant when I wanted to strike out to look for a monster.

664.

Just as I drifted away into my thoughts, wondering where should I go to seek the monsters, what sort of level should the monsters be, and whether I would be able to defeat them, Gu Yiliang suddenly leaned his face very close to mine. There was only 0.5 cm between our lips, and his warm breath scattered across my face.

I immediately heated up, my fingers scratching lightly against his back.

He asked, "... May I kiss you?"

Monsters! I would rather go fight monsters right now! Monsters, you best wash your necks clean and await your deaths!!

I answered, "... Mn."

665.

We kissed.

666.

I'll just turn into ashes then. Ten thousand years is too long, and I'm seizing the day.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

667.

In the end, I did not turn into ashes, and I was still alive.

Kneeling between his legs, I silently congratulated myself for surviving this disaster. At the same time, I felt that something was not right.

668.

Did he drug me again?!

Why was my mind blank? When I regained consciousness, both my knees were already on the ground—

And he even said that he was a little candy man! In my mouth, he's not sweet at all!

669.

Gu Yiliang sat on the bed, looking down at me as his fingers played with my earlobe.

I looked up at him. The moment our eyes met, I heard him hiss softly, so I curled my tongue, and I heard him gasp quietly.

That gasp caused my heart to pound rapidly, feeling as though it could burst out of my chest. Thoughts flew past my mind.

— Can't touch my teeth, can't touch my teeth can't touch my teeth.

— It feels like I'm performing a skill.

— Like sword swallowing!

— The corners of my mouth are about to tear, my jaw's about to dislocate, something's happening to my lower jaw joints, it's all the way inside my throat, and I want to vomit.

— Is it actually edible?

— It's so tiring to suck the entire thing in. If I just suck the front half, lick at it with my tongue, and use my hands for the second half, it would be less tiring.

— As expected, it's less tiring.

— If I take it deeper, scraping my tongue from the bottom to the top, he seems to enjoy it very much.

— As expected, he's enjoying it a lot.

— I'm actually very talented at this?!

.....

670.

His fingers, fiddling with my earlobe, tightened their grip. He suddenly pushed my head away, pulling me up to kiss him.

His lips were truly too soft and malleable. It clearly would not be sweet, but it tasted refreshingly sweet. Our tongues twined and licked at each other, sliding in and out. The effects of the alcohol slipped into our brains, making us feel as though we were floating.

He kissed me to the point where I could not help but want to kneel down again. Seeing how he seemed like he did not want to unload himself, I softly asked, "... You don't want it anymore? It doesn't feel good?"

He looked at me imperturbable for a moment. Kissing me, he then looked down. "...I can't do it."

My heart, pounding inside me, felt as though it had crashed into a tree. I descended into silence — Did he...

,,, have some painful secrets that he could not share? The sort that needed him to go to Apollo Hospital or something?

I wondered how to phrase things so as not to injure his pride as a man, and whether I should remind him to never ever use Baidu to search for a hospital. He dragged me into his arms, hugging me and asking me seriously, "I don't want to be the only one enjoying myself. Shall I help you as well? I want to make you... mn, feel good too?"

Me: "?"

Huh?!

That would be fantastic!

672.

“Well! If you insist!” Afraid that he would go back on his words, I quickly flipped around and jumped onto the bed. Waving at him, I said, “Come, come!”

Him: “...”

I saw how he seemed to be in a trance, his expression complicated and vacant. Thinking about how he was previously even straighter than a flagpole, I immediately caved like a coward.
“Umm... you don’t have to force yourself...”

He shook his head while walking over. “I’m not forcing myself.”

673.

Again, these four familiar words.

Finally, he was no longer using the tone of having to make the hardest decision ever in his life again. In my heart, I felt a shock that I could not put into words — so, asking him to suck me off was easier than asking him to teach me how to act and going to his place to look at his cat?!

So, I wasn't Scientist Gu?

So, he was actually deep in the closet?

A citizen of Narnia?

With a complicated and vacant expression, I watched as he slowly undid my pants.

674.

【Player Wei Yanzi】Gear -1

【Player Wei Yanzi】Gear -1

【Player Wei Yanzi】hp +50

【Player Wei Yanzi】hp -50

【Player Wei Yanzi】hp -50

【Player Wei Yanzi】hp -50

【Player Wei Yanzi】hp -50

.....

675.

Brake! Slam the brakes! My heart, instead of pounding, has left the building!

Before my health pool was emptied, I rescued my Little Wei Jr. in time from his mouth.

He looked at me, puzzled, then said gently, "It's fine, I really don't feel like I'm being forced."

It was so painful that I nearly couldn't speak. With much difficulty, I replied, "... I... I feel quite forced..."

All along, he had been demolishing my health pool with magic attacks, bullying and humiliating me! Who would have thought that his physical attacks would be even more powerful?!

He was just using his teeth to dismember me, right?! Sucking was involved in a blowjob. No one said anything about using teeth, alright?!

Exactly what sort of calamity did I cause to suffer such cruel punishment? Did I shatter the heavenly lamp of the Queen Mother of the West?

First was my pelvis and now my Little Wei Jr. in the future, even my asshole could be in danger! Was the lower half of my body facing retribution or something?!

676.

I originally thought that he was the one who had to go to Apollo Hospital. It seemed like the one who needed to go there was me.

With a pair of eyes that were clouded with alcohol, Gu Yiliang watched as I trashed and shuddered on the bed. He probably realized what had happened too, and he sobered up from fright. At a loss for what to do, he drew closer, hugging me as he patted my back.

What's the point of patting my back?! Was he trying to impart some martial arts knowledge or what?!

I complained, "... Y-y-y-you..."

He was a little uneasy. "I-I'll practice some more?"

I was terrified. "... Practicing...practicing on me?"

He was unhappy. "Who else do you want me to practice on?"

Tears rolled about in my eyes. "...Practice, just go ahead and practice on me, practice all you want, up to you to practice in whatever manner you like..."

677.

There was no one dancing with the streamers anymore already. I could no longer dance. If any dancing appears in the future, it'll all be due to Gu Yilang's practicing.

678.

This smut scene would never be complete.

Despite both people sharing the same intentions, it only resulted in a fiery explosion of the worst sort.

I did not know if the severely injured Little Wei Jr. would be able to regain its vitality. Wanting to cry, but unable to do so, I curled up in the corner of the bathroom, allowing the water to spray haphazardly across my body. I was not in the mood to put on my usual act in the shower, where I would fake cry while showering, declaring that I was too dirty.

Leaning against the doorframe, Gu Yiliang looked at me with a very apologetic expression. "If not... I'll help you rub it out?"

Me: "..."

Did he think this was a television or what? Just smacking it a couple of times would make it revive?

With dark, lifeless eyes, I sprayed him with the showerhead.

679.

As such, the situation again became one where we were showering together in the bathroom.

His heart was filled with guilt, while my heart had turned into ashes. No matter our actions or interactions, not a spark could be found. We were like an old couple who had completely lost any sexual attraction to each other, yet we still understood each other completely.

With a head full of bubbles, I asked him for the showerhead, and he straight away aimed the showerhead at me.

What was he doing?!

I was most afraid of shampoo going into my eyes. Within a second, I shut my eyes, but then I felt a hand against my forehead.

Opening my eyes, I saw Gu Yiliang's face leaning in. He was too close to me, and his full forehead and good-looking eyes were like a drawing, embroidered right into my eyes.

Holding the showerhead with one hand, he directed the water towards the side of my head, while shielding my forehead with his other hand, carefully blocking the bubbles streaming down.

680.

He seemed to be watering me like a plant.

I looked at him. The broad-leaf plant at the bottom of my heart shot towards the sun, blocking out the sun and sky in my heart.

I poked at his arm. “Who am I?”

He blinked in confusion. “Yanyan?”

Ok, fine. I said, “Put the showerhead away properly, then lower your head.”

He complied with my instructions, and I kissed him.

His lips and tongue were too soft, his breaths too scorching. I thought about that cigarette I took from his hand that night, realizing that things done with the mouth always easily made one addicted to them. For example, eating, drinking, smoking and kissing — as expected, I was a well-learned person.

As such, we kissed, and we kissed.

681.

Condensation slowly crept up the glass surrounding them, as though a thin gauzy layer had been draped over them.

Embracing, hugging, clinging, kissing, to no surprise, something was again poking at me. Gritting its teeth, Little Wei Jr. too struggled to get up as it exclaimed, “Help me up, I want to give it a try!”

Gu Yiliang bit his lip, lowering his gaze and studying me. He had no intention of pulling away from me.

Hiss — I really was not prepared to turn into ashes. Faltering, I looked at him.

Me: “Why don’t we...”

Him: “Why don’t we...”

We both fell into silence simultaneously.

Me: “Thighs?”

Him: “Hands?”

We again fell into silence simultaneously.

682.

I was the one who lost! And even ended up selling myself!

Spluttering, I turned over, facing the wall. He chuckled lowly, then gripped my waist with one hand, shoving something tenting up between my thighs, while holding onto my Little Wei Jr. that had been plagued with various disasters with the others, as he bent his head down and kissed the back of my neck.

I really lost, and yet I was charmed as well. Placing my hand over his, I followed his action, then grabbed his hand on my waist, nibbling at his fingers in resentment.

However, he seemed to be amused by that. He laughed softly, then teased my tongue with his fingers.

My vision alternated between haziness and clarity, and I did not know if the water droplets gathering on my body were from sweat or condensation. Our bodies bumped and ground against each other, and after some time, we both finally discharged what we had chaotically.

683.

During the entire process of us finishing our shower and falling back in bed, my brain was blank the whole time.

I had really drunk quite a bit. My nerves had been tense, I did not vomit at all, and I experienced a great upheaval in both my soul and body. The moment my head touched the soft pillow, the giddiness from the alcohol surged over me.

Feeling a little dizzy, I reached up to pinch my nose bridge. After a couple of seconds, Gu Yiliang reached towards me.

My head was spinning, and he was not much better. His brows were tightly creased, and he was lying there flat on the bed. In a rather awkward position, he placed one hand on my forehead, massaging my temple for me.

I adjusted him to a side-lying position. "Sleeping on your side will make you feel better."

He shook his head, turning to lie flat on his back again. "...I can't keep my alcoholic breaths down. If I sleep facing you, they'll affect you."

Oh ho, who was it just now who basically cajoled me, saying he wanted to kiss me? Who couldn't stop kissing who just now? — The latter seemed to be me.

I ended up choking myself, then I reached out and turned him on his side again. Dragging my pillow, I shifted myself down a little, facing his chest. "Like this, they won't affect me anymore."

Nuzzling into the pillow, he nodded, giving in. He even placed his other hand on me, tugging me closer to him.

684.

How warm, how sweet.

It had nothing to do with enjoying fluff, but it had everything to do with him.

685.

People should chat before falling asleep, right? I recalled his odd behavior during dinner and asked, "You can't drink, so why did you drink so much?"

"Because..." His hand that was massaging my temple paused suspiciously. "... If you don't drink, and I don't drink, where would all the good liquor in China go?"

Me: "...If you're not drunk, and I'm not drunk, who would sleep on the curb?"

Him: "What a refreshing person. How nice, come, give me a kiss."

Me: ".... Sure sure sure sure."

We kissed once.

Him: "Drinking both day and night, one's future would be bright?"

Me: "... Getting drunk both day and night, one's life would never die?"

Him: "Correct answer! How great, come, give me a kiss."

Me: "... Sure sure sure sure."

We kissed once again.

Him: "Feelings run deep—"

Me: "Enough, you!!"

686.

I had nearly been hoodwinked by the fluff he was dishing out!

I tugged at his face. "Were you... getting jealous?"

He froze slightly, before quietly acknowledging it. Then, he asked, "...Is it very bad to be like this?"

I was left completely defenseless by this attack of sugar from him. My heart bobbed about in the warm sugar syrup that was only a few degrees warmer than my body temperature. Before I could struggle out from my lack of breath to speak, I heard him say, "— Even if it's bad, there's nothing I can do about it. It seems like I can't change it."

687.

Eeeeeee. Fine, a consecutive attack of sugar. I'm dead.

688.

I circled his waist with my arms, and he bent his head down, kissing my forehead. I looked up at him, and he smiled at me. I smiled at him, and he kissed me on the lips.

Everything flowed as smooth as water, accomplished in one sitting.

Me: “Goodnight.”

Him: “Sweet dreams.”

Chapter Thirty-Eight

<< Gu Yiliang’s Diary – Excerpt 17 — Confessions>>

I made my adversary sleep with me without giving him any benefits.

While writing this line down, my emotions were truly mixed. Looking at these words written down permanently, I personally don’t dare to believe it. It truly feels like a dream.

Ai, how did things end up like this ^^ (strike out the emoji).

I feel that I’ve sinned terribly, and at the same time, I feel overly delighted — this makes me feel that I’ve sinned even more terribly.

<< Gu Yiliang’s Diary – Excerpt 18>>

My adversary is still sleeping in his room. I don't want to be away from him for too long, so if my handwriting is illegible, just let it be illegible.

After interacting with him over the past two days, I've discovered that he likes the muddle-headed and cute type the best. However, I'm not exactly the muddle-headed and cute sort of person, so I was thinking about taking this drinking opportunity to pretend to be drunk and make him happy.

In the end, I thought that I was pretending to be drunk, only to be really drunk. However, even though I was drunk, my mind was still aware of what was going on.

I said that I was slightly tipsy, but my partner did not believe it.

No, not a partner, my adversary. Oops.

Drinking always bungles things up, as alcohol was really too good at bolstering one's courage, as well as making one impulsive. Sometimes only a smidge of a thought would appear in one's mind, but the body would immediately react and do what it wanted to do.

—Where the heart goes, the body goes. I can't lay the blame on the alcohol — the heart wants what the heart wants.

The more I interact with my adversary, the more I can feel his adorableness from every inch of my heart and soul.

It's carved in his very bones, and it's very appealing, as well as very alluring.

It made no difference whether I smoked the fourth cigarette anymore. Things that should happen would always happen, and feelings that would occur would always occur.

Whenever he greeted me, I would often pay attention to his expression and tone, noticing how clear and bright his eyes were. Whenever I attended the same event as him, I would also pay attention to his position, and often discuss with my assistant about how much thought he had placed into his outfits.

More than a year ago, when I saw the photo of his leg injury, my heart inexplicably skipped a beat. I never managed to understand why I felt that way, but now I understand.

Bit by bit, piece by piece, with unrealised focus, as well as feelings that were inexplicably influenced, I finally found my home, a place where I belonged.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 19>>

I don't want to be his sugar daddy, I want to woo him.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 20>>

Although I don't know how to woo him, life's like that, and I have to at least try.

The perfect life as depicted in books — 70% satiation, 30% drunk, and 100% harvest; live the best quality life you can get, work moderately, and listen to your innermost self about your desires.

This is true, but as I keep my feet on the ground, I'm also a little greedy. I want everything to be 100%, and I want everything to be the best.

What's even greedier is that there's a place for him everywhere and in everything I want.

<< Gu Yiliang's Diary – Excerpt 21>>

If I had foreseen this, I wouldn't have agreed to his suggestion of being his sugar daddy, and right now, I wouldn't feel so tormented.

I have yet to give him anything, and I've already let him...

Hai.

I don't know what he thinks of me. Would he think that I'm a very useless sugar daddy?

I can't even fulfill the ordinary role of a sugar daddy properly, so how am I going to fulfill the role of a boyfriend well?

Hai, it's truly a torment.

The only good thing about this is that I'm perfectly justified in getting close to him.

If my actual self could be like my acting self, able to command and plan well, able to be merry and cheerful, and able to flirt well, he would probably like that version of me, right?

Slowly, slowly, one step at a time, one step at a time.

Although there's no scientific basis in how a frog can be cooked in water that is slowly heated, the logic in it can still be applied. As long as I persevere in wooing him, one day I can conquer having him in the bag — make him belong to me.

I also need to improve my techniques. Yesterday, I really let him down.

Hai, I also need to repair my phone.

689.

Gu Yiliang woke me up.

690.

All my blood was flowing to one particular area, and it was difficult to remain asleep even if I wanted to.

Drowsily, I opened my eyes, looking down at a hand on little Wei Jr. that was moving ceaselessly. My mind immediately woke up, and I turned to look at the owner of that hand—

Yo, Driver Gu1, you're starting the car so early in the morning? Where are you going?

Seeing that I had woken up, Gu Yiliang's lips curled in a smile. He leant over, kissing me on the forehead.

691.

The hangover felt pretty awful. My brain felt muddled and my thoughts were slow.

I looked at him, allowing him to continue what he was doing. A period of time had passed, and I had yet to realize what was going on.

Last night, before sleeping, I was still entertaining an imaginary worry that I would wake up in the morning to a change from what had happened last night. In the end, the moment I opened my eyes, I saw—

Eh? This little romance is kicking off just like that?!

692.

And it was even quite relishing!

As expected, things did change! To a bright and sunny day!

From now on, for the rest of my life, please provide me with this wake-up service every morning!

It truly was a progress of 99%. I really worried for nothing!

There was a little bee buzzing about in my heart, producing honey. I immediately rallied up my energy, happily shifting over and hugging Gu Yiliang's waist. His grip tightened slightly, and he bowed his head down, wanting to kiss me.

I turned my head away. "We haven't brushed our teeth yet."

He chuckled softly. Refusing to give up, he pressed his lips against mine, the action of his hand quickening.

693.

This was not my heart being moved, this was my heart thumping loudly away like a bass beat!

I was brought to death and back to life by his sweetness, flowers blooming in my heart. Little Wei Jr. was also brought to death and back to life by his hand, jerking and reaching its completion.

Comparing the techniques of his hand and mouth, it was as though he was completely a different person. The Little Wei Jr. who had nearly met its death in his mouth last night had been stroked to life instantly in the morning.

The energy I only just rallied up had completely been exhausted in his hand. With half-lidded eyes, I leant back into my pillow, panting softly as I watched him run here and there, working hard to clean up the crime scene, and meticulously cleaning up the instruments used to commit the crime — it was truly a service meant for a king.

My heart was simmering in honey, warm and sweet. Inexplicably, I even felt like I was a sugar daddy of a great beauty.

694.

Poo poo poo, what nonsense was I saying? I only wanted to give him everything good that was within my capabilities. For rich people to be in a relationship, could it be considered a sugar daddy-sugar baby relationship?

Calmly, I put on my pants, as I furiously calculated silently how to stealthily transfer all the resources Old Huang had been shoving at me over to Gu Yiliang. Like a typhoon, I rushed into the bathroom and finished washing up, then ran back and pushed Gu Yiliang back onto the bed, nuzzling like crazy into the crook of his neck.

Laughing, he lifted my head up, tapping his index finger on his own lips. "Now that you've brushed your teeth, you have to pay back what you owe me just now."

A charming wink even accompanied his flirtatious line.

695.

... When this person was in a relationship, not only could he cure impotency, but he even shoveled tons and tons of sugar at me.

I turned into a fool from his sweetness. With overwhelming momentum, in my heart, I sucked in a deep breath, whimpering like a tiger who had lost all its power. There was no need to mention a kiss, I even wanted to just give him my life. Immediately, I closed my eyes, giving him a passionate kiss that spun the world around us.

696.

Kissing Gu Yiliang made one even more intoxicated than drinking. At the end of the day, we were both red-blooded young men. Kissing and kissing, Little Wei Jr. started perking up again, and in my heart, I contemplated about the time we needed to report at the production site, secretly considering if I should take the opportunity to have a round of sex. Right then, I heard Gu Yiliang ask quietly, "Have you ever thought about what you would be if you weren't an actor?"

Before I knew it, thousands and thousands of forum posts flooded my head. All the allurements and charm vanished in an instant, and I half-wilted on the spot.

Me: "....."

Me: "... A scholar, a Gu... a scientist."

He immediately chuckled, responding in amusement, “You really should do cross—”

Me: “.....”

The lifeless light shooting from my eyes probably frightened him, and he forcibly swallowed down the word “talk”. “—Uhh, I mean, you should be a... bard?”

697.

That was it, the atmosphere had cooled down, this round was impossible.

With lifeless eyes, I left his side, drifting away to take the clothes Little Chen had washed and prepared for me.

“—You’re angry? I was only joking.” Holding his laughter back, Gu Yiliang followed me. “Who asked you to not answer my question properly?”

But I was answering it properly?! Did he look down on scholars or something?!

With an unhappy expression, I pushed him out of the door. “Hurry up and go back to your room to change your clothes. We’ll be late.”

His feet came to a stop. Glancing at the clothes in my hand, he turned and left.

698.

When he was dressed properly and he appeared in front of me, I fell silent.

May I ask, how did he manage to put together this outfit that was completely different in styles and color from my clothes, but still looked totally like a couple outfit with mine?

He feigned surprise, speaking in pleasure, “Ah, what a coincidence~”

That lilt in his voice!

I dragged him into my room, again giving him a passionate kiss that spun the world around us.

690.

Despite our clinging and nuzzling, we still had to go to work.

If we were to continue kissing, I was afraid we would turn into Tony Leung in *The Eagle Shooting Heroes*. Patting myself on my cheeks, I tried to dissipate the heat in them, and left the room with the continuously smiling Gu Yiliang.

Upon stepping onto the production site, the entire crew was shrouded in an aura of a head-splitting hangover. Only the two of us were full of vitality. Standing in the rising air of lifelessness, we looked at each other.

With a face of having overindulged, Little Chen drifted over, shoving my breakfast in my hands. "After the dinner ended yesterday, Director Lu and the rest went for another round. They all drank too much, drinking from the north to the south, even losing a few along the way. Right now, they're still searching for some of them, and so today's a rest day."

Me: "....."

700.

It seems like this *Song of Waves* production really wouldn't be able to continue filming.

701.

Gu Yiliang turned to ask, “Just nice, I need to repair my phone. Want to go with me?”

The beauty has a request!

Immediately, with a very practiced motion, I pulled out my phone, unlocked it, and opened up Alipay. “Just get a new one?”

Smiling, he shook his head. “I don’t have a backup for the things inside, so even if I buy a new phone, I’ll need to repair the old one. Since it’s getting repaired, I might as well continue using it.”

What was inside that he treasured so much? It couldn’t be some precious teenage diary thing, could it?

Puzzled, I lowered my voice. “... Are there nudes inside?”

Even more puzzled, he lowered his voice. “...Did we take any last night?”

Me: “.....”

Him: “.....”

Little Chen: “.....”

Little Chen: “Should I just quietly walk away, or courageously remain?”

702.

Under my dagger-like stare, Little Chen scrambled away with no hesitation.

Gu Yiliang laughed. “Wait for me in the lounge, I’ll go prepare the things I need for filming tomorrow. Once I’m done, I’ll come look for you.”

Agreeing, I watched him leave as my eyes continued shooting daggers.

703.

Lying on the couch in the lounge, I took my phone out because I was bored. After a round of The King of Fighters, without anything else to do, I scrolled through Weibo, only to suddenly discover—

Up until now, I had yet to think about enjoying fluff at all?!

704.

Feeling complicated, I held onto my phone, looking at the once familiar scene with different feelings.

Browsing through the super topic page for Niangzi, I felt like I was returning to my alma mater after graduation for a visit. The brainwashing posts were all old school books I was once again flipping open after a long time; seeing the Niangzi Army chattering away, it was as though I was looking at my youthful and fresh faced underclassmen; WilLiam was like my old deskmate; when I again saw that “SilentMoonWilLiam”, it was like after I had attained success in my career, I happened to meet that class representative who insisted that I would never amount to anything during our studying days—

Hss, what was this inexplicable feeling of satisfaction and gloating?!

705.

The God of CPs, I've graduated, I've grown up to be somebody!

706.

Unsurprisingly, I happened to come across that poster with both Gu Yiliang and my autograph on the topic. Other than the poster itself, it was accompanied by an analysis, a timeline, screaming and crying, as well as a short eight-hundred word essay on “My Father and I”.

Me: A good deed was truly something that could save people. It was even more useful than forwarding koi fish images.

In this world, only coughing and showing-off could not be concealed. Looking at the poster with the two autographs, I descended into a bout of silence, and in the next moment, I started laughing slyly in my heart.

707.

@WeiYanzi_William: Sharing a song — “A Cool You2” (@neteasemusic)

In the embrace of the cool wind, the hole in my heart is a door for you.[Rain][Rain]

708.

Holding my phone, I stared at my own Weibo page, happy like a fool.

Someone knocked thrice lightly on the door of the lounge. Gu Yiliang poked his head in, smiling at me.

I shot to the door, the lilt in my voice coming automatically, “Why did you take so long~”

“There were quite a lot of things to prepare...” He scratched his nose. “I’ve asked my assistant to book two movie tickets, want to watch a movie together?”

Chapter Thirty-Nine

708.

Imagine this: A Gu Yiliang, a little tentative, shy and anticipatory, invites you to see a movie.

Question: What would you do?

Answer: I don’t know about you guys, but anyway, once he smiles at me, don’t even mention a movie. If he asks me about eloping with him, I would immediately pack up, gently pull him up, and elope. We’ll sprint towards blissfulness, running straight forward with no turning back.

709.

Like a housefly, I rubbed my hands together, buzzing about in the lounge. I picked up a huge black face mask, put it on, then found a coat with a high collar. I put that on and dug out a big and broad scarf and put that on—

Why were there no gas masks or facekinis in the lounge?!

As I circled about the room while pondering whether I should just find a pair of stockings and pull it over my head, amused, Gu Yiliang brought me out of my thoughts with a light touch, tugging a baseball cap over my head. “We’re going to watch a movie, not rob a bank. We can just make do with wearing a cap.”

Me: “But...”

Him: “If you’re dressed like this, you’ll either be dragged into the police station by the police, or be sent into the police station by earnest passersby.”

Me: “.....”

He moved to remove the scarf and jacket off me. I was silent for a moment, then my eyes swept past the makeup bag left behind by Little Chen.

Gu Yiliang sat down obediently on the chair, allowing me to draw and paint on his face. He asked curiously, “You even know how to apply makeup?”

“I know some of the basics.” I thickened his eyebrows, lowering them a little, then changed the shape of his eyes. “Things like concealing flaws, dark eye circles, and trimming eyebrows — they can make one look more energetic in appearance.”

Him: “I can’t even tell that you’ve put on makeup normally.”

Words from a heterosexual x 1

Him: “It seems like there’s completely no difference from when you have no makeup on.”

Words from a heterosexual x 2

Him: “You’re very good looking without makeup too.”

Words from a heterosexual x 3

Him: “You’re very good looking no matter what.”

Me: “...Enough, enough, if you don’t know how to give compliments, you should just stop—”

Just as my sentence ended, he leant over, gave me a kiss, then smiled at the frozen version of myself, "Alright, I'll stop."

711.

I submit.

How could I forget that he's the sort who can seamlessly switch between a heterosexual and a homosexual?

Overwhelmed with feelings, I cupped my right hand with my left and gave him a bow.

Puzzled, he returned the bow, innocently asking me, "What's the next step? To bow to the heavens¹

Me: "....."

712.

Little Chen pushed the door open and walked in. Upon seeing me, he froze. “Why is your face so red?”

My entire heart had been plucked by Gu Yiliang to steep in mead. Smiling brightly, I answered, “I’m just in good spirits.”

With a flourish, Little Chen said sonorously, “Does that mean, you’re Brigade Commander Xu’s man2?”

My heart sobered up in an instant, and I said succinctly, “Scram.”

713.

After finishing Gu Yiliang’s makeup, I took two steps back, studying him for a moment, and was very satisfied with the results — with these brows, mask, and a more mature hairstyle, even if his fanclub saw him, they would not recognise him.

Gu Yiliang took the makeup bag from my hands. “Then I’ll help you apply makeup now.”

I was uncertain. “You know how to do it?”

Confidently, he said, “I was watching you apply everything just now, and I don’t think it’s too hard.”

714.

I sat down, my back facing the mirror. I looked at Gu Yiliang who had his eyes lowered and was penciling my eyebrows. My heart was saturated with tenderness and sweetness, and although the makeup was meant to uglify ourselves, this daily task of applying makeup mutually — was truly too sweet!!

Little Chen started to speak, but he faltered as he looked at us.

As Gu Yiliang drew and drew, he sighed softly in disappointment. “Too bad my phone is spoiled, if not I can take a photo and post it on Weibo.”

This guy who wouldn’t feel comfortable if he didn’t post on Weibo, was this because he wanted to perform fanservice, or did he want to show off our relationship?

To follow such a CP who would lead them out of their misery, the Niangzi Army must have been pleading in front of the gods for thousands of years in their previous life.

I clicked my tongue silently, giggled a little silently, then reflected for a bit. This sort of interaction could still be considered quite innocent, and it could be posted!

So, with my screen on my Weibo login page, I handed my phone to him, “Here, log in into your account.”

He accepted the phone, logging in swiftly, then handed the phone to Little Chen. “Please, help us take a photo.”

Wanting to speak but faltering again, Little Chen accepted the phone.

715.

Only after I watched Gu Yiliang stop typing, tapping on the top right corner of the screen, did I then suddenly realize—

The Super Fans Club app!!!

Although he did think I was his fan in the past, to have the actual person himself see the notification from the Super Fans Club app was too embarrassing!!!! What's more, there was the “your baby” part!!!

As my phone vibrated, with a notification popping up, I simultaneously snatched my phone back.

Gu Yiliang was surprised, and his eyes were fixed on the screen of my phone. He then chuckled softly, ruffling my hair. “Let’s finish applying the makeup.”

It seemed like I had managed to slip through. Heaving a breath of relief, I allowed him to continue working on my face.

Little Chan wanted to speak, but he faltered as he looked at me.

716.

Me: "Little Chen, if you have something to say, say it quickly—"

Little Chen: "Stop the makeup, you need to turn back and look at the mirror hurry up quick quick quick if you don't look it'll be too late!!"

717.

I looked at the mirror.

I left the embrace of honeyed tenderness, I wiped away the two seaweed-like eyebrows, then made myself a little uglier. With lifeless eyes, I put on my cap and mask, and followed Gu Yiliang out of the door.

Gu Yiliang got into the car, reaching out and poking at me, then poked at me again. “I’m sorry, I had good intentions, but my skills weren’t up to par.”

I made a mistake in trusting the heterosexual. I truly made a mistake in handing myself to the heterosexual. With a heavy heart, I said, “Such an ugly look, and it’s even—”

Gu Yiliang pressed a kiss right onto me, and at the end, he even used the soft tip of his tongue to lightly flick the corner of my lips. He then smiled, “I’m stopping, but you look good no matter what.”

Me: “...!”

Not only could he apply what he learnt very well, but he could even lie with his eyes wide open. Amazing, amazing, he truly was a man who could turn me, Wei Yanzi, gay.

With a sweetness flowing in my throat, I cleanly forgot that he was the culprit who made me so ugly. I even leant over and kissed his cheek, and by the time I remembered again, he had already turned his attention onto driving.

Me: “...”

718.

Really, no matter what, he would always coax me into a state of muddle headedness!

There was once again a sweetness in my throat. However, this time, it was the iron-tinged sweetness of blood! I was angry, angry with myself for being so useless.

Tonight, I must definitely drag him into bed and settle him there and then. I must also courageously snatch the position at the top, to wash away the same feeling of being flirted with!

Looking at Gu Yiliang's face and how he was focused on driving, the little man in my heart clenched his fists tightly in determination.

As his fists continued to be tightly clenched, I suddenly started smiling foolishly.

— Sweet, it was truly sweet.

719.

The car flew down the road, and the atmosphere was not too bad. However, the silence and the cool breeze were enough to leave people a little anxious.

Then... would it not be wonderful to have some BGM to liven things up?

On my own initiative, I turned on his list of Top 50 Classic European Love Songs.

As he drove, Gu Yiliang glanced at me as I was swaying along to the music. Huffing out a breath, he smiled, “I thought that you didn’t like these songs. The last time I drove you, you seemed to be very pained when listening to them.”

That was because I was in a totally different mindset then! I was still a heterosexual!

I opened my mouth to speak, only to wrench back any sound that was about to spill from my lips.

720.

Eh?

Hold on, according to him, these songs were meant for me to hear?

Exactly how long had he been premeditating this?!

My eyes widened. “You chose these songs on purpose?”

He scratched his nose. “... Mn. That day, I had wanted to bring you to, yes, eat.”

Me: "...?"

Me: "..."

Oh, I remember now.

There was that sucker who booked the entire high class restaurant and even hired a violinist.

721.

Who cares if he only did it for fanservice or to really flirt with me. In any case, I had fallen for it. All roads lead to Rome, and he must take responsibility.

Waves of sweet, romantic sentiments crashed upon my heart, and my eyes curved in a smile. "Mn, the songs are pretty good."

He agreed with me, and took the opportunity when waiting at a red light to ruffle my hair. Seemingly a little nervous, he said earnestly, "The lyrics... are all things that I want to say."

Me: ? No, wait, then just say it out loud?

What a shortcut, what a time-saving measure. With so many words of love, just compress them into a file, words-of-love.rar, and send it to Wei Yanzi.

Although I thought about it that way, I still could not help but go through the lyrics in my head. Every line was an impactful tease, and it made me want to both fuck him and drown in sweetness at the same time.

With thousands of words stuck in my heart, I felt as though I was drifting amongst the clouds. Reaching out, I placed my hand on his, on top of the gearstick.

Right at that moment, the traffic light turned green. He paused for a slight moment, then stepped on the accelerator.

722.

The music played on, and waves of romantic sentiments swelled upon us like a rising tide.

Having learnt the little trick of teasing a person with lyrics, as I hummed along to “Close To You”, I swayed towards Gu Yiliang. Putting into practice what I had learnt, I asked, “Then, can you guess why I’m swaying towards you? Hint: it has something to do with the lyrics—”

The little shy and bashful man in my heart answered silently. Because I want to get close to you~

Holding onto the steering wheel, he contemplated for a moment, then asked me tentatively, "Because... If the sound waves are too strong, will they hit the ground?"

Me: "..."

The little shy and bashful man in my heart: "..."

Waves of romantic sentiments pulled away from us like a falling tide.

723.

Did he have some sort of setting that all flirtations would fail against him?!

I, who fell for all flirtations, had received a heavy, overwhelming blow!

724.

With lifeless eyes, as well as a lifeless heart, I watched as Gu Yiliang parked his car outside a slightly more remote Apple store.

He asked me to stay in the car while he entered the store himself.

I watched him leave, sighing sorrowfully in my heart — why was my boyfriend able to have the ability to be both a complete blockhead at romance, while being innately good at romance at the same time?

Was the world just unfair, or was he really so stupid that this just came naturally to him?

In any case, I could never understand his character setting.

He was gone for a while. I was bored waiting, and upon looking at my phone, I saw that there were two unread notifications from the Fan Clubs app.

I didn't even need to think to know that he had tagged me. Having yet to see what he sent on Weibo, I tapped in.

725.

@GuYiliang_Liam: A Cool You[Breeze][Breeze][Laughing][Laughing]@WeiYanzi_William

【The accompanying photo was us in the lounge, with him bowing his head and drawing my brows. The composition was perfect, and the tone was harmonious. With two pieces of seaweed on my face, I knew the scent of the sea.】

Me:

726.

Expert! Master! The top-ranked player!

This series of rhetorical words, steady yet a little cheeky, cheeky and a little teasing, and the teasing was perfectly appropriate—

I submit. I submit completely. Was he holding my head down again, forcing me to feed on Niangzi fluff?!

My phone had only been in his hands for such a short period of time, yet he completed the whole series of “looking at my Weibo”, “understanding my Weibo post”, “coming up with a suitable response”, and “sending the Weibo post”?

Was he a spy hidden in the Niangzi Army??

In the same frame, the tagging, the eyebrow drawing, the end user, the rhetorical words, and he even used the same song!

The flowers, you once told me, how did you walk this path4?!

I can't anymore. When Gu Yiliang got out of the car, he did not crack the window open for me. In the car, I pressed a palm to my chest, suffocating from the sweetness.

Insulin was no longer enough, I needed a ventilator.

727.

Walking over from afar, Gu Yiliang fiddled with the phone in his hand, opening the car door and getting in.

He turned his head towards me and asked, "Later— What happened to you?"

It was just that my position of enjoying fluff was too unique, and I did not have time to readjust myself. As such, I could only go along, pressing against my chest and pointing wildly at the window.

He hurriedly wound the windows down.

I gasped loudly for air. Feigning that I had calmed down, I complained with a wail, "You wanted to suffocate me to death!"

He gave me a few breaths of life, smiling as he pinched my cheek. "Just tell me straight away if you want kisses."

I was kissed by him to the point of nearly hyperventilating. Again, I was deeply astonished by his abilities to misinterpret things and flirt, that were even more unique than the way I enjoyed fluff.

728.

He truly lived up to the name of being a top-ranked player!

I lost again!

No, wait, in front of him, it seemed as though I completely had no chance of winning at all?!

729.

The car started again, and both the emotions in my eyes and heart were very complicated.

I poked him, and poked him again as I confirmed with him, "Did you perform fanservice with other people in the past before?"

Him: "Huh? No?"

Me: ? Then why are you so skilled at it?!!

Me: "... Oh. By the way, have you listened to Cheer Chen as well?"

Him: "Yup, why?"

Without waiting for my response, he turned and looked at me, smiling, "You saw my Weibo post?"

Without waiting for my response, he continued, "That song was too niche, I was afraid you never heard it before."

Me: ?

Me:?

730.

Hold on, did he not see my Weibo?!

Chapter Forty

731.

The God of CP — I was never going to graduate, nor was I ever going to be somebody.

Listening to the same song, both of us thought about each other, and we even expressed it with the same method. What sort of destiny was this? Are we destined to marry each other or something?

Whether it was the level of fluff or the tacit understanding between us, it was too much. It started suspecting that Gu Yiliang was the God of CP himself.

732.

In the comments, fans were laughing in the comments, anti-fans were stomping their feet, while the Niangzi Army, like mothers, were preparing red packets in the super topic.

Just one Weibo post had completed the half-month quota of other CPs. This was skilled, really highly skilled.

Silently, I locked my phone, watching the car reversing into the parking spot.

Gu Yiliang handed me the car key, then sent me the QR code to collect the tickets. "There's quite a lot of people catching a movie at this time. I'll go up first and wait for you in the theater."

Things were always a little troublesome for a public figure in a public area. I also did not have any intention of clinging to each other and walking into the theater while holding each other's hands. As such, I nodded and then watched him get out of the car and go into the lift that would take him straight to the cinema.

733.

Hai, although the truth was real, I really did not like to look at his departing back.

Despite having no such intention, and knowing that the situation did not allow us to do so, I could not help but feel a little regretful and melancholic.

Especially when I saw all the couples openly walking past me, each twined with their partner. I kept feeling that I was somehow being wronged.

As two big men, there was no need for us to cling to each other all the time. Towards hand-holding, I also did not have any requests that could be considered overboard, but... we should be allowed to openly walk next to each other and not be disturbed, right?

Pursing my lips, I sighed internally.

Ignoring the fact that we were both in the entertainment industry, as for those homosexual couples not in this industry, how many of them were able to openly show their love for each other?

Still, this road was something we chose ourselves, and we would be the ones choosing how to walk down this road. For me, it did not matter. If this matter blew up, I would at most go home and take whatever handouts there were. However, if it were to affect Gu Yiliang's splendid path in his career, my sins would be great.

734.

Sentimentality had never been my style. Standing in front of the ticket machine, I waited for the tickets to be dispensed, thinking in self-consolation that there were also benefits in being more secretive.

Everyone thought that we were betraying our sexuality for fanservice, but none realized that this fanservice had already turned into a cover for our displays of affection. The Niangzi Army thought that the fluff they were enjoying was fake fluff that they had dug out themselves, but it was actually fluff whose sweetness had been deliberately reduced – to be able to display our affections secretly in such openness as not everyone had the ability to do so.

Ah, the world is drunk, and we're the only ones who are sober. In front of others, we're buddies, while behind their backs, we're gay. This is novel and rather fun.

Having consoled myself such that I had cheered up, I then thought about how we would soon be able to catch a movie together. In my heart, I rubbed my hands in glee, giggling as I walked towards the designated theater hall.

735.

I thought that Gu Yiliang would already be seated and waiting for me, but the moment I entered the hall, he intercepted me.

The lights in the hall had already been dimmed, and trailers and advertisements were already playing. Gu Yiliang held my hand tightly, leading me to our seats.

The little hands in my heart were rubbing so much that they were about to burst into flames at any moment. Delightedly, I quietly asked him, "Why didn't you just sit down and wait for me?"

He replied, "I can't hold your hand out there."

A fire had already started from those rubbing hands, and I smiled like an idiot at him. "It's so dark. How did you recognise me?"

He replied, "Before you came in, I already made a mistake with four or five people, so I paid more attention."

Me: "....."

Me: "Your perseverance and persistence are things that are worthy of emulation."

He chortled, "You're overpraising me."

I chuckled, "You're much too polite."

736.

The fire in my heart had already dwindled down to a wisp of smoke, going out. With nothing to say, I followed Gu Yiliang to our seats, and the movie officially started too.

I had not been paying attention the entire time, and only after the movie started did I then realize it was a movie he had starred in.

The version of him on screen appeared in a smart and handsome military uniform, while the version of him next to me turned to me with a small sheepish smile.

What sort of 3D, multi audiovisual feast was this?!

Ah, next to me was the god from the screen!

The astonishment in my heart could not be put into words, and the attack and ordeal of aestheticism came from the front and next to me.

737.

Not too long later, the female lead appeared on screen as well. Gu Yiliang turned his head slightly towards me, shooting me a glance, and I gave him an unconcerned smile in return.

Hah, we're all actors here. How could I be bothered about such a small matter?

It actually seemed like I was still a little bothered.

The armrest between our seats was adjustable. With my eyes fixed on the screen, I unobtrusively lifted the armrest, shifting myself a little closer to him.

He looked at me with a faint smile, and following the actions of the military commander on screen, as he held the female lead's hand, he held mine, bowing down and kissing it, then touched my fingertips lightly with his lips.

738.

Ah, this is fun!

I saw the female lead on screen smile charmingly as she leaned into the commander's ear and whispered into it. Immediately, I pressed my lips right up against his ear, exhaling.

The commander still looked very dignified, but Gu Yiliang's ear reddened. He gave me a smack with no force behind it.

Laughing silently, I watched as the female lead flirted with the commander and copied her actions. Lightly, I caressed Gu Yiliang's earlobe with a finger, sliding it down his ear, towards his neck, and further down.

The commander grabbed hold of the female lead's throat, while Gu Yiliang grabbed hold of my finger, giving me a slightly accusing look.

The female lead was still composed. Her red lips quirked up, and she stroked the commander's calf lightly with her foot, sliding up and down.

This move was too hard! Furthermore, taking off my shoes? That was filthy! Going with the second best option, I slid the back of my hand up his thigh, moving left and right.

“Hey...” Gu Yiliang caught my hand, warning me softly.

I smiled gloatingly. That was flirtatious enough, wasn't it? He could not bear it, right? It was torturous, right?

Karma was cyclical. Who asked you to make my head explode with your flirting all this while, and even using soundwaves to try to stun me.

739.

Then, I watched as the air around the commander on screen suddenly turned very oppressive. He grabbed hold of the female lead, and the screen turned dark.

I had a bad premonition.

Gu Yiliang leant into my ear, whispering, “This portion wasn't acted out, but I know what happened—”

As he stared at the screen, he reached out, tugging me closer to him. With his arm around my waist, he lifted up the hem of my shirt, drawing his fingers across my back. The hand on my hip rubbed at me gently, his fingers tracing my bones. He then slowly slid his hand down, and at the same time, he turned and kissed my ear lightly, chuckling softly—

Have mercy! Please have mercy!

This is too much flirting! I can't take it anymore! He's a demon!

740.

I grabbed his hand, moving it back to its original position. Then I put the armrest back down, and sat with a very proper posture as I looked in front of me.

He laughed, whispering, "You can't take it already?"

I spoke sternly, my voice quiet, "No, the plot is too exciting, I can't miss it."

He raised a brow, his voice quiet, "Then why is your hand inside your pocket?"

Me: "... To hold down a fierce tiger that's about to burst out."

Him: "Oh, you can't take it anymore."

Me: "Yes yes yes I can't take it, I can't take it, then will you let me give it and let me top you?"

Him: "What is top?"

Me: "....."

741.

My chance is quickly arriving!

I patiently guided him, "Top, that's me. I'm the top."

He glanced at me doubtfully. After a moment of silence, he softly called into my ear, "...laogong1?"

I melted.

I wouldn't be able to hold back that fierce tiger in my pants anymore.

I looked at him plaintively, and he crooked his fingers lightly with mine, lowering his magnetic voice, "I only just called you once like this, and you can't take it again."

742.

Fucking hell.

743.

I was about to explode due to this EMP gun of his. Taking the popcorn from the holder in the armrest next to me, I shoved some into his mouth.

He gave a muffled laugh, patting my thigh. "Alright, stop messing around, settle down and watch the movie."

I shot him a disgruntled look, turning my attention back to the screen.

744.

I stared fixedly at the Gu Yiliang on screen. His every frown and smile could capture one's soul. Afraid that the actual person next to me would be up to some sort of trick again, I continued shoving popcorn into his mouth, preventing this EMP gun from firing at me again.

He too had settled down. However, the tips of my fingers would periodically touch his lips, and he would tap on the back of my hand lightly with his fingers.

It had to be sad that this experience really was not bad — it was both tender and fun. From this, I found entertainment, and piece by piece, I kept feeding him popcorn. Flowers bloomed in my heart, and the grip around my hand also became tighter and tighter. The finger on the back of my hand kept drawing circles, the sensation both personal and flirtatious. In the dark, it was so very exciting, and there was also a peculiar sense of accomplishment of having tamed Gu Yiliang.

Tamed — that was too lewd, wasn't it?!

With a blush spreading across my ears and cheeks, I calculated loudly on the abacus in my heart, planning out a magnificent blueprint, no, wait, a print of lewdity. Along with me feeding him, our hands gradually clasped tighter, our fingers tangled together and they played with each other lightly—

745.

Gu Yiliang suddenly turned towards me in puzzlement. “You bought popcorn?”

My hand, grabbing some popcorn, froze.

746.

A bro sitting next to me: “Bro, look, I still have a Coke here, it’s iced. Shall I give it to you too?”

Me: “.....”

747.

Silence, it was dead silence. Only embarrassment surrounded me, rising and swelling.

A gunshot came from the screen.

With a hopeless gaze, how I wished that the little soldier shot dead by Gu Yiliang on screen was me right now.

I was so embarrassed that my molars were about to fall out, and I kept apologizing, offering money in compensation, trying to settle this bro’s emotions. It was only when the bro suddenly waved his hand did I go back to sitting upright.

There was still time! There was still more than half the movie to go, I could still save this atmosphere and my abacus—

748.

That bro turned his face back towards us, tilting his head as he said, “Eh? You look a lot like that umm, that spokesperson for that watch brand, Wei Yan—”

That bro’s head tilted even more, looking at Gu Yiliang next to me. He froze, then slowly shifted his gaze towards the screen. “Uhh—”

I tossed the abacus away, grabbing Gu Yiliang and fleeing.

749.

Sitting in the driver’s seat, Gu Yiliang patted my head in amusement, helping me calm down.

I huddled in the passenger’s seat in grievance, eyeing the crowds of passersby outside in vigilance.

Shuddering from holding back his laughter, Gu Yiliang gave a cough.

I held out the hand that had been grabbing the popcorn to him, trembling. "... Take it away, I don't want this hand anymore."

He grabbed my hand, biting the tip of my finger, then laughed, "Don't think about it anymore. There's still half a day left, where do you want to go to play?"

"How can we still play..." Despair was the greatest sorrow. Crestfallen, I said, "Just drive back to the production site. Before we left, I saw that bro looking at his phone and updating Weibo. Obsessive fans will probably appear here in ten seconds."

He paused, then drove the car out of the garage.

750.

The car drove on steadily, but my emotions were not. Sadly, I held my phone and contacted Sister Man, asking her to get ready to deal with the upcoming publicity.

Turning the wheel, Gu Yiliang was thinking about something. He abruptly coughed, and quietly asked me, "That matter just now, did you receive a bit of enlightenment...?"

I looked at him curiously. Was he asking for a reflection or something?

I was already left bruised and battered. Why did he have to be so vicious, rubbing salt into my wounds?

In any case, I was in the wrong. Deeply grieved, I said, "Yes. When I watch a movie, I must prepare my own popcorn."

Him: "....."

Him: "I originally wanted to say that when we get back, we can look for some, umm, films to watch, and we can follow along... umm..."

Him: "But you killed the conversation entirely."

Me: ???

No, wait, when I was anxiously waiting here to deal with that bro's Weibo, you were there silently brainstorming about roleplaying?!

Me: "Yes. We're definitely going back to look at those films."

We're going to look at thousands of short films and make it a movie marathon! Those flashbacks that play before one dies should be short films! No one better get out of the car!

751.

Sister Man replied very quickly, saying that that bro's Weibo account had been found. There was not a single problem with it at all, and he did not even mention our name.

I exhaled a breath of relief, opening the screenshot she sent.

@AnApplauseForSociety: One's bound to have good fortune in the year of the dog. While watching a movie, I met some movie stars. Turns out it is one's destiny, and love and loyalty are priceless! Here, despite being late, I wish everyone a happy new year. I hope that everyone is blessed with good fortune with this year of the dog, and enjoy your fluff!

Attached was an image of an empty popcorn bucket.

Me:

752.

Unable to stop myself, I applauded loudly. If not for the safety belt and the constraints of the car, I could even give a standing ovation.

Gu Yiliang looked at me, baffled. "Why? The matter's settled?"

Me: "That bro didn't expose us."

Him: "But there's still no need for applause, right?"

Me: "That bro's post was really too skilled, I couldn't help myself."

Chapter Forty-one

753.

I didn't know what others were like in a relationship, but in any case, my days were spent with perfect weather for growth, as well as deep affection for each other.

Upon opening my eyes every morning, I would see Gu Yiliang using my body for practice, and before I slept, I would also receive a goodnight kiss imbued with fatherly emotion. Although there were too many eyes in the production crew, and every single one of them all clever and shrewd so we could not sleep together, for him to be the first thing I see every morning and the last thing I see at night, it gave me a strange sense of having something that was lacking in life. All while he worked very hard to fill up that missing gap in my life.

To sum it up briefly, my life was very fulfilling.

At the same time, I really wanted to find some contractor in charge of renovations to tear down the wall between our rooms.

754.

There were only two regrets.

755.

One: although we had watched quite a number of movies where the two actors were engaged in a battle of flesh, and we learned a lot from them, with all sorts of positions and techniques, we had yet to reach the final step.

There was only one reason—the fittings were mismatched!

I stared doubtfully at his weapon many times. I even wanted to just remove it for him and send it to the Dragon King of the East Sea for him to use it as a pillar.

Fortunately, he also did not have much of an intention to force me. He only said to take my time. As such, at complete ease, I continued with the work of my mouth to seek glory, and so ensured the safety and peace of my backside for now.

756.

Two: we clearly were very compatible in many areas of our lives, and when things happened, we would be mutually considerate of each other. However, we always butted heads when it came to our resources.

It was not that we were fighting for resources, but that we were fighting to offer our resources.

I offered him my resources, and he refused, not listening no matter what I said. He offered me his resources, and I refused, not going along no matter what he said. Even Kong Rong was not as generous as us when he offered his pear, and we nearly fought to the point where we nearly blew up. In the end, we still had to turn on a short movie, learning and practicing from it to calm ourselves down, and exchanged pointers on what we learnt. As this cycle repeated, it became very vexing.

The main issue was that my body could no longer take it.

No, wait, I just didn't get it. I only just wanted to offer up some resources, but why could it even result in me feeling as though I was about to die of exhaustion?!

In the end, I learnt my lesson, and just let Uncle Qi's staff contact the company directly. Completely undetected, I handed him the more important resources, while I happily accepted some of the more trendy yet unimportant resources from him. As for the resources that could be shared, I discussed it with him, and we decided to appear together for those.

757.

Ignoring how I insisted on giving him a spot when I attended events, he would even drag me on as a guest when he managed to find time to record for a variety show. As such, our frequency of appearing together on screen increased exponentially.

As such, during this period, wherever Gu Yiliang was on camera, I'd be there too. After that, we would mention each other on Weibo to the point where it felt as common as eating and drinking. On the Super Fanclub app, we would always appear to be online together, and on Instagram, we would post eight hundred photos of our daily life in the production crew every day.

When the shoes I gifted him arrived, he even deliberately posted them on Instagram, captioning it with "when everything else is gone".

758.

In conclusion, there were people who were dying from starvation, while others were dying from a flood. One only had to compare the super topics on Weibo between Niangzi and the other fan groups to understand what that meant.

From the beginning where they were enthusiastically mining and creating fluff, to the point where they could now sit in a rocking chair like a boss, opening their mouths and waiting for the fluff to fall right into them—the Niangzi Army had risen to the path of enlightenment.

Once the promotional snippets for Song of Waves were released, the Niangzi Army even waved their hands nonchalantly, scorning them for not being enough. They were very perfunctory about mining fluff from the shots, only digging out the issue when we were dressed in our own clothes.

It was me who could no longer take it, and secretly, in the chat, I pointed out the source of the rings.

Then, I watched as some big-name fans looked through old photos and simply just gave a “confirmed” stamp on the information. They glossed over this page, not discussing it at all, and then refreshed the super topic, waiting for more fluff to appear.

Niangzi Army1: “Why hasn’t today’s fluff been posted yet? /unhappy.”

Niangzi Army2: “So far, there’s only been smiles with new fluff, and who would cry hearing about old fluff? During the days without new fluff, you should just go enjoy the old fluff.”

Niangzi Army3: “There’s too much old fluff, and I don’t know where to start. Enjoying fluff is too hard.”

Niangzi Army4: 【Comments that are too violent or sexual will be automatically deleted.】

Me: “.....”

759.

Complicated feelings welled up within me.

Forget about the last time when they kicked me out of the group, but now I was the one scattering the fluff, and yet I couldn’t get past this barrier of myself?!

Was one’s greatest enemy in life oneself?!

I hate this!

As such, I posted a few more photos on Instagram, and one of them was even a promotional photo for the variety show we would be recording tomorrow night. In it, the smiles on our faces were even lovelier than flowers.

760.

By the way, why did I dare to be so wild and unrestrained?

761.

I put my phone down, turning my head towards xiao-Chen. "What's today's situation like?"

Xiao-Chen chewed loudly on his corn chips. He glanced at the three phones in front of him, then gave me an "OK" sign.

I nodded, my heart feeling completely comforted.

762.

I don't know how, in one short day, xiao-Chen had managed to join the high-ranking members of the three groups by himself. Anyway, now, in the eyes of the Gu's Imperial Consorts, I was a little junior from the same year as their idol, and that very idol was trying his very best to help me in my career, while I knew to show my gratitude and return the favor. In the eyes of the Pretty Yans, Gu Yiliang was my very reliable older brother who showed me genuine affection and concern with great righteousness and loyalty. As for those who were fans of both of us, they welcomed this situation in elation and delight, and no matter what happened between Gu Yiliang and me, they were all evidence of our friendship. Love and loyalty, they truly were priceless.

All three groups had the same notion, all of them sharing the same thoughts. CP fans? They just didn't know what real brotherhood was, and they could just continue spinning about in their own circles. Passersby? They just didn't know how great their darlings were; come come come, open your mouth obediently and have a bite of this three-star Michelin supplement. Anti-fans? Once one popped up, people from all three groups would immediately appear, and even CP fans would go forth and give aid, apologies, distractions, brainwashing, and even expulsion from the fan group would all occur in one breath, as they gave their all to give us a clean and

innocent image. Under xiao-Chen's lead, things would not go overboard, and everything was done in an appropriate manner.

I was completely amazed.

Truly. Xiao-Chen was a maestro.

If he had taken up his post a few years earlier, would there even be an issue where Gu Yiliang and I were deemed as adversaries?!

He was not just a king, but the king of kings.

763.

By the way, how did I discover this talent of his?

764.

That day we returned to the production crew after watching the movie with Gu Yiliang, before my feet could even touch the ground, xiao-Chen had come running to me with his phone. He informed me that the eight-rated actor had appeared to stir trouble, going to the media with tears in his eyes as he gave them an insider scoop on how Gu Yiliang was a diva and bullied juniors, sharing how difficult things were for newcomers, and even secretly hinted about me having a sugar daddy that was not from the entertainment industry.

As they said, despite how tiny a butterfly's wings were, under the right circumstances, it could still create a storm. The lower one's status was, the more they were able to kick up a fuss.

It was no big deal. I massaged the bridge of my nose, and just as I picked my phone up, about to contact Man-jie, xiao-Chen waved his hand, saying that there was no need to trouble her over such a small matter. If we were to have our PR team respond to this, it would make it seem as though we placed very big importance on it, and he was able to handle it by himself.

Somewhat doubtful, I handed the matter over to him for him to deal with, and was then dragged away by Gu Yiliang for a meal. After the meal, a stroll, and some flirtations, when we came back, the dust had all settled.

765.

I asked xiao-Chen how he did it.

He said that he had dug out all the scandals and secrets of that eight-rated actor ever since he debuted, and then contacted a good friend who was also a personal assistant. After comparing the times the eighth-rated actor received contracts with the times he went on a trip, even more information was revealed. Taking the confirmed information, he contacted the higher-ups of the Gu's Imperial Consorts and Pretty Yans, exposing everything, and he even got in touch with fans of other artists whose names had been dragged into the mud by the eight-rated actor. The rising storm landed upon the shores of the PR team of the Song of Waves, and thousands of requests appeared, asking them to abandon such an artist who would smear the names of people on the same production as him. It just happened that the crew was still busy looking for those who were still missing, and as his role was not very important and could be played by anyone. With a wave of a hand, the requests were accepted.

Fast, accurate, and deadly. Leaving people unprepared¹—

I finally understood why in the past, xiao-Chen always liked to share gossip and scandals with me. If you know yourself and your enemies, you'll never lose a battle! One must always stock up on ammunition!

766.

Xiao-Chen, a genius, a maestro, the king of kings. He was vicious, and one should never step on his tail.

767.

Done with his report, xiao-Chen asked me, "Right, when did you start pulling in fans, and when did you even pull in Society?"

Me: "?"

Xiao-Chen: "The one called AnApplauseForSociety. Looking at his Weibo photos, he's a big bro with a gold chain necklace. He's really good at talking, going on and on and striking down everyone in his way. With the way he scolded those anti-fans who spoke for that eight-rated actor, he nearly made them want to crawl back up into their mothers and be reborn again!"

Me: ".....?"

Xiao-Chen: "All right, to tell you the truth, I was truly curious, and so I already DM-ed him."

Me: ".....?"

Xiao-Chen: "He said that you could eat other people's popcorn on accident, add two zeros behind the sum when transferring money as compensation, and even step on his foot when dragging someone along and running away. It's impossible for you to be as scheming as what the anti-fans say, and so he decided to give a helping hand to redress the injustice."

Me: "....."

Xiao-Chen: "He said that those anti-fans were insulting his intelligence."

Me: "....."

Xiao-Chen: "He even asked me to pass you a message."

Me: "..... Go ahead."

Xiao-Chen: "He says that the movie theaters all have infrared cameras that can record in the dark—"

Me: "OK, OK, don't say anymore. Enough, basta, assez, stop."

768.

That entire evening, I stayed a half-meter distance away from Gu Yiliang, and we even shouted our conversations across to each other.

769.

I didn't have as many scenes as Gu Yiliang. Although I needed to be here for the entire filming process, I had a lot more time to rest than him.

Once Gu Yiliang finished his scenes for the day, he would run over to my lounge in his own clothes. Ignoring xiao-Chen sitting right there, working his stuff as a maestro, he would cling onto me from behind, resting his chin on my head as he smiled and watched me play Kings of Glory, directing me on where to place my skills.

The match ended. I gave a stretch, then asked him, "Want to play a match together?"

He seemed to be a little hesitant, but still nodded in the end.

In my heart, I giggled. The present was unlike the past, how could I scare him like before?

I would most definitely provide him the best service ever!

770.

Me: "Ai, come here for a bit, this buff's for you."

Him: "..... I'm the support."

Me: "No matter what I lack, I can't let that affect my child. Leaving red marks as you walk is so pretty, here, for you, for you."

Him: "..... Thank you."

Me: "Ai, I'll give you this kill. Don't say anything, just quickly accept it."

Him: "..... I'm the support."

Me: "No matter what I lack, I can't let that affect my child. Here, take some more money to buy equipment, remember to dress warmly."

Him: "..... My equipment is already at God Tier Level 6."

Me: "Then just sell this and spend it all on shoes. With shoes on all six of your avatar's hands, you can walk wherever you want. Don't worry, your DPS-gege will definitely protect you well!"

Him: "....."

Him: "..... Aren't you a 'buddha-like' player?"

I smiled gently. "Yes, once I lay my knife down, I'll attain salvation, and reach buddha-status."

771.

Our teammate turned on his voice chat in rage. "Fucking hell, what are the two idiots doing in the jungle?! Holding hands on a date or something?! Hurry up and come here to push the wave!"

Gu Yiliang gave me a look, the expression on his face as though he were asking the demon to hurry up and reveal himself. I returned his look with a smile, then bent my head down and started typing.

Yantastic: "Sorry, I didn't see your positions QAQ~"

Teammate1: "It's fine, it's fine, it's a guaranteed win. After this match, shall we add each other on Wechat?"

Teammate2: "Ignore him, he's just the impatient sort. Gege will apologize to you on his behalf. After this match, shall we add each other on Wechat?"

Team—

772.

Gu Yiliang snatched my phone away.

773.

I was unhappy. "What are you doing? We're about to win, we'll get reported."

He locked the phone, then tossed a book at me. "Have you looked at the script for tomorrow's variety show yet? You're only thinking about playing the entire day. In the future, you're not allowed to play anymore."

Oooh~, just look at this little piece of fluff. It's both sweet and sour with jealousy, and really tasty.

The corners of my lips quirked up as I flipped through the pages loudly, skimming through and getting the gist of things.

774.

The entire show was clearly geared towards fanservice. The things we would be doing on the show included a test on our tacit understanding, a challenge which required us to have physical contact, a competition to teach our talent to the other party, and truth or dare.

Fortunately, the show was quite adept at not letting things go overboard. Every activity could be explained under the guise of brotherhood.

But...

To tell the truth, I was starting to regret helping him get this resource already.

Going onto this show, there would be no trouble becoming a talking point in the short term. However, looking at what available resources there were now, I shouldn't let him appear as someone who relied on fanservice to gain more popularity. This was an obstacle to him becoming a first-rate actor, and in the future, when he would ascend to the top, I would have become a dark spot in his history.

What if he didn't want me anymore because of that? What should I do?

775.

Perhaps my expression revealed my emotions, and so Gu Yiliang patted me on the head. "What's wrong?"

Defeatedly, I wrapped my arms around his waist. "This show... shall I not appear on it? Or swap with that pretty actress from Xinjin?"

He froze, then lifted my head up. "Why?"

I hesitantly explained my thoughts to him, and he laughed, pinching my cheeks. "They say that when one becomes rich, they will forget. Now, we haven't become rich yet, and you want to forget already?"

"Isn't it because I'm keeping your riches in consideration?" I smacked his hand away, rubbing my cheeks dully. "Do you know how important riches are? Without riches—"

Him: "Are you called Riches Wei?"

Me: "You're called Iron Pillar Gu!"

Me: "....."

Me: "..... Oh, you were coaxing me, were you not? Sorry, it's me, I'm Riches Wei, I'm important. You can't live without me, and you can never abandon me, alright?"

Him: "Mn, I won't abandon you, I'll never give you up."

Me: "....."

Xiao-Chen: "That's enough! You're all rich, I'm the single and lonely dog, I want to bark now! Please, take the trouble, leave the main door, turn left, and there's a hotel 400 meters away! The hourly-rate for a room with a king-sized bed is only 180 RMB!"

Chapter Forty-Two

776.

Lights, stage, cameras, backgrounds. Everything had already been prepared, and the audience that had been seated ahead of time had also been prepped by the staff.

At the front of the stage, an opening performance was happening to warm up the crowd. Gu Yiliang and I stood behind a huge prop background, waiting to go on stage, communicating with hand gestures about what we were going to eat for supper after the recording.

Right now, it was already past nine at night. The planned duration of this live variety show was supposed to be an hour and a half. Even if midway through the filming, the producer or the host decided to veer off script and improvise something, dragging the filming, the latest they would be done should be before 11 pm. Even if it took them until midnight to finish packing up, they could still find a small shop for some claypot congee or something.

777.

It wasn't that I was so mentally prepared that I wasn't the slightest bit nervous going on the show. It was mainly that among the guest CPs that would be participating, there was one rather famous male star that had been late without any notice, and he went on to join the rehearsal with an extremely nonchalant attitude.

The one the show wanted to highlight was him, and the one who wasn't prepared enough was him. Thus, if anything wrong happened during the broadcast, it could also only be because of him as well.

Furthermore, we had all already compared their scripts. I remembered that the games in the program consisted of simple ones that weren't very outrageous, and they had been tested during the rehearsals. Even if Gu Yiliang unknowingly sold fan service, it wouldn't create too big of a hoo-hah.

Feeling extremely at ease in my heart, I was elegantly sipping at a teacup with my pinky up. Both Gu Yiliang and I had a well practiced, professional smile on our faces, and we were calmly watching the background board slowly slide apart.

778.

This was the concept for the CPs.

A male and female CP, the male and female leads of a movie, full of doting.

A CP of two males, two young, wolfhounds who excelled in variety shows, giving people a feeling of being in a campus romance.

Gu Yiliang and me.

779.

If we were to be counted as well, there were a total of 3 showmance CPs. The six of us stood in a row, joking with the two hosts as we spoke words of platitude to the cameras. A round of self-introductions, then a round of mutual praises that were expected of them, and a round of promotion for their new shows that had just either finished filming or were ongoing. Next, they split into three teams according to the direction of the script, sitting down on the platform stage and listening to the host introduce the rules of the game to the audience.

780.

The general flow of the entire show would go along with the rhythm of how they interacted in speech, body, and speech again, but they needed to make sure that it was entertaining and did not go overboard. The game the hosts were introducing was the most basic, clichéd game called Guess the Lyrics. One person would look at the card and then describe it, and the other person would guess the lyrics according to the description.

781.

SO EASY!

This was not a problem, not a problem at all. Everything was within my control.

Completely at ease, in my heart, I continued sipping on my hot tea.

782.

BG CP's Male: "Looking up while walking, and counting the stars?"

BG CP's Female: "Ah, I know! Jay Chou's Xing Qing, right?! Hand-in-hand, one step, two step..."

BG CP's Male: "You're right!"

BL CP's Male 1: "It's been very long, uhh, our relationship has changed, uhh—"

BL CP's Male 2: "What is that?!"

BL CP's Male 1: "It's Eason Chan's Ten Years! That line ten years ago! You're so dumb!"

Gu Yiliang: "Two things you'll definitely never do to me."

Me: "....."

Me: "..... A hint?"

Gu Yiliang: "Drink a little more."

Me: "..... 'You got me drunk, you made me cry?'"

Gu Yiliang: "Correct."

Me: "....."

Everyone: "....."

BG CP's Male: "Walking, uhh, enjoying the breeze, the sun..."

BG CP's Female: "M-mayday's Tenderness? Walking in the wind, and the sunlight today suddenly became very gentle?"

BG CP's Male: "You're right, you're right, you're so smart—"

BL CP's Male 1: "Feelings! Wind! Howling! Blowing away!"

BL CP's Male 2: "What is that?!"

BL CP's Male 1: "Love is like a breeze blowing through and it's gone?! You're so dumb!"

Gu Yiliang: "Something that doesn't exist, something that I don't want to see."

Me: "....."

Everyone: “.....”

Me: “..... ‘The tears of the North Star, your eyes that are red from crying?’”

Gu Yiliang: “Correct.”

Everyone: “.....”

783.

The hot tea was now scalding my heart. I started to panic.

784.

I eyed him madly—“That’s enough, restrain yourself!”

He looked back at me, puzzled—“But I didn’t do anything?”

I continued eyeing him—“It’s a live broadcast, and in front of everyone!”

Again, he shot me another puzzled look—“But I really didn’t do anything?”

The host’s tone was both ambiguous and teasing. “Oh—I thought that you guys had secretly practiced for this, but it turns out that you guys were cheating by communicating with your eyes?”

The audience uniformly chimed in, “Ooh—”

Me: ? No, wait, Host, don’t come and add to my troubles. The teacup in my heart is already about to shatter?!!

Blinking, I laughed it off. “Hahahaha, it’s only a coincidence.”

Smiling, Gu Yiliang wrapped an arm around my shoulders. “Yes, it’s like that when we have a tacit understanding of each other.”

Me: ? No, wait, I think right now, we have no tacit understanding at all?!

785.

Anxiously, I tugged at Gu Yiliang’s clothes before abruptly stopping what I was doing.

No, hold on, it must be because I had a guilty conscience, and that’s why I felt that our degree of fanservice was overboard! Standing in the audience’s shoes and looking at this objectively, there was nothing wrong, right?!

There were still quite a few more rounds coming up. We should dim our brightness, hide our lights, and work together to highlight the male and female movie leads. After selling that well, when we return back to being out of sight from the cameras, we can share whatever tacit understanding we want, and be as sweet as we want to be.

In the span of a breath, I adjusted my mental state, pouring out another cup of hot tea again in my heart.

786.

However, while I was pouring out a cup of tea dazedly, the hosts had already finished introducing the next game.

The gist was that the show had prepared a few short scenes, and we would be drawing lots and acting the scenes out live so as to be able to openly “behave flirtatiously” and to also sell our acting skills.

To my knowledge, the scenes prepared were basically things like melodramatic feuds of rich people, love stories where a domineering CEO fell in love with a sweet, young thing, ancient Chinese stories with enemies on the paths of good and evil and yet in love, or passionate, youthful innocent campus stories.

I wasn't the one panicking. In any case, no matter which scene I drew, my acting skills were already at the bottom of the barrel. I would definitely be able to allow the male and female movie leads to shine brightly!

Host: "Come on, come on, get ready to draw a lot! It's time to put your acting skills to the test! Ah, Yanyan, it's your chance to prove yourself in front of the audience now~"

My eyes curving in a smile, I accepted a few of the jabs, rubbing my hands in enthusiasm.

787.

How else could I have been reincarnated as Lao-Huang's son? My luck has always been blessed by the heavens. Basically, as long as I wanted to draw a certain thing, I had never failed before.

I secretly started planning if I should pick the Mrs. Rich Man version of Gu Yiliang, or the sweet young thing version of Gu Yiliang, or...

I turned to ask Gu Yiliang, "Which one do you want—"

Before I could finish my sentence, he had already reached out and drawn one card.

Me: ? Whatever happened to our tacit understanding?

788.

Host: “Ok, come, let me take a look... The movie stars got the fight scene between the good and the evil, the young, fierce pups got the melodramatic rich family script, and as for xiao-Gu and Yanyan—”

Host: “Wow, this is very interesting. Do you guys know what ‘CP’ means?”

Me: ?

I had a bad feeling about this.

Simultaneously, Gu Yiliang and I shook our heads together, as well as putting on an earnestly studious expression as though we were awaiting enlightenment. At the same time, we recited, “I don’t know. What’s that?”

The hosts turned back to the audience, explained to them what ‘CP’ meant, then turned back to us.

Host: “On the internet, there’s a group like this—”

Me: ?

The bad feeling was getting even stronger. What was I supposed to do?

Host: “For your ‘CP’, your fans created quite a number of literary works—”

Me: ?

Host: “Haha! That’s right! What your team has drawn is... ‘fanfiction’!”

Me:

789.

Producer! Is the producer here?!! Is it too late for me to refuse to film?!!

790.

It was as though the heavens had heard my pleas. A host reached up and adjusted their hair, imperceptibly tapping on their ear mic.

A face full of hope, I gazed at the host.

The host gave me a quick smile before they turned and said to everyone, “If the scene’s to be acted out according to the script, it might be a little lacking in meaning. As such, the production team added a special note, requesting for you to improvise as you want during the acting process, and to tell the other something along the lines of of a romantic but clichéd trope—”

Me: ? How exactly would this be more meaningful?! No, wait, why isn’t this variety show behaving like it’s a top variety program?!?

791.

The background music swelled sorrowfully. There was hatred in the male movie lead’s eyes, but within that loathing gaze was a subtle quiver, and his voice was low and hurt. “You—really want to kill me?”

The female movie lead had an evil expression on her face, but her fair hand was shaking slightly. She clenched her jaws, and a coldly gleaming longsword rested on the man’s neck, the blade trembling. “Yes!”

The male movie lead gritted his teeth. “Great, great, great! Then, do it!”

The female movie lead swung her sword, and the sharp sound sliced through the air. The male movie lead fell heavily onto the ground, gasping for air weakly, “..... I-in the end, it’s all a mistake... Now that we’re here, I still want to tell you... Eye... loaf... ewe...”

The female movie lead was stunned. Her longsword clattered to the ground, and she lunged onto the male movie lead. “Why didn’t you tell me earlier?! Why?! Eye loaf ewe! Eye loaf ewe too!!”

Me:

792.

The background music rose overwhelmingly. The older wolfhound sat on the couch, straightening his sleeves in an unconcerned manner. “Didi, do—you know why I called you here?”

The younger wolfhound had his fists clenched so tight that his knuckles were white. A look of naivety and incomprehension on his face, he tilted his head, looking at the other man.

The older wolfhound tugged at his tie, snorting as he said gravely, “There’s no need to pretend anymore. As for the little things you were doing behind my back, I’ve known about them for a long time already.”

The younger wolfhound continued looking at him with incomprehension, and not drawing any attention to his actions, he put his hands in his pockets. “Gege, w-what are you saying? Why don’t I understand anything?”

The older wolfhound shot to his feet, grabbing hold of the younger wolfhound’s collar. “That piece! Why did you have to take that piece?!”

Panic started to finally appear in the younger wolfhound’s eyes, and his breathing too became rather chaotic. “W-what piece...?”

The older wolfhound let him go, drawing a finger across his collar and giving a small smile. “A piece of my heart.”

Me:

793.

Producer, is the producer around? Is it too late for me to refuse to film?

794.

Finally, it was our turn.

That thin piece of paper with the fanfiction printed on it had been placed in Gu Yiliang and my hands. It! Weighed! Like! A! Thousand! Pieces! Of! Gold!

I gripped that piece of paper like I was gripping onto Gu Yiliang and my future that seemed as thin as a cicada's wing. Would it be able to endure such a blow?!

Host: "Haha, you don't have to worry. When the show was selecting the work it would use, we had gotten the author's permission..."

Oh? So you guys were actually so mindful of copyrights? Should I give you a round of applause? My eyes drifted down onto the paper—

No, wait, why is it you again, WilLiam?!

795.

Looking at this piece of vintage fluff, I felt waves crashing wildly upon my heart.

Gu Yiliang meticulously finished reading every word. He gave a dull chuckle, then patted me on my shoulder. "Then, we'll start?"

"Uh... Oh." In a daze, I returned that piece of paper to the hosts.

Gu Yiliang looked at me curiously. "You didn't read it thoroughly. Do you remember the details?"

I already read this fanfic a long time ago!! Due to having a reader's block, I even read it quite a few times!!

Wasn't this section just about us having had a mutual crush on each other for a long time, then, at work, we came across each other at the turn of a corridor, our eyes met and sparks flew?! It was a plot of love just around the corner!!

"That's because I have a good memory," I laughed. "Let's start, let's start."

796.

The background music was Truth Is Real. I fell into his arms, and Gu Yiliang had me in a half-embrace. His head lowered, his eyes met mine, and a warm, gentle wave washed into my heart. "... You're not hurt anyway, right?"

Aren't we acting?! Why is this so serious?!! The look in his eyes is way too touching!!

I looked up at him, red flushing all the way to my eyes. In a trance, I nodded before realizing what he was asking and then quickly shook my head.

Giving a small smile, he pinched the tip of my nose. "Why are you so careless, hm..."

My god, I only just realized that WilLiam had added this particular line right here!!

Timidly, I answered, "S-sorry... Did I knock into you too hard?"

A smile in his voice, he said softly, "If I said—you knocked straight into my heart, would that be a little too rude?"

WilLiam, what sort of things did you write?! Wasn't this supposed to be a game of clichés?!

My eyes widening abruptly, I looked at him with what seemed like disbelief. "... You, I- I..."

He was still hugging me, and looking into my eyes, it was like he had read a confirmation in them. The corners of his lips raised up, and he tightened his arm, dragging me further into his embrace. "You—share my thoughts, don't you? You and me..."

Our hearts as one, from one world¹. What sort of lines are these?! Are we not at the cliché part yet?!!

Unable to help myself, I grabbed onto his lapels, my other hand sliding around his waist, and with my eyelashes trembling slightly, I said, “Right, w-we, I also want... ‘Us’...”

797.

The hosts cupped their hands around their mouths. “Clichés! Clichés! Why are we not feeling the clichés here?!”

Because all your senses are failing you?! The clichés here are about to flood the entire studio, all right?!

798.

I looked at Gu Yiliang, and he also looked back at me. Quietly, the two of us hugged each other on center stage, neither of us mentioning anything about the cliché.

Actually, just hugging like this was pretty nice...

No, wait, the main issue was that we really couldn’t come up with anything!

Host: “Hey, are the two of you pretending to come up with sweet nothings just to continue hugging each other for a while more—”

Me:

799.

I gritted my teeth. “D-do you know why I’m called William?”

Gu Yiliang: “Hmm?”

With great difficulty, I said, “B-because you’re called Liam, so I’m Will-liam. I will have you, I will want you, I will need you...”

Everyone: “.....”

800.

Host: “Wait, wait, wait, what? That’s not right. When you put Will and Liam together, there’s supposed to be one more L, isn’t it? It doesn’t count if it doesn’t work!”

801.

No, wait, hosts, were you purposely hired by the show to come and dig us into a hole?!

Pursing my lips, I glanced at Gu Yiliang.

Gu Yiliang smiled lightly, patting me on the head as though he was still in the act.”... That extra ‘L’ represents our ‘LOVE’—”

802.

Expert! The true king! The top player!

You're still the cheesiest of them all!

Chapter Forty-Three

803.

We were really were among a crowded audience speaking of our hidden love to the utmost—

Because of Gu Yiliang's clichéd words of romance, I was left in a trance. At the same time, I felt that in this very second, if the show made us marry each other on this resplendent stage, in front of all these witnesses, I would not hesitate in the slightest.

His eyes were really beautiful. Were they an ocean? How could they contain such deep emotions?

The shape of his lips was really beautiful. Were they little yachts? How could they carry such a solid and heavy warmth on them?

His voice was really pleasant to the ears. Was he a siren? How could he say such romantic clichés and still be so intoxicating?

It felt like I was on a boat, tossing and turning within the swells!

These stormy waves were too big!

804.

Analogies ran through my head non-stop. I was standing there, frozen for too long, and so I was dragged to the side by a smiling host. "And people actually say that Yanyan's bad at acting. I'm almost about believe in the act already—"

Me: ? Who was the one over there shouting to experience some romantic clichés just now??

Host, “So how? This should be Yanyan’s first time acting out a fanfiction about himself, right? How do you feel about it? Did your heart skip a beat?”

No, wait, who in the world would go and act out fanfiction written about themselves?

—However, to be fair, although this was the first time we had acted out any fanfiction, in private, we were even more like a fanfiction couple than fanfiction...

The cameras were still filming, and so I smiled, avoiding the topic as I said, “Haha, Gu-ge’s acting has always been excellent. Acting with him, I’m always—”

Unexpectedly, the host interrupted me. “—What? Wanting kisses from the man that made your heart skip a beat?”

Me: “? No. I was saying—”

Host: “Kissing?! Kisses?!”

Host 2: “Eh? Yanyan wants kisses? What a coincidence that we’ve prepared a little plate here for fake kissing—”

Me: “???”

805.

No, wait, hosts! Aren’t you guys from Hunan? Why are you stealing tropes from Tieling? You’re even acting in accord with each other?!

No, wait, why is there still fake kissing in this variety show?! Isn’t this something from the last century?! Is it getting revitalized?!

Are you guys trying to kill me here?!

806.

Host: "Ahem! All right, this is actually the punishment. Although both your acting just now was perfect, your cliché didn't reach its mark. It wasn't cheesy enough, and it was even quite awkward, so..."

Me: ? Who was the one who decided the standard?! The script never mentioned this?! For ratings, you guys were willing to sacrifice my life, no?!

Gu Yiliang's lips were in the shape of a crescent, and he placidly said, "Oh, is that so? Then fine, ahh..."

Me: ? Who allowed you to think that it was fine? Why did your sigh carry a smile within it? Why did you even look quite happy about it?

I exaggerated my actions deliberately, reaching out to hit him. "Hey, no way! This is my first onscreen kiss! Where's the management company? Management company—"

I was desperately reminding the crowd that we did belong to an artiste management company.

Turning a deaf ear, the hosts handed the heart-shaped plastic film board over to Gu Yiliang while laughing. "Wow, Yanyan's already blushing. Is xiao-Gu that fatally attractive?"

Gu Yiliang shrugged, accepting the board with one hand and grabbing my flailing wrist with the other without even looking at me. "What can I do? He's just like that, always so shy."

Me:

Before I could even type out the ellipses in my heart, he took that board and held it right in front of my face. Holding my wrist uncompromisingly, he pressed his lips right up against the board.

807.

The plastic sheet was so thin that it felt non-existent, as though it wasn't there at all. A familiar pair of soft lips pressed against mine, and in an instant, all colors in the rest of the world disappeared.

The whooping and cheering audience, the hosts that were reading jokes off the cards, the other two CPs that were patting their chests congratulating themselves for having dodged a bullet, the Niangzi Army that might be screaming behind their computers, the anti-fans that were having heart attacks... They all faded away, transforming into smoke and clouds.

I was only able to see Gu Yiliang's eyes, carrying in them a dauntless smile.

808.

I realized that Gu Yiliang really wasn't afraid.

Whether it was getting discovered by others when we went to watch a movie together, or our various interactions on social media, even accepting such punishments that were meant to make headlines on variety shows, compared to me who was forcing myself to drink tea with a guilty conscience, he was so open and frank that it was basically as though that person who woke me up in the morning and urged me out of the bed to catch the flight wasn't him.

Was it his acting that was too good, or did he feel that even if there was something between us, it was something honest and decent, and there was no need to hide or conceal it, so he was extra calm?

I didn't know. I never knew whatever was hidden within his eyes.

Other than an emotion called "like", this was the only point that was beyond doubt.

809.

As they say, things change direction when they hit their limits.

People, when their emotions reach their peak, they would instead calm down.

Just like me at this very moment and place.

This unworthy world, this gay and purple mortal realm, I've seen through it all.

Life is too short. We should bend and bask, doing "fanservice" to our heart's delight, and victory will always come. I thoroughly comprehend it now, I've been enlightened.

I didn't keep on thinking about drinking tea anymore. Now, I sat up straight on the lotus bloom seat, enjoying myself.

810.

"It's been ten seconds already!" Wiping my mouth, I pushed Gu Yiliang away. "Male lead and older wolfhound, stop laughing! Keep that board! We'll definitely not lose in the upcoming rounds!"

Laughing, Gu Yiliang ruffled my hair. "Eh? You're so full of fighting spirit."

Did he even need to say that? We were the real stuff right here but faking to be nothing, while they're faking to be real in front of the cameras. If we can still lose, then we should just break up.

In the most basic sense, weren't we just competing in distributing fluff? Fluff! All the fluff! Maximum amounts of fluff!

The Niangzi Army in front of their screens right now! You're in luck!

I'll bless you with a willow leaf and Guanyin's vase, and let you all know what it means to experience an equal distribution of benefits!

811.

As such, in the next rounds.

When the hosts were talking, Gu Yiliang and I were looking at each other and smiling. Our lips were curved and our eyelashes were trembling, and our gazes intertwined.

During the round where we were asked to spill secrets about each other, knowing each other's backgrounds thoroughly, we had the perfect balance, and our every action screamed tacit understanding.

While waiting for the spotlight to be on us, we were continuously playing around. He would wrap his arm around my shoulders, while I would pinch his waist.

When the spotlight was on us, our bodies were touching constantly, and we were helping each other, aiding each other, touching each other and supporting each other. We were in each other's pocket the whole time that there was no room for any other people to perform.

After the round, he smiled and very naturally wiped away the thin layer of sweat on my temples, while I smiled slyly as I tapped on the back of his hand to show my gratitude.

During the truth or dare segment, each time I picked truth, I would say something that was laden with ambiguous meaning, and when I picked dare, I went all out with no restraint.

I was asked to lift him, but I still wasn't able to do it, and in the end I settled the matter by picking him up in a princess carry. He laughed as he shared with everyone about our old bet, and gracefully, he called me Gu Yanzi.

Others came to add fuel to the flames. The younger wolfhound improvised, singing a section from Jacky Cheung's *Your First Name, My Last Name*, to tease the crowd, while the older wolfhound harmonized along with him in an off-key manner.

We really did not waste a single second. Every frame, every sound, we attached meaning to them, and the entire screen was filled with the word "Niangzi"!

812.

It was still the truth or dare segment, and Gu Yiliang was dared to show his Wechat contact list. Under the eyes of everyone, "Your Baby Wei Yanzi", the nickname he established for me, was extremely eye-catching among all the other properly written names.

The hosts immediately whooped and cheered, saying that it was too amazing, and that oops, they accidentally dug something out.

To be honest, even I was stunned. Why did I not know that this was the nickname he established for me?

Furthermore, before going onto variety shows, even I would make a special effort to tidy up the contents of my phone. Was he such a careless person?

Was this coming out of the closet together after being caught off-guard?

Gu Yiliang laughed nonchalantly, smiling as he explained that he was cosplaying as a member of the Super Fan Club. Then, looking straight at the camera, he succinctly advocated and promoted the Super Fan Club app.

I was even more stunned. Why did he...Why did it seem as though he came fully prepared?

So, that day... When I subscribed to his Super Fan Club, he still saw it?

He even took the opportunity to turn it into an avenue of promotion?

This person really had too many tricks up his sleeves!!

812.

The older wolfhound cupped his hands in respect. "You two have gone all out."

The younger wolfhound nodded. "Really."

The older wolfhound swung his arm out. "We've lost. We really can't win this round, truly."

The younger wolfhound cupped his hands in salute. "We willingly admit our defeat."

Me: ? No, wait, I feel like the way you guys are talking, your sentences work off each other's, you guys share quite a tacit understanding as well, and you're quite compatible too?

The older wolfhound threw an arm around Gu Yiliang's shoulders. "Gu-ge, how about we negotiate a deal here? Why don't we switch for this round? Give me Yanyan, and I'll give you this dumb wolfhound. Otherwise, I really can't prop him up on this show."

The younger wolfhound pursed his lips and widened his eyes. A hand covering his heart, he pointed, his fingers trembling, at him. "Y-y-y-you—"

Smiling, Gu Yiliang hid me behind him. "No way, Yanyan is mine."

I meeped quietly in my heart to express my affection, but outwardly, I rolled my eyes at him. Taking the guitar that the hosts handed over, I shoved it at him. "Enough, enough, don't waste any more time! Hurry up and learn this!"

814.

The time limit was 15 minutes. The female lead needed to teach the clumsy male lead a folk dance, the younger wolfhound needed to teach the tone-deaf older wolfhound to sing, and I needed to teach Gu Yiliang, who didn't know anything about music, to play the guitar.

—It was really difficult to say which team had the task with the highest difficulty.

The other two teams all started to go to work. Under the hosts' egging, the BG CP were holding onto each other's waists. With the hosts spurring them on, the BL CP was now doing a duet of a love song, and pink, romantic bubbles were surrounding them.

815.

Me: "Is there anyone who holds the guitar like you? You look like you're holding a pipa instead!"

Gu Yiliang changed his position.

Me, "You're basically holding a pipa on the reverse side now—no, wait, are you getting ready to ascend to the heavens or what?"

Gu Yiliang changed his position.

Me: "You got it the wrong way, the wrong way! Your left hand should be pressing on the strings!"

Gu Yiliang didn't move.

I leaned over, fiddling about within his arms for a while to help him hold the guitar correctly, then tugging his hand and placing it on the strings. "You never played a guitar before, but you've never seen others play—"

Me: "Did you do that on purpose."

Quietly chuckling into my ear, he reached out and adjusted my arm.

816.

The hosts who had eyes all over their heads joked, “Xiao-Gu, we’re asking you to let Yanyan teach you how to play the guitar, not how to play him. What are you guys doing?”

Gu Yiliang: “Playing...?”

Me: “—The guitar!”

817.

Me: “Do you know how to finger the guitar?”

Him: “I don’t.”

Me: “Do you know how to strum the guitar?”

Him: “I don’t.”

Me: “Come come come, give me the guitar, I’ll demonstrate it for you.”

Me: “Do you get it now?”

Him: “I don’t.”

Me: “..... Carry the guitar properly. Yes, put your index finger there, shift your middle finger one section down...”

He blinked. “I don’t understand.”

Me: “.....”

Me: “How about this? Maintain this position and place your hands there—I’ll hold your hand and teach you step by step, all right?!”

Half-kneeling in front of him, I picked his fingers one by one and placed them in the correct position, then I pulled his other hand and used it to strum across the strings twice. “Ok, this is F minor—”

Smiling, he pinched the tip of my finger. “F minor 7, right? And the finger position is T132? You’re going to teach me Mayday’s Embrace?”

Me: “.....”

818.

You’re really a smart kid, huh?!

819.

My voice threatening but quiet, I asked him, “You know how to play the guitar? You lied to the production team? You cheater! I’m going to expose you! I’m going to tattle to the teacher!”

With an innocent look on his face, he said, “I really don’t know... It’s just that I looked through an online tutorial once before, and so I still remember a little.”

Me: “Huh? Why were you looking at a guitar tutorial?”

Him: “.....”

Me: “..... Oh, you wanted...”

Him: “..... This song’s at the foundation level.”

I couldn’t hide the delight on my face at all. “All right all right, I’m not going to ask anymore! Hurry up and learn!”

I was still waiting to eat claypot porridge after the filming was over.

820.

This song was simple. Four chords, two beats, one fingering method, strumming, and one could play the song. I borrowed a piece of paper and drew out a music score for him, and after demonstrating it once, he was able to stumble, stagger, and limp his way through with many mistakes and misses.

Putting aside whether his melody was pleasant to the ears, just focusing on how he was solemnly playing the guitar, his head bent low, it couldn't be solely described as just being visually pleasing.

Fortunately, this coincidence had allowed me to teach him how to play this song on the show first, and he did not get the opportunity to secretly learn it and use it to coax me. Otherwise, I was afraid I would truly die as a cause of his flirtations.

He turned around, glancing at the other two teams who were progressing nicely, and then he strummed a couple of times dejectedly. "The guitar is so difficult—"

I duly encouraged him. "You're already learning very quickly, and there's still time. Practice a couple more times, and if we lose, it's fine. In any case, the punishment—"

His eyes brightened.

Me: "You're not allowed to lose deliberately! No, not allowed!"

821.

It had to be said that, looking at the extremely uncoordinated male lead and the flexible female lead who had training dancing closely with each other, it was really quite entertaining. The female lead kept the male lead at arm's length, and he tried many times to catch her, but always failed—it felt a little like watching a game of cat and mouse.

The wolfhounds' duet was not lacking in entertainment value either. It was clearly a love song, but they managed to make it sound like a revolutionary opera. The older wolfhound clearly had his own unique concept about singing, and he also had a special singing ability. The younger wolfhound tried his hardest and still was not able to pull his out-of-the-world wails back on track. After the song was over, he immediately lunged onto him, angrily pummeling him all over, and that caused the females in the audience to all howl and cheer.

Our peers were already going all out to serve as a foil already. When it came to Gu Yiliang, I gazed at him with high hopes and patted him on the shoulder.

822.

The host: "Eh? Yanyan has to perform as well."

Me: "?"

The host: "Of course you need to perform together. You're a group, a team, so you must have team spirit, get it?"

Me: "Then I'll..... be the background dancer for him? Do you have a fan or something I can use as a prop? Or shall I pretend to be a peacock? Or shall I do a yangge dance?"

The host: "....."

The host: "Yanyan really doesn't hold himself like an idol at all, hahaha."

The host: "Of course you'll need to sing! Don't be scared. Just look at the older wolfhound, daringly singing like this despite his voice. Come come come, face the audience—"

No, wait, the main thing was that I had promised Gu Yiliang that I would only sing for him?

Just look, just look, Gu Yiliang's looking over unhappily already!

Breaking a lover's promise, how could I go on to accomplish anything?!

I thought for a bit. "All right."

823.

Huffing and puffing, I moved a little stool over to Gu Yiliang's side. The next second, I sat down on it, turning to look at him. "Let's start, let's start."

He froze for a moment, then with a curve of his lips, he started playing the prelude.

Reality proved that fifteen minutes wasn't enough to learn to play a song properly on the guitar. Gu Yiliang's eyes weren't on the score at all. He was strumming wildly on the strings, almost

about to create a completely new melody, and only the rhythm could barely be considered to be correct.

This was truly a trial, just like playing the melody of an international song while forcing you to sing the opera song *The Drunken Concubine*.

I decided to just switch off my brain, ignore his playing, and treat it as though I was singing to him without any music accompaniment.

Periodically pretending to be guiding him, I would shift my fingers as though I was reminding him about what to do with them with a slight wrinkle in my brow. The entire time, my eyes were openly glued to him.

The smile on his face gradually deepened, and as he played his newly created melody extremely gently, he returned my gaze as well.

824.

Who'll, love me, hold my hands tightly, hug me, kiss me, oh—Love, don't leave.

825.

The younger wolfhound seemed to be praising me for my good singing, the older wolfhound seemed to be praising how well we worked together, the hosts seemed to be praising Gu Yiliang for being a quick learner, and the male and female leads seemed to be cueing them about their new movie that they were going to start filming.

Everything I heard seemed so dreamlike.

I could only see Gu Yiliang as he strummed the last note, and after that, he turned his face away, hiding from the cameras. With a smile, he soundlessly mouthed at me—

“I’m not leaving.”

Chapter Forty-four

829.

Intoxicating, it was truly intoxicating.

Not only did the show broadcast it live just like that, but the TV station even broadcasted it again after editing. The episode was full of humor and comical moments, and although the main focus was on the movie leads, with many segments of the wolfhounds left on the editing floor. As for Gu Yiliang and my portion, once it was accompanied by all sorts of funny special effects and the occasional melodious background music, the result even made me emotional. However, there was no excitement in the Weibo Super Topic at all, and the latest posts were all about some unimportant routine things and check-ins.

It had already been four days!

Not only was there no commotion or excitement, but there were fewer people posting any fluff. It was as though everyone's doors were firmly shut, and barely anyone was on the streets.

Not only was the episode brimming with emotions, but even the comments under the video were rather bizarre. The moment a casual watcher suggested things along the lines of us trying to appeal to homoeroticism or coming out of the closet, people would immediately swarm in large numbers, posting explanations such as:

"No, no, they're just really good buddies. This is an expression of great friendship!"

"No, no, they're just really good buddies. It's all the fault of the devilish editing from the production crew!"

"No, no, they're just really good buddies, don't be brainwashed by insane CP fans!"

Many of the names of the people posting such comments were related to the Niangzi Army.

Their tones were staunch, their logic flawless, and even the fans, who stanned only either of us, were posting comments like mad, lost in the battle of the comments.

830.

Taking advantage of the break between scenes, with my phone in my hands, I huddled on my stool and scrolled through Weibo, but I was still completely mystified by what was happening.

Exactly which part of this went wrong?

With such an astonishing performance, shouldn't they be all sprinting joyfully to hang up decorations and banners, celebrating this event as though it's National Day?

—Had the Niangzi Army dissolved right here and now?

831.

In my eyes was great perplexity. Hesitating momentarily, I tapped into the Niangzi group chat that I rarely entered.

The moment the chat loaded, messages came madly flooding in at a speed of eighty miles per hour. Lewd words appeared constantly, all sorts of exquisite, delicious fluff stuffed my face, and I was left entirely stunned by the sight before me.

Eh, wasn't business booming over here?

Between every few sentences in the chat, a message appeared repeatedly—"Everyone, please comply with the group announcement!!!"

Puzzled, I raised a brow, and with great curiosity and thirst for knowledge, I tapped into the announcement section.

Upon my entrance, my eyes were painfully blinded by the exclamation marks filling the whole screen.

What was this? The shouts and yells were facing a resurgence again?

I focused my eyes on the screen.

832.

What did they mean by the keyhole of the metal box has rusted for too long and we can't find the key?

What did they mean by the spirit of the Niangzi Army will forever be locked in a shell?

What did they mean by the key has been ground into powder to make coffee, every drop bursting with fragrance?

Did you guys become too addicted to singing?

Most importantly—

What did they mean by within the dense, tall maize, the Niangzi Army would act heroically?

What did they mean by their two silly sons were too ignorant and had gone overboard, that as their moms, they needed to help them cover things up??

833.

Confusion was written all across my face.

Were we being forced back into the closet by this group of young ladies who had been hoping for us to get married since forever?

Hand-in-hand, Gu Yiliang and I had only just cracked the door of our closet open by just the tiniest bit, but the ladies were pushing the door back closed before running away?

Gu Yiliang and I were loudly exclaiming, "Come take a look! Our ship is sailing!" But the ladies were working hard to pack us up and shove us back in the closet while smiling at the audience and saying, "The children are ignorant and only joking around, don't take it seriously hahahaha?"

834.

I returned to the chat screen, and after that group announcement appeared again, I tentatively asked a question.

Yantastic: They're really together already. Also, there's no need for all this anxiety, right?

SilentMoonWilliam: You think we need you to point that out? It's now a critical period. What do you mean by your message? What are you trying to start?

【You have been kicked out of the group.】

835.

What the fuck.

836.

That was the second time!

It was the second time I had been kicked out of the group!

Why was my own CP group kicking me out all the time?! Did they have a disease that made them want to kick their CP out of the group and it couldn't be cured, or was something else going on?!

They were off enjoying fluff, so why couldn't they bring me along?!

Did the Niangzi Army mean that they would celebrate wildly as a group and leave me alone in solitude?!

I was kicked when I said we weren't together, and I was also kicked when I said we were. What exactly did they want me to do? What else did they want me to do?!

Listen to me, you guys better not appear at my wedding! I'm definitely not inviting you!

837.

I really could not reconcile with the situation. At this moment, the peacemaker William privately messaged me again, and this time, I tapped into it.

William: Little Innies, don't be angry. SilentMoon is like that. She's always a little extreme, but she has no ill intentions.

Yantastic: Little Innies?

William: Insider?

Yantastic:

William: Sigh, you saw that show as well, right? Actually, I'm really really excited, but the army's too worried right now. They see danger everywhere, and so I didn't dare to say anything in the chat.

Yantastic: Of course you'd be excited. They were acting out a fanfic you wrote. What was it that couldn't be mentioned?

William: No, no, I'm not excited about this, but...Hai, when I saw it, I was having supper. A bowl of hot and sour noodles ended up on my dad's head!!

Yantastic: Your family sure sits in a very interesting manner when having supper.

William: No, that's not the main point! AHHH I really, really want to share the main point with someone, but I can't share it!!!

Yantastic:

WillLiam: No, I really can't hold it back anymore. I'm going to tell you!! You must not tell anyone else, all right?!!

Yantastic: Sure.

838.

WillLiam: I discovered that Yanyan has read my fanfic!!

Me:

What was this earth-shattering, apocalyptic bolt out from the blue that tore through time and space?!

Yantastic: That's impossible right? He's so busy filming, how would he have time to read things like fanfic?

WillLiam: No, listen to me, what I handed in to the production crew was an edited version, and the lines were different. BUT!! What Yanyan recited was the old version!! The original version that was posted on Lofter!!

WillLiam: Yanyan has a good memory. He completely didn't look at that piece of paper from the production crew carefully! And he just acted according to the original version!!

WillLiam: I'M DEAD.

WillLiam: Ah, I've finally said it aloud. I feel so much better now.

839.

I couldn't find a table in front of me, and so I smashed my phone hard on the ground.

Xiao-Chen jumped in shock, quickly picking my phone up. Wiping at the shattered screen, he turned to me and quietly asked, "Why are you suddenly angry? Did Gu-ge provoke you?"

Pressing a hand to my forehead, I waved him off. Xiao-Chen asked anxiously, "Is there something wrong with the top of your head?"

Pressing a hand against my chest, I waved him off. Xiao-Chen asked anxiously, "You're getting a heart attack?"

Pressing a hand against my stomach now, I waved him off. Xiao-Chen asked anxiously, "Your water broke?"

Me: "....."

Xiao-Chen: "Where exactly are you feeling unwell? Quick, tell me."

Me: "Originally, I was feeling unwell everywhere, but I'm ok now. Thank you."

840.

Ten thousand Williams couldn't compare to the headache one Xiao-Chen gave me. I looked around, trying to use Gu Yiliang's handsome figure to calm me down, but I wasn't able to find him. As such, I asked Xiao-Chen, "Where's your Gu-ge?"

Xiao-Chen: "Oh? My Gu-ge? It's your Gu-ge~"

Me: "."

Xiao-Chen: "All right, all right, I'll stop joking around. I haven't seen him either. Why hasn't he been stuck to you for the past couple of days? Is there a problem with your relationship?"

My gaze sharpened, and lightning quick, Xiao-Chen vanished in front of my eyes.

841.

It seemed like... I really hadn't seen Gu Yiliang around the production site over the past two days.

However, every morning and night, just like usual, he would still check in with me. After filming, we would either stroll about leisurely within the studio, chatting about poems and songs to the philosophy of life; or we would huddle in the hotel room with a computer, snacking and watching dramas—we had already tried all food stores within a ten-mile radius of us, and we would praise the delicious ones and scold the unpalatable ones. In the evening, he could accompany me to practice my acting, while I'd accompany him to practice oral skills, and one time, he even secretly stayed overnight in my room...

He was sweet when it was needed, and he was intimate when it was required. If not for xiao-Chen having made a special mention of it, I wouldn't have noticed it at all.

A sense of crisis came like a gust of wind, a long-time companion.

With slight worry, I propped my head up, covering the cracks on my phone screen with my hand.

Could it be that our honeymoon period was over just like that?

How many days had it been? It wasn't even two weeks yet, right? And we now return to normalcy?

Had our fiery passion blazed too brightly, making the fuel run out?

Did going on the show cause our love to go into a deficit? Or was it retribution for our PDA?

842.

I sucked in a breath, feeling a blast of ice on my cheek.

Gu Yiliang was standing behind me, holding a bottle of iced honey tea to my face before tucking it in my hand. "Are you memorizing the script?"

"No, I'm just lost in thoughts." Picking at the little heart stuck on the bottle, I giggled internally. Wasn't it just like always?

He made a sound of acknowledgement, then looked down at his phone, typing something.

Eh, eh?

Had things already cooled down?!

I got up and dragged over a chair for him, pressing him down into it.

In my heart, I constructed a torture chamber, casting a dazzling white light onto his face. Feigning casualness, I asked, "Hey, what have you been busy with the past couple of days?"

Startled, he reflexively scratched his nose and spread his palm apart. "... I haven't been busy with anything."

Gazing at him suspiciously, I drawled, "Really?"

843.

Although Gu Yiliang was good at acting, he was really not adept at lying. Carefully thinking back, I realized he seemed to have never lied to me about anything before.

As expected, when I started drawling, he immediately froze as though he had been smacked back to his true form. Looking a little nervous, he gazed at me through his fluttering eyelashes.

Cautiously, he said, "Uhh, I... Why don't we talk about it when we go back tonight?"

Something was wrong!

The air-raid siren sounded in my heart for a moment. My expression turned solemn instantly, and I gravely said, "It's all right! If there's anything, just say it right now!"

He seemed a little embarrassed. "This... isn't a good place to speak, is it?"

Immediately, I transformed into a little tornado, whirling him into the private lounge.

He was a little panicked. “Must I really say it right now? I was going to—”

With complete certainty, I said, “Now.”

844.

Gu Yiliang and I stood, face to face.

I watched him lift his hand up only to put it down again, seemingly unable to decide where he should put his hand. In the end, he staidly placed both his hands on my shoulders.

What? Was he going to try to reanimate a corpse and make it hop 1?

Each time he broke away from the ideology of Gu Yiliang and revealed this sort of heterosexual stereotype that came very natural to him, I was always left extremely anxious?!

Deciding not to say what he had planned to say, he looked at me. Holding my breath, I waited for him to speak.

—Uhh, his decision is really taking too long. I am about to suffocate myself over here.

Just at the critical moment when my head was about to swell twice its size from my breath holding, he slowly said, “—I... I want to change our current relationship.”

Me: ?

Was he about to break up with me??!

The heartrending scene was like the 3D remix of the movie <2012>. I steadied myself, and when I was calm, I asked, “... Why?”

He was stunned by my question. “... Huh?”

With difficulty, he stuttered, “... Y-you’re very satisfied with our current relationship?”

Me: “? Why wouldn’t I be?”

Him: “? How could you be satisfied?!”

Me: “? Why couldn’t I be?!”

Him: “? Why would you be—”

845.

Me: “Hold on, I’m confused, I’m confused! Hmm, how about this? It doesn’t matter whether I’m satisfied or not, but let me sort out my thoughts—”

Him: “Sure, go ahead and sort out your thoughts.”

846.

I looked at his baffled eyes that still couldn’t hide his deep affection. Pondering for a moment, I went through everything, from the moment we knew about each other to the moment we met, and the moment we understood each other to the moment we got together. All of a sudden, I understood something—

All this while, had we been on different frequencies?!

Narrowing my eyes, I grabbed his collar. “... What do YOU think is our relationship right now?”

Shocked by my action, he said doubtfully, “... S-sugar dating?”

Me: ...

Me: !!!!!

847.

As expected!!

As expected, he thought he was my sugar baby!!!

We were finally on the same frequency!!

848.

So, that day, when I said I wanted to go to his place, he thought I wanted sex as payment, and that was why he suddenly became so nervous!

So, when he suddenly settled down after getting out of the car, it turned out that he had thought things through!

So, when he suddenly stopped me and suddenly said he wanted to game instead, it was his final fight as a naturally heterosexual man!

So, when he got drunk and suddenly did something like that, he had finally made up his mind!

Everything now made sense!

I thought that I was holding a script where real love was able to turn a straight man gay, but it turned out that it was a script about how sugaring led to real love instead?!

So, Gu Yiliang would also take the melodramatic path of a sugar baby falling in love with their sugar daddy?!

This was my little fresh, beating heart in love, but he actually misunderstood my overflowing sincere emotions as being a sugar daddy?!

That was too much!

849.

Probably because I looked very hurt, Gu Yiliang seemed a little at a loss for what to do as he watched me. He wanted to embrace me, but he didn't dare to move. Finally, he hesitantly patted me on the shoulder.

—Patting my shoulder?! Could he just stop patting?!

With lifeless eyes, I gazed at him. Just as I was about to say something, there was an abrupt knock on the door of the lounge.

Chapter Forty-Five

850.

A proper gay love story about a couple who were both straight, turned gay, then were mutually in love. It was a pure and simple relationship where both parties were happy with each other, but just like that, it was ruined and dirtied by Gu Yiliang's train of thought that was completely different from that of ordinary people.

How was future me going to reminisce over this matter? Should I smile or feel speechless about it?

I worked out an entire draft in my mind. Just as I was standing on the peak of morality and ethics, filled with energy and vitality, about to speak up and question Gu Yiliang how could he belittle me so, I was yanked down from the peak by a loud and resounding knock on the door. Suppressing all my words, I choked so much that even my blood felt like it was flowing the wrong way.

Who was that?! Couldn't they see that we were currently in the midst of discussing the future of our relationship?! Even if it was the Heavenly King, they shouldn't come and disturb us!

The door slammed open, and xiao-Chen poked his head through. Anxiously, he proclaimed, "The Heavenly King is here!"

Me: ?

Me: ?!

851.

Oh my god, why did the old sir come all the way here?!

What sort of momentous occasion was it today? Before one issue could be settled, another had come crashing forth. What the God of Matchmaking should be responsible for had yet to be dealt with, but the God of Wealth had now arrived?

And today wasn't the fifth day of the lunar month. Why did he descend from his place in the heavens to come to the mortal realm?!

Hearing a voice, chills ran all over me. I immediately shrugged away Gu Yiliang's hand that was on my shoulder and leapt over to the mirror to tidy myself up, trying my best to put on a solemn and obedient appearance.

—I couldn't be blamed for behaving in such an exaggerated manner, or for being so nervous. Over the past three years, lao-Huang had thrown so much money at me, but I was still lingering at the edges of big-time fame. If he discovered that I was spending all my time in the throes of love, neglecting my work and indulging in romance in the production crew... No wait, right now, I was even being a sugar daddy to an actor—

Wouldn't he transfer me to the coal-mining department or something?!

852.

Anxiously, I flicked away the nonexistent dust on my shoulders, thinking about how I should go about and leave Lao-Huang with a good impression of Gu Yiliang, before systematically and patiently guiding him to accept the fact that his own son was now a homosexual to prevent him from once again throwing a brick of cash through Gu Yiliang's window and forcing him to run off once our relationship was exposed.

Gu Yiliang walked over to me, his eyes like two beams of bright light honing onto me. "You..."

You? What are you?! You're the one who wasted all my feelings for you. I'm going to settle this debt with you later!

"We'll talk about us later!" I interrupted him, my wide sleeves flaring out as I turned and sped out of the lounge.

Behind me, he raised his voice. "Where are you going?"

Without turning back, I answered, "To welcome the God of Wealth!"

853.

Lao-Huang was dressed in an exquisite custom-made suit. Like a peacock, he strutted about the production site, eyeing the ongoing filming with quite a bit of interest.

With great respect, I hurried forth, words of flattery pouring out of me the moment I opened my mouth. "President Huang, is this a new suit? It looks really good! It's handsome and attractive, and you look full of energy. Just look at that stitching, tsk, it's incredible. There has never been such a magnificent road in this world before, but with you around, now there is..."

Only after all this flattery was over did I then continue, "You have so much work to deal with, why are you free today—"

A smack from Lao-Huang landed on my head. "Speak properly."

Then why didn't you cut me off when I was lavishing all that praise on you earlier?!

With a pained look, I dragged him over to a corner. "Why did you come here?!"

"It's a surprise audit of your work. How's your performance in the production? Has your acting improved at least a little?" Lao-Huang gave me a quick glance over, and in the spirit of reciprocity, he commented, "You look quite OK in your costume. It's quite decent."

Did you think I'd look like a dog or something?! Return me my flood of flattery!

Me: "... Are you here to attend my parent-teacher meeting?"

Lao-Huang: "No. The main thing is that today's the fifth day of the lunar month. A whim came to me, and I wanted to come here and take a look to see if your production crew is still lacking in anything and deliver some warmth over to you."

Lao-Huang: "Another thing is that I wanted to show off my new suit."

Lao-Huang: "As well as to reminisce about the past with your Director Lu."

Lao-Huang: "Incidentally, to see you as well."

Me: "..."

Lao-Huang, "All right, I've seen you already. Not too bad. Where's your Director Lu?"

Me: "... Director Lu is—"

854.

Zap. Gu Yiliang appeared by my side. Like a mushroom sprouting through the soil, his eyelashes trembled as he looked at me with his lips pressed together. In his eyes, it seemed like there was mourning, reproach, complaints, and yearning, thus forcefully stopping my words in their tracks.

Me: ?

No, wait, that gaze of his was really too plaintive. Even Wang Baochuan, who had spent eighteen years waiting in a cold cave for Xue Pinggui only to discover that he had married someone else, did not look as mournful as him.

Isn't it just delaying the discussion of our relationship? Is there a need to look at me with eyes like that?

Am I also not thinking about our future together, as well as the window of your house?

Baffled, I looked back at him, only for him to turn and meet Lao-Huang's eyes.

Lao-Huang's eyes narrowed.

855.

This exchange lasted for an eternity.

856.

They were really looking at each other for too long, so long that I even started to worry that they had fallen in love at first sight, and that one was about to kiss the other's cheek with his chest the next second.

An ongoing, epic, suspenseful drama of the ethics between the entertainment industry and rich people was pitifully washed away from my mind. Just as I was wondering if I should give Mdm. Wei called to inform her about the situation, Lao-Huang abruptly gave the slightest nod of his head.

Me: ? Is it really love at first sight?

Before I could come up with an exhilarating and emotional ending to the script in my head, Lao-Huang patted me on the shoulder, the action filled with a solid sense of relief.

Me: ? What is this feeling of "Great! My useless son has finally made something of himself!" What is it?

Tightening his grip, lao-Huang pressed down on my shoulder and shook it a little. “Come, it’s time to eat!”

Eh? Wasn’t he going to look for Director Lu?

Despite being overwhelmed by this show of doting, I did not forget to maintain my act of obedience. Blinking, I feigned being troubled. “But I still have scenes—”

Lao-Huang, “It’s all right. Later on, I’ll just give lao-Lu a heads-up.”

Fine then! It can’t be helped that you’re the biggest stakeholder in this production crew. You have the say!

With a crisp and clear voice, I agreed, then heard lao-Huang turn to ask Gu Yiliang genially, “Shall we go together?”

Ah, perfect! I’ll be able to show off how professional Gu Yiliang is!

Just as I was about to reject the invitation on his behalf, Gu Yiliang accepted it expressionlessly.

Me: ? He only had to accept it. Why did he need to use such an icy and merciless tone to do so?

Lao-Huang chuckled as Gu Yiliang reached out and placed a hand on my shoulder.

Me: ? No, wait. Putting aside his lack of restraint, isn’t lao-Huang’s hand still on my shoulder too?

857.

Gu Yiliang and lao-Huang stood on my left and right, each with a hand on my shoulder. Like two great mountains, the pressure they exerted was so strong that I could barely breathe. As though they were escorting a criminal, they led me towards the car.

No, wait. Were they bringing me out to eat, or escorting me to the execution grounds?

What was this familiar feeling of grim reapers coming to reap souls?

On my right was the powerful God of Wealth that I couldn't offend, and on my right was my beloved, his expression solemn and his aura strange. On one side, the atmosphere was breezy and harmonious, like a happy family. As for the other side, the atmosphere was oppressive and grim, stiff and forbidding.

I didn't say a word. I didn't dare to say a word. Holding my breath, I had to experience this heavy blast of ice and fire, and even the production crew walking past us dared not greet either of them at all.

858.

The moment we stepped out of the production site, a figure froze nearby. He retreated quite a few steps before pausing again, then took a few steps forward.

The male lead of our show squinted, eyeing us for a few seconds before heaving a breath of relief. "Oh, it's you guys. I thought that the narcotics officers were here."

Me: ? Male lead, you live quite an interesting and varied life outside of work, don't you?

Me: "Lead, can you help us inform Director Lu that we're going out for food?"

Male Lead: "You guys haven't even removed your costumes. Where are you going to eat?"

859.

Hearing that, Lao-Huang tugged at my wig, puzzled. "You can't remove this just like that?"

Instantly, Gu Yiliang tugged at the other side of my wig, displeased. "He can't."

Me: ?

“Oh,” said lao-Huang, and he now tugged at the front of my robe. “You’re not wearing your own clothes underneath?”

Instantly, Gu Yiliang tugged the other side of my robe sullenly. “No, he isn’t.”

Me: ??

“Oh,” said lao-Huang, and he now reached out to wipe my face. “Can you wipe this off with a tissue?”

Instantly, Gu Yiliang started rubbing madly at my face as though he was kneading dough.
“No—”

I could no longer hold myself back anymore. “If you guys have something to say, just say it! Stop using your hands! Look and not touch! I’m about to be torn into two by the both of you!!”

Lao-Huang poked me in the head. “Kid, why such a huge temper? All right, hurry up and change your clothes then.”

When he finished speaking, he even told Gu Yiliang, “Excuse us, this kid is always like this from being spoiled. Don’t mind him.”

Me: “.....”

Gu Yiliang said darkly, “I’m the one who spoiled him. I don’t mind.”

Me: “...?”

No, wait. Although his words sounded very pleasant to the ears...

Speaking like this to your father-in-law, do you not want your window anymore?!

How should I diffuse this awkward situation? I don’t think I can?

I could almost see that Gu Yiliang’s window and our future were both about to shatter. As though there were ants in my pants, I anxiously tugged at the hem of Gu Yiliang’s clothes, whispering to him, “Be more polite with your words!”

The oppressive aura around Gu Yiliang encapsulated everything.

Me: ? I’m trying to save you! Hello, you’re not playing with fire, you’re basically setting fire to the entire mountain!

Chuckling, lao-Huang waved us off. “It’s alright. You two should hurry up and change.”

Not waiting for me, Gu Yiliang turned and headed to his lounge, his lips pressed tightly together.

Me: "...?"

860.

Dazed, I changed out of my costume. Even as I walked out of the production site, I still didn't see Gu Yiliang. Upon seeing lao-Huang waving me over by his car, I hurried over to him.

Seeing that I was alone, lao-Huang asked curiously, "It's just you? What about your sugar baby—"

Me: "?"

Me: "Hold on, wait a minute. Did I hallucinate or something? What did you just say?"

Lao-Huang: "That actor just now—didn't you ask me for money to threaten his parents? With his weakness in your hand, you'll be able to force him to—"

Me: "....."

861.

I smacked my forehead.

Having shipped Niangzi for too long, how could I forget that I still had a malicious, villainous character setting of wanting to persecute Gu Yiliang?

Me: "... You patted my shoulder with such gratification just now. Why...?"

Lao-Huang: "I felt that your taste isn't too bad, and you found someone decent. The money wasn't wasted at all, and I wanted to give you some affirmation."

? Do you only know how to describe things as decent?!

Lao-Huang: "The entertainment industry is too messy. In the past, I was always worried that you'd be up to funny business with the money, but now I'm at ease."

? What was this unfortunate, doomed method of family education, Dad?!

Lao-Huang: "Ah, this child doesn't look too bad. He's very innocent, and he's not pretentious at all. He's even unafraid of people more powerful than him. Look, he's not afraid of me at all, and he's not the fawning sort of person. He's very conscientious, and he places you first in every matter. These are all very good!"

Me: "... Listen, I want to explain—"

862.

From afar, Gu Yiliang appeared within our sight.

Lao-Huang's eyes brightened.

I felt as though I was about to vomit blood.

863.

It was no exaggeration to say that the moment he appeared, even the stars in the sky above the production site had come on.

He had gelled his hair up very neatly, not a strand out of place, the sort that if a spark fell onto it, his head would blaze up. He was even all dressed up, his attire formal enough for a charity gala. His entire being was dazzling as he slowly made his way towards us.

What exactly was he trying to do?! Was he displaying himself to seek a mate?!

Lao-Huang clicked his tongue in admiration. "Look, look. His taste in clothes isn't bad. Ah, what a good child, how unfortunate that he's with you."

Me: "....."

864.

I was mentally exhausted, truly! I didn't want to speak anymore! Silence, silence would be tonight's Wei Yanzi!

I could no longer be bothered by the dirt and whatnot. Dispirited, I leant against the car, watching as Gu Yiliang walked over.

Lao-Huang: "Everyone's here now. Let's go."

865.

Despite those words, the three of us still stood there, frozen, none of us having the intention to move at all.

Lao-Huang looked at me, his gaze saying, "You're my son you have to open the door for me to express your filial piety otherwise I'll be completely embarrassed."

I looked at Gu Yiliang, my gaze saying, "Hah don't you think that I'm your sugar daddy if that's the case you should open the door for me and present yourself."

Gu Yiliang—

Gu Yiliang looked back at me, his gaze saying something similar.

Me: “?”

There was a quiet evening breeze, but the stalemate amongst us was even quieter than the wind.

The chauffeur stood by the side, his eyes darting between us, not knowing what to do.

866.

Forget it. After all, Mr. Huang was the true and incomparable God of Wealth here. Capitulating, I opened the car door for Lao-Huang. When he took his seat in the car with a haughty look on his face, only then did I take a seat in the backseat as well.

The chauffeur gave a sigh of relief, opening the door to the passenger side for Gu Yiliang.

Gu Yiliang seemed thunderstruck. He looked at me in disbelief, his lips completely white from being pressed together.

Me: “?”

867.

The door to the backseat was pulled open by Gu Yiliang.

The door to the passenger seat was shut by Gu Yiliang.

The door to the backseat was shut by Gu Yiliang.

868.

The car started with a roar, and it made its way steadily down the road.

Dazedly, I sat in the passenger seat. Through the rearview mirror, I looked at the two people sitting in the backseat, both dressed splendidly, and I started to doubt the meaning of life.